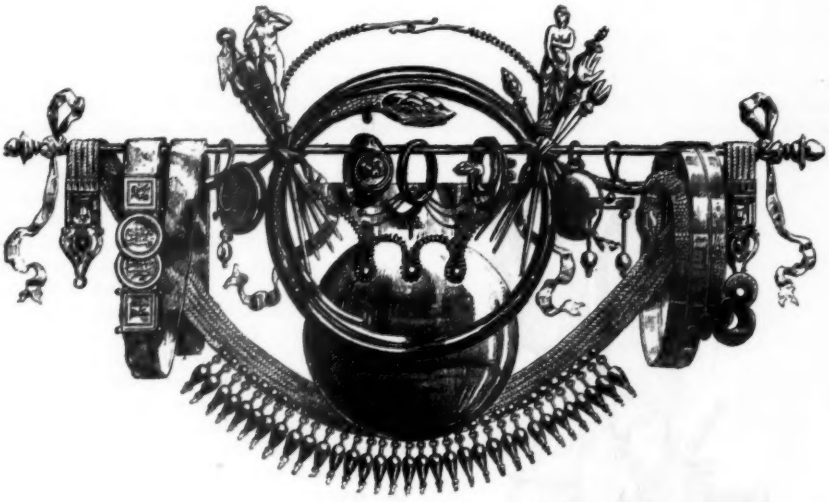
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FEMALE ORNAMENTS.

GREEK AND ROMAN FEMALE ORNAMENTS.

By H. S. Atwater.

WHY is it that, as we advance in the scale of development, what appears to be the natural order of things becomes, in certain instances, entirely subverted, and exhibits the reverse side of affairs? This is a question for the ethnologist to settle, the problem here being simply presented and left to the ingenuity of the reader to solve. In the animal and vegetable kingdom—in fact, through every part of nature sufficiently high for a development of sex—it is ever the masculine that flaunts in the brightest of colors and gayest of plumes; 'tis ever the male plant that is brave in coloring, ever the male bird or animal that impresses us with its beauty and strength. The feminine element would appear to be consigned to an unobtrusive position of family care, sober raiment, and an entire dependence upon her mate for pleasure or relaxation.

Going up one step higher is the untutored savage, brave in paint and feathers, taking his ease under the sheltering shadow of his wigwam or hut, with not even the chivalrous attention of a brute to lighten his lordly contempt of that hewer of wood and drawer of water, whom he has captured in some wild, savage wooing by the force of the heaviest boomerang or speed of the swiftest pony.

Here the dividing line appears to be defined, and an equality of the sexes begins in the matter of personal adornment.

Now brute force, adorning its brawn and sinews, hanging rude jewels from its ears, encircling the muscular wrist and ankles with golden bands worth a ransom, and weighing its neck with chains of gold measured by feet, not inches, becomes conscious of the trumpet blast of chivalry, and the dull mental atmosphere of the rude barbarian is illuminated, and for the first time, and strength bows to the Divine gift of beauty and lays at its feet an equal share of precious booty.

There is a certain race of North American red men who relate that of old their ancestors, though descending from a tribe of monkeys, were dignified and grave, and were noted for their wisdom, justice, and superiority. Agreeing with a sage of latter days, they endowed them with beautiful long caudal appendages, of which they were very proud and of which they took great care. All went well for some time, when lo! one day an idle devil undertook to sow discord amid the sober crowd and cast abroad in their hearts the spirit of vanity. Strange and curious was the metamorphosis, for as the seed rooted and sent forth fruit, these wise and sober creatures became foolish coxcombs and wasted their time in adorning their persons, and especially their long and beautiful



TOILET ARTICLES.

tails, showering on them belts of wampum, ribbons of deer-skin gay in rainbow colors, and finally becoming so thoroughly absorbed in this employment, gratifying to their vanity, that they neglected their business, and the affairs of state were threatened with destruction. Manitou, the Good Spirit, looking down from the Happy Hunting Grounds, saw with grief and anger this abuse of his gifts, and to punish these foolish madmen deprived them of their adored appendages, but only to restore them again changed into chattering women flaunting in jewels and ribbons and driving men mad through their foolishness. Not flattering, truly; nevertheless, there is a deep moral contained therein.

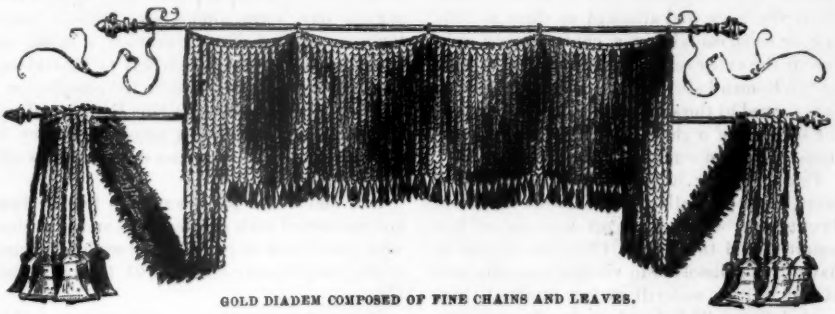
Still ascending in the scale, the higher the civilization of the ancients, the higher was placed the worship of the body, and brute force gave place to personal beauty and prowess, and showered upon the outward and visible the costliest tokens of regard.

'Tis only when ascending still higher into the atmosphere of the intellect, aided by the pure teachings of Christianity, that a right balance is struck, and refinement and purity step in to regulate the adjustment of the scale. Not until the body, that is the casket for the better part of us, be rightly estimated, can we expect to attain to true and correct taste in the matter of personal adornment. Of this the ancient Greeks, although a brilliantly intellectual people, knew nothing, and their poetical worship of one mighty power of nature led them into all kinds of beautiful and fantastic designs to do her honor. But the one thing needed was the spiritual conception of beauty, and with all their high refinement their gods were of flesh and blood, and a strain of coarseness mingled with the best of their conceptions. In all Greek sculptures it is the absolutely perfect development of the human form that is given to us; very rarely, if ever, do we see through the veil of the flesh the soul and spirit peeping forth. Perhaps some few among their philosophers dared to speak of nobler things, and caught a glimpse of the high white light of inspiration; but the world was not yet ready for them, and one by one they were stoned and poisoned and murdered and branded with the name of blasphemer. But they were the leaven that mixed the whole, and to-day the diadem of the world is the ruby life-blood of its martyrs for the truth.

Through all they did the Greeks were artists, but artists of the flesh and blood; rarely, if ever, is encountered the higher nature in their sculptures and decorations; 'tis ever the beautiful of the flesh, but so far as it goes it is absolutely perfect, leaving its traces upon everything that passed from under its hand. It is a *living* art, one that, passing through the test of centuries, still in its province stands pre-eminent, and will be regarded as a fountain of inspiration to coming generations. Such a nation could not fail to set a deep impress upon the future of the world, and what of art the essentially martial Roman possessed bears distinctly the stamp of the Greek. Of relics we have more than

enough to point to this influence, and the illustrations accompanying this paper will almost prove that that which was created by the Greek passed along and became the property of the Roman. That the art of the goldsmith and jeweler is a most ancient one is proved in many ways. Homer tells us of that poor, persecuted consort of Ulysses, Penelope, whose wooers tempted her faithful heart with golden breastpins, agraffes, earrings, and chains. How much does human nature remain alike along the line of all the centuries! From the same authority, Hephaistos is mentioned as the artificer of beautiful rings and hairpins.

The double or simple comb of Greek ladies was made of boxwood, ivory, or metal, and only used for combing the hair, never for supporting it, as at the present day; and the luxuriant tresses were upheld by long hairpins, the heads of which were mostly a lovely piece of sculpture, such as are found in a grave at Pantikapaion,



GOLD DIADEM COMPOSED OF FINE CHAINS AND LEAVES.

adorned with the head of a hart. In Solon's time, hairpins were ornamented with a golden cicada,* and used in Athens for fastening the krobylos.† The luxury of later times transformed the lovely flower wreaths used so profusely by the Greeks into a more durable form of gold in regard to the dead, and wreaths of thin gold of ivy and ears of corn have been exhumed from ancient Grecian burrows or graves.

One, in particular, is worthy of separate mention, on account of its intricacy and beauty of workmanship. It was discovered at Armento, near Munich, and was composed of gold. "A twig of oak forming the ground, from amongst the thin golden leaves of which spring forth asters, with chalices of blue enamel, convolvulus, narcissus, ivy, roses, and myrtle gracefully entwined. On the upper band of the comb is the image of a winged goddess, from the head of which, from amongst pieces of grass, rises the slender stalk of a rose. Four naked male genii, and two draped female ones, floating over the flowers, point toward the goddess, who stands on a pedestal bearing an inscription in Greek."

Earrings among the Greeks were only worn by women, but in the more Eastern nations, such as the Persians, Lydians, and Babylonians, they were common to both sexes, and were of all manner of values and devices.

Necklaces, buckles, bracelets, for the upper and lower arm, and rings worn about the ankles are found, the latter being either a collection of rings joined in a chain, or a solid massive ring spiral, and made of bronze or precious metal.

Among the Greeks the ring was formerly the sign of a freeman, and was used as a signet or ornament, the forging of a seal being made a capital offense by Solon; and well it might, as the seal was, if anything, more binding than a man's signature at the present day. This use brought into great repute the art of cutting and polishing cameos, and in no other age has this beautiful work so excelled.

With the Romans, the iron signet ring, adopted from the Etruscans, was worn on the right hand, and even after the introduction of gold rings old families still continued its use.

In the first instance, among the Romans, only ambassadors sent to a foreign nation were allowed to wear gold rings, and were supplied with them at the public expense, as a mark of dignity; but later on, senators, magistrates of equal rank, and, after a little, knights, received the *jus annuli aurei*.

After the time of Hadrian, the gold ring ceased to be a sign of rank, Justinian granting it to all citizens, free-born or liberated.

According to the best authorities, the Romans were not a creative people in art, and most of the artists were Greeks, as appears from inscriptions and mention by ancient authors.

Romans of both sexes covered their fingers with rings, and Pliny says: "At first it was the custom to wear rings on the fourth finger only;

* Classical locust. † Mantle.

later, the little and second fingers were covered with them, the middle finger only remaining free. Some people put all the rings on the smallest finger; others put on it only one ring, to distinguish that which they use for sealing." The fashion was even carried so far for the rich to have lighter rings for summer and heavier ones for winter wear, a degree of extravagance not yet reached even in these luxurious times.

The neck and bosom of the Roman ladies were adorned with necklaces of gold, studded with jewels and pearls. A gold chain for the neck, five feet six inches in length, and equal in weight to two hundred and three ducats, was found near the Magura Mountain, in Austria. It has fifty different instruments of the tiniest dimensions attached to it. These ornaments consist of scissors, keys, anchors, saws, etc., and are attached to it by thirty rings. One would think that the strength required to carry such a weight should be something phenomenal. Chains were frequently wound several times about the neck, and attached to them a little case, or *bulla*, containing a charm against sickness or the evil eye. Pendants were also worn by the Roman ladies, as well as by the Greeks, as is proved by the specimens found at Pompeii, the segment of a globe being much used for designs in the first century of the Empire.

Pearls appear to have been held high in favor, Cæsar presenting to the mother of Marcus Brutus one which had cost him six million sestertii; and that which Cleopatra is said to have drank dissolved in vinegar was estimated at ten million sestertii, or four hundred thousand dollars. This incident, by the way, is a contested point. This feature of extravagance, however, must have been great, as the wise men of the time complained bitterly of it.

"Two pearls beside each other," says Seneca, "with a third on the top, now go to a single pendant. The extravagant fools probably think that their husbands are not sufficiently plagued without their having two or three 'pendages hanging down from their ears." Nor was this unexampled extravagance confined to articles of personal adornment, for the luxuries of the toilette occupied a prominent and important part of a Roman lady's life.

Mirrors of polished metal—for glass was unknown to the Romans—were used in every conceivable manner—for the hand and for the walls, with their borders magnificently engraved or ornamented in bas-relief.

Gradually, from being made of the baser metals, they became more elegant, and were composed of highly polished silver, and Seneca again complains that for one of the large, upright, gold or silver mirrors, equal in size to a grown-up person, larger sums were expended than were given by the State as dowry to the daughters of poor generals.

The mysteries of the toilette of the Roman ladies, laid bare by the authors of Imperial times, give us absurdities of vanity that, at the present day, seem almost like child's play. Poppæa, wife of Nero, invented a mask of dough and ass's milk, which was to be laid on the face at night to preserve the complexion; and, accordingly, whenever this Roman matron traveled, she was always accompanied by a herd of she-asses. So writes dear, delicious old Pliny.

Red and white paint was used for the face and moistened with spittle, brows and eyelashes were dyed black or painted, and even the veins of the temples were marked with lines of tender blue.

How a man must have searched among this rubbish to have found the real wife he had taken to his bosom.

It is a question ever arising in the thinking mind, if it is a possible thing that good morals could exist together with such vanity and deception. It seems hardly likely, either in the old Past or the living Present.



A THOUGHT.



WHEN death shall come I would that it might be
At the calm closing of some afternoon,
When summer winds, with soft, familiar tune,
Might breathe their last sweet requiem over me;
When all the twilight's blending mystery
Might lull my wearied sense; when, o'er death's swoon
(Preluding, 'chance, some heavenly cadenced boon),
Might fall the full sweep of earth's harmony.
Oh! I would sink to sleep at eventide,
Upon a summer evening's twilight hour,
When flocks are silent and the countryside
Breathes but a soothing stillness; when each flower
And wind and stream sinks to its quiet rest,
Then would I sink upon my Maker's breast.

GRACE ADELE PIERCE.

A LEGEND.

ADAPTED FROM THE GERMAN.

By L. S. L.

IN the good old days of our forefathers, when mysteries and superstitions predominated, there dwelt in the ancient city of Antwerp, with its curious dykes and old-fashioned, gabled houses, one Gotlieb Wilhelm Neuser.

He was a worthy man and well-beloved, as far as Christian charity and morality went, but supercilious and haughty to such a degree that he disdained common things, and prided himself on his noble name and rich surroundings. He believed in much speaking, great pomp, and vast display, and thought these attributes always accompanied lofty minds. His portly person, bedecked in silver buckles and lace ruffles, was often to be seen on the streets of Antwerp, and the ostentation with which he carried his powdered wig was enough to strike awe into the hearts of any of the lesser lights that thought it an honor to bow to him.

But alas! Herr Neuser had, of late years, been stricken with rheumatism, that fell destroyer of pride and ambition, and found it a little difficult to keep to his stately gait, and carry his head quite as proudly as before.

Many were the doctors and sages he consulted; but, notwithstanding the best of medical skill, his legs grew daily more and more unsteady, and our worthy friend was sore afflicted and troubled.

In one of the oldest of the quaint, gabled houses, overlooking the largest dyke, there lived a lady, whose simple and pious life was an example to all who knew her. Of ancient lineage and noble blood, she might have aspired to the companionship of the highest in the land; but such she did not seek. She delighted to draw round her fireside the poor and humble, to do good to the suffering and weak, to raise the fallen, and, the story goes, was often known to cure, by her great faith and simple prayers, ailments that had long puzzled the skill of many renowned students of medicine.

Strange to say, between Herr Neuser and Madame Von Snecht there had existed a life-long friendship, and these two, so different in disposition and character, were on the best terms of understanding and good will.

Antagonistic often in their arguments, and differing frequently in their opinions, they each still held, good-naturedly, to their own separate theories, and neither would allow defeat by the other.

Herr Neuser had often ridiculed the marvelous cures attributed to his friend's wonderful power, and hesitated long, and consulted many famous and opulent doctors, before bringing his rheumatic complaints before her; but pain, torture, and weary waiting conquered, where pride would never have yielded, and he felt himself compelled to lay his terrible miseries at her feet.

"Ah! my dear friend," said Madame Von Snecht, when she had attentively listened to all his complaints, "without much faith my cure will prove useless. Do you think you could believe implicitly in my pure and simple creed, and throw aside all the false views you have entertained so long?"

"I will try," replied the poor suffering one; "only ease me of this dreadful misery, and I will willingly believe anything you may advise."

"Well, then," said Madame Von Snecht, "follow faithfully my instructions, and your restoration may be accomplished. Go at early dawn, as the dew is falling, to the nearest cemetery. Select among the many graves one whose occupant has been eminent as a philanthropist, and whose good works bear record of his life; above all, be sure that he was eminently conspicuous as a pious and religious man. Having found such a grave, here rest, and wash and bathe your hands and limbs three times with fallen dew. Return, and tell me the result."

Herr Neuser thanks her very humbly, and carefully hobbles away on his crutch to the nearest cemetery. Arrived here, he anxiously reads over all the tombstones, in hopes of finding the one with the longest record of great deeds and eulogies, and, after much search, he finally, to his great joy, sees one that is completely covered with commendations, emulations, and praises.

Here he rests his weary limbs and rubs them three times with dew; but, strange to say, the more he rubs the worse grow his pains, until his agony is almost unendurable, and great drops of anguish stand on his brow.

Dismayed and alarmed, he raises himself with much difficulty to see whether he has made a mistake in the tombstone, and in so doing stumbles over his crutch, and, to his great horror, falls heavily on the next grave that has not a stone to mark its head or foot, and whose occupant is indeed nameless.

But the moment his aching limbs touch the sod he can feel his pains decreasing, and ere long they have entirely left him, and he rises to his feet with astonishment and delight.

"Gott in Himmel!" says he, "is it possible that not even the name of this good man is left that I may pour out my thanks for the benefits he has conferred upon me!"

Turning to the sexton, who stands by watching this strange coincidence, he asks:

"Who is buried here?"

The sexton at first is very indifferent, and gives but evasive answers, but upon being importuned says:

"He was a man who wrote for a living, and was generally regarded by the community as wicked and worthless."

"*No*," replied Herr Neuser, "that he never was. *I* can understand him and can see how he was calumniated. But this fellow, his neighbor here with a big monument and lauded to the skies by flatterers and fulsome praises—he, yes he—was wicked and worthless. He should have his monument thrown to the dust and ground to powder; his very name should be destroyed and his body buried from sight and from existence."

With what unspeakable joy does Madame Von Snecht see her friend coming toward her house, once more walking without his crutch and completely restored to health and happiness, and, what is much better, entirely changed in regard to his opinions and theories.

As he recounts his late adventures and once more pours out his praises of the good and pious man whose grave is without a stone to tell his name, he exclaims:

"Ah, my friend! I acknowledge myself vanquished. Words are nothing but leaves, after all, and it is only the deeds that live and ripen into the glorious fruit."

DROLL DEFINITIONS.

AN idea, says a clever writer, that can be best expressed in one line, you may be sure is a good one. "An idea well focused will burn a hole clean through creation," he adds; "but most people can't define a knot-hole without taking a page to do it in, and spoiling a ten-foot plank besides." Hoping to spare both the plank and the page, we venture some gossip on definitions of a humorous nature.

The word gossip was amusingly illustrated by the child who said: "It's when nobody don't do nothing and somebody goes and tells of it." No marvel that gossip flourishes when we are reminded of the shortness of life—only four letters—"three-quarters of it a 'lie,' and half of it an 'if.'" There are wit, humor, and satire in that description. Wit and humor are said to be the "seasoning of every-day life;" and satire, according to Swift, who ought to know, "is a sort of glass wherein beholders generally discover everybody's face but their own, which is the reason so few are offended with it." "True sarcasm is in the point, not in the shaft, of the arrow," says the author who defined a sarcastic wit as "a kind of human polecat." "A jest has this advantage of sarcasm: that it is something sharp enough to be noticed and not rude enough to be resented—something that a fool admires and a wise man laughs at."

"The glory, jest, and riddle of the world," says a poet, "is man." Mankind is divided by a philosopher into "those who know but little, those who know less, and those who know nothing at all." Nothing, by the way, used to be defined as a "footless stocking without a leg;" but a cooper's little son lately gave his idea of nothing as a "bunghole without a barrel around it." A tyrant has been hit off as "one who never puts a stop to his sentences" and "one who kills worms lest they turn." "An egotist who loves his fellow-man for himself alone," is a terse reckoning up of a cannibal. "A genius," we are told, "can run anybody else's machine, but can't run his own for half what it is worth;" and an antiquary "is commonly a clever fellow enough, who can see no value in an iron kettle until time has made it worthless by knocking a hole in the bottom it." "A prophet is a good guesser, who gets things wrong four times out of five, and whose excuses for his failures are more ingenious than his prophecies." "A prig is a fellow who is always making you a present of his opinions." "A successful man is one who succeeds and lets other folks quarrel over the theory of it." "A dandy is a sort of football for men and a pincushion for women."

"Knights of the *shiers* are Aunt-Sally-men," and "clothes-observers—tailors." The definition of an angler is well known, but every one is not aware that the "complete angler is—Euclid." A lawyer is said to be "a man who disproves the proverb that barking dogs do not bite;" and a polite man is "one who listens with interest to things he knows all about when they are

being told by a person who knows nothing about them." One notion of a bachelor is "a man who has lost the opportunity of making a woman miserable;" while another is, "a sour grape hanging by the twig of obstinancy on a wall of great expectations." "A delicate parcel," is a humorous idea of "a lovely young lady wrapped up in herself;" "silent thunder," a comical one for a wordless woman, and "matchless women," for maiden aunts.

Among scores of definitions of love, "the toothache of the heart" is easy to remember. A well-known writer declares love at first sight to be "the greatest labor-saving machine the world ever saw." "A factory where honey-moons are made to order," is a matrimonial agency; and a wedding-ring is "a domestic circle." "A hasty match," has been wittily hit off as "a loose affair (Lucifer);" while the man who marries happily may be said to be "transported for life." As a colored wife has been called a "black tie," a red-haired girl's marriage may be described as a "Vesuvian match." In answer to the question, "What is the meaning of matrimony?" a youngster said: "I don't know exactly, but mother says she has had enough of it."

Children, as many find to their cost, are "running expenses" and "household troops;" the baby's cry being "a call to arms." The price of a family cradle is "hush-money;" while "home-rule," as many a husband acknowledges, "is petticoat government."

"Gas," according to a boy who was watching a distended balloon, "is melted wind." Sleep is "an armistice in the battle of life;" but a boy called snoring "sleeping out loud." A little Scotch girl, in answer to "What is patience?" answered: "Bide a wee and dinna weary."

While a phonograph speaks for "itself," a telephone may not inaptly be termed "a sound investment," and a heliograph a "flash friend." A lighthouse suggests a "light-headed friend to be avoided."

Good nonsense, we are reminded, is "good sense in disguise," and gravity "the wisdom of fools." "Velocity," to quote a young pupil, "is what a man puts a hot plate down with." "Congealed light" is an odd description of a crystal, and "striking oil" not a bad one of harpooning a whale; while "the world's drop-scene" would be a scene-painter's idea of Niagara Falls.

A proverb has been defined as a saying without an author. Impossible things are said to be "those things that have not been discovered yet," by a writer who also declares that "we can't define our own happiness without making it look suspicious." Curiosity is "the desire of knowing what is unknown for that reason alone." Idleness is defined as "hard work to those who are not used to it and dull work to those who are." "Medicine," said a medical student, "is the art of killing people without necessitating the interference of the police."

Perseverance "is the son of faith, the twin-brother of pluck, and the grandfather of success." Pluck is "a nice compound of pride, vanity, and virtue." Luck is "the lazy man's logic;" opportunity being another name for good luck. "Imagination is exceedingly disposed to run away with Reason, which is a very light rider, easily shaken off." "Truth is the only thing that can't be improved upon," and wisdom, in a child's opinion, is "information of the brain." "A lie is nimble of foot, but short in the wind, and can travel in one day farther than it can get back in two." "Impudence is the effect of too little knowledge, and modesty often the effect of too much;" while false dignity is "the effect of new clothes, no brains, and much victuals." True happiness consists "either in being somebody else or having what you cannot get; consequently, there is not enough to go round."

CARMEN.

IN Bizet's charming opera of *Carmen*, the delightful music of the dark-eyed Spaniard is fitted to an individuality so piquant, so bewitching, that one does not wonder at the infatuation of the "Brigadier of Dragoons, Don José," or the subsequent revenge taken by him upon finding his love betrayed. 'Tis the same old story of woman's love and treachery, followed by swift retribution. But the conception of "Carmen," the beautiful, coquettish Zingar, has in it all the southern fire and redolent of passion with the dark thread of tragedy and death running through the web of her life. Drawing an upright man from his allegiance to the woman of his choice, to be for her the sport and plaything of an hour, then to be thrown aside for the handsome "Toreador Escamillo," "Carmen" finally pays the penalty of her treachery in the whirlwind of passion and indignation that she has evoked, and perishes by the poniard of that lover whose heart she had so ruthlessly trampled upon.

Of the tormenting, lovable woman, wholly feminine in the power of her beauty and unscrupulous in its use, there is many a prototype at this day; but the skillful pen of Bizet has surrounded the picture with so beautiful a setting that the tragic fate of "Carmen" draws forth a sigh of pity for the frail woman, as well as for the betrayed lover.

'Tis a tale of southern lands, with the odor of the orange-blossom and the tinkle of the guitar running through its delicious melodies.



CARMEN.

JAPANESE CHILDREN.

By Leigh North.

SOME one has called Japan "the children's paradise," and a lady who lived for years in that country said she scarcely ever remembered to have heard a child cry. This is a pleasant picture, and one that we might love to dwell upon.

The little ones are loved and cherished, yet they are also taught obedience. Toys are provided for them in great quantities and variety, and their holidays are numerous.

A Japanese boy is rather a funny sight to our Western eyes. He looks like his father in miniature. The same shaven crown, the same wide-sleeved garment belted in with a broad girdle at the waist; stockings that look like mittens, and straw sandals or clogs held on his feet by a strap passing between the great toe and over the top of the foot. His sleeves are sewed up part way and serve as a pocket for handkerchiefs, toys, etc.

The children, like their parents, sleep under a wadded quilt on the matted floor, with the head in a sort of wooden rest as a pillow, squat on their heels when they sit down, and eat off of little low tables out of porcelain or lacquer bowls with chop-sticks. Rice is the principal food.

Among the trades people a boy generally follows the calling of his father, and in the olden time, among the nobility, he would wear a little sword at his side as an emblem of rank, just as his parent did.

Japanese children have one pleasant trait in common with their elders—they are kind to animals, which cannot, unfortunately, always be said of our children in this country. They are also very respectful to their parents and elders, and to address a person as "old" would be in no way (as with us) considered disrespectful or impolite, but rather as an honor.

The school-life of a boy generally begins at six years of age. He is first taught to write and learn a vast number of different characters; later, come more difficult lesson-books, and great attention is paid to his training in matters of etiquette, since Japan is a country where much ceremony is observed. Letter-writing and versification is also included in the list of his tasks.

The girls' studies are of a lighter character, but they also are taught to write and read, to learn the difficult duties pertaining especially to women, various and numerous rules of social observance, and to play on musical instruments, such as the "samiesan," which is something between a guitar and a banjo.

The Japanese have some curious superstitions. One is, that a notice on a house that the children are absent protects it from small-pox. It is bad luck to mention death on the New Year's Day, which is a great festival with them; and the children are told if they break their chop-sticks when eating they will become dumb. It is a great thing if a baby learns to walk before completing its first year, and little cakes of rice-flour, called "mochi," are made to celebrate the event. They also have candy, made of barley-sugar, and sponge-cake and candied fruits, for sweetmeats. Girls do not like to pour tea or hot water into a cup of red rice, lest their wedding-day be rainy. The Japanese believe that the soul, in the shape of a black ball, goes out of the body in sleep, and if one is suddenly awakened it cannot return in time. If, on the second day of the first month, they dream of a treasure-ship, it means that they will become rich, and to secure this, they will put the picture of a ship under their pillow, just as our girls will sleep on a piece of wedding-cake, so as to dream of their future lover or husband.

A favorite piece of mischief with a Japanese boy is to try and put a piece of straw up the nose of a person who is asleep.

The Japanese are a people anxious to learn and improve themselves, and many of their old ways and superstitions are gradually being given up in favor of Western manners and customs.

A holiday with them is called "matsuri," and, as before said, they are numerous. New Year's Day is a great festival. One day in the year, called the Feast of Flags, is devoted especially to boys; another, called the Feast of Dolls, to girls. Little girls are much more thought of and appreciated in Japan than in China. When a boy is born a large paper fish like a flag is hung out on a pole. The girls' dolls are preserved, and handed down from one generation to another, and are gathered together on the day of their especial festival. Images of the Mikado, and of their different heroes of past times, are also put in the collection. Among these will be an image of Inigu, their warrior queen, but on account of her martial proclivities she is esteemed rather as a model for boys than girls.

Battle-door and shuttle-cock is a favorite game, and they play it in twos, threes, and cir-

cles. The shuttle-cock is often a round seed, gilded and set with petals like a flower. The battle-door will sometimes have a carving in wood of some hero on one side. They who fail in the game have their faces marked with ink, or a circle round their eyes. The boys sing a song that the wind may blow, the girls that it may be calm, so that the shuttle-cock will fly. Kites are a favorite toy, and one way of playing with them is to cover the string with glue and glass, and then try to draw it across the other strings and cut them with it.

Wrestling matches, juggling, walking on stilts, tops, games of cards, "Go," which is something like checkers, chess, backgammon, and balls ornamented with bright silks, are among the amusements of Japanese children, as well as our own, and sometimes it seems as if Japan might be truly called "the land of play." So, while they may learn from us lessons of a better and purer faith, we might copy with advantage from them their amiability and good nature, ere we bid them, in their own language, "Sayonara!" Farewell!

WASHINGTON IRVING.

IRVING lived and died a bachelor. His retreat, which looked so modestly over the banks of the Hudson, was presided over by two nieces, who cared for the beloved author, as years began to make him venerable, with all the affection and solicitude which daughters would bestow on a father. For all this there was a reason. Such geniality as sparkles in *Knickerbocker's History of New York* would have made home happy for the fair one who could have gained the love of the heart in which such kindness dwelt; and it may be that our appreciation of his genius makes it unnecessary to tell us that the tender passion once held firm sway over him. So far as I am aware, the incident in Irving's life which I am about to relate has never been made public here—save as it has passed from one circle of his friends to another. When young, he became intimately acquainted with a daughter of one of the Knickerbockers of the time, sturdy in family and in wealth. With the young lady he pressed his suit successfully; and in time the father might have succumbed, despite the fact that he regarded the resources with which Irving proposed to support a wife as too slender to maintain the luxury to which his daughter had been accustomed. In an evil hour, as it seemed, a Dr. Creighton, a minister of the Episcopal Church, despite his Scottish parentage, fell in with the gentleman whom Irving was so desirous of making his father-in-law. The clergyman's eyes were dazzled by the beauty of the same young lady who had won the heart of the aspiring author, and the eyes of the father were blinded to all other considerations by the wealth which Dr. Creighton offered together with his heart. Time and persistency pushed Irving from the scene, and the girl, obedient to her father's urgent entreaties, gave his preference the precedence of her own. But the saddest part of the story remains to be told. When the question of the marriage portion was under consideration, the father stated that the family had been tainted with insanity; and to guard against the evils of harsh treatment, should his daughter be afflicted with the same malady, insisted that a certain sum should be set aside, which, in the event of such a calamity, should be devoted to her maintenance at her estate on the banks of the Hudson, and that in no event should she be removed from the mansion there. These terms the ardent suitor, hoping for the best, complied with. It may have been the result of hereditary disease, or of the effort to crush out and kill her young hopes, but not many years elapsed before the wife was a raving maniac. She became so violent that confinement was rendered necessary, and the family mansion was converted into an asylum, Dr. Creighton building another house on a distant part of the estate. A few years ago the unfortunate woman was still living, and on quiet nights her shrieks might be heard ringing shrilly along the banks of the river—almost audible, too, at the secluded retreat which Irving occupied. No heart but his own knew how much the sad event may have tinged his life, or to what exertions it may have urged him in attempting to drown all remembrance of his own disappointment. Dr. Creighton has for years officiated at the humble chapel where Irving worshiped, and, singularly enough, read the burial service for his former rival.—*Literary Life.*

THE HOLLYHOCK

By H.



HOLLYHOCKS and sunflowers! This was a combination loved by our grandmothers, laughed at by degenerate younger ones, and finally, by a sensible caprice of fashion, restored to favor. The sunflower was a little in advance of her old-time friend, but now we see imitation hollyhocks on panels and screens, and real ones in gardens, quite as often as we do the other æsthetic treasure.

The ordinary hollyhock is single-blossomed, but the florists' variety have all double flowers, of white, yellow, rose, purple, violet, and other tints, some being almost black. It is found that the most diverse varieties may be raised with certainty from plants growing near together. Darwin, from the seed of eleven out of eighteen varieties, procured sixty-two plants, all perfectly true to their kind, and from the seed of the remaining seven varieties, forty-nine plants, half true and half false.

The hollyhock belongs to the beautiful and interesting mallow family. You see the resemblance between its flowers, in shape if not in color, and those of the little, round-leaved mallow, trailing in the grass. The most familiar member of the family is probably the shrubby althea of lawns and gardens, called by some the Rose of Sharon. The real Rose of Sharon, however, which is no more a rose than a hollyhock is, is another handsome representative of the order, the so-called scarlet hibiscus. The true marsh-mallow is a plant or tree as tall as the althea, with magnificent flowers, some as large as a saucer. In color they vary from delicate

pink to buff, but their characteristic shade is that exquisite purple to which the French have given the name *mauve*, derived from the Latin *malva*, which means simply mallow. The famous baobab, of Africa, the largest tree in the world, is also a mallow; so is the useful cotton-plant; the artichoke and okra, and the beautiful abutillon, are also included. So, you see, that if the hollyhock has so many distinguished relatives, it is quite worthy of a good place, both in your garden and in your estimation.

"WILL IT RAIN TO-MORROW?"

"I RECKON we'll have to stop hay-carting to-morrow," said a laborer to me, one splendid, cloudless July day.

"Why?"

"'Cause I heerd one one o' them old woodpeckers hallerin' fit to bust hisself while I was a gettin' my dinner."

Next morning the daily paper spoke of settled, fine weather, but the rustic was right—it rained heavily.

The man who is out-of-doors at sunrise can form a pretty accurate opinion of what the day will be. If just before sunrise the sky—especially in the west—is suffused with red, rain generally follows in the course of the day; in winter, often snow. If, however, it be frosty weather, the downfall is sometimes delayed. On the other hand, if the sky be a dull gray and the sun rises clear, gradually dispersing the vapors, it will be fine. If he retires behind the clouds, and there are reddish streaks about, it will rain. Should the sun, later in the day, shine through a gray, watery haze, it will probably be a rainy night.

The sunset is very unreliable. Often a beautiful sunset will be followed by a bad day. After a rainy day, suddenly at sunset, in the far west, will appear a magnificent streak of crimson (not copper-color)—this generally foretells a fine day. A tinted halo round the sun at setting occurs in long-continued rainy weather. A halo round the moon, especially if some distance from it, is a sure indication of downfall at hand.

Huge, piled-up masses of white cloud in a blue sky, during winter, indicate snow or hail. If small, dark clouds float below the upper ones, moving faster than they, rain will follow, as it will if, in the morning, low-hanging, pale-brown, smoke-like clouds are floating about. Red-tinged clouds, high up, at evening, are followed by wind, occasionally by rain.

Mists at evening over low-lying ground or near a river precede fine and warm days. If a mist in the morning clears off as the sun gets higher, it will be fine; but if it settles down again after lifting a little, rain is at hand. No dew in the morning is mostly followed by rain, and a heavy dew in the evening by a fine day. Rain follows two or three consecutive hoar-frosts. A shower of hail in the daytime is usually followed by frost at night. If, after rain, drops of water still hang on the branches and twigs and to window-frames, the rain will return; but if they fall, and the woodwork dries, fine weather is at hand.

Stones turn damp before wet; at the same time, it must be observed that the fact of their doing so does not invariably indicate rain, for they will do so occasionally before heat.

Smoke descending heavily to the ground is a sign of very doubtful weather.

If, on a fine day, the dust suddenly rises in a revolving, spiral column, rain is near.

The howling of the wind indicates, in most houses, but not invariably, that downfall is near. In some houses, owing to their construction, the wind always moans. Wherever the wind is at the time of the vernal equinox (March 21st and thereabouts), that will be the *prevailing* wind throughout the next three months.

If the stars appear unusually numerous and the "milky way" very clearly defined, with the surrounding sky dark, or if there be a misty appearance over the stars, rain is coming; while if there be but few stars, and those very bright and sparkling, in a pale steely sky, it will be fine.

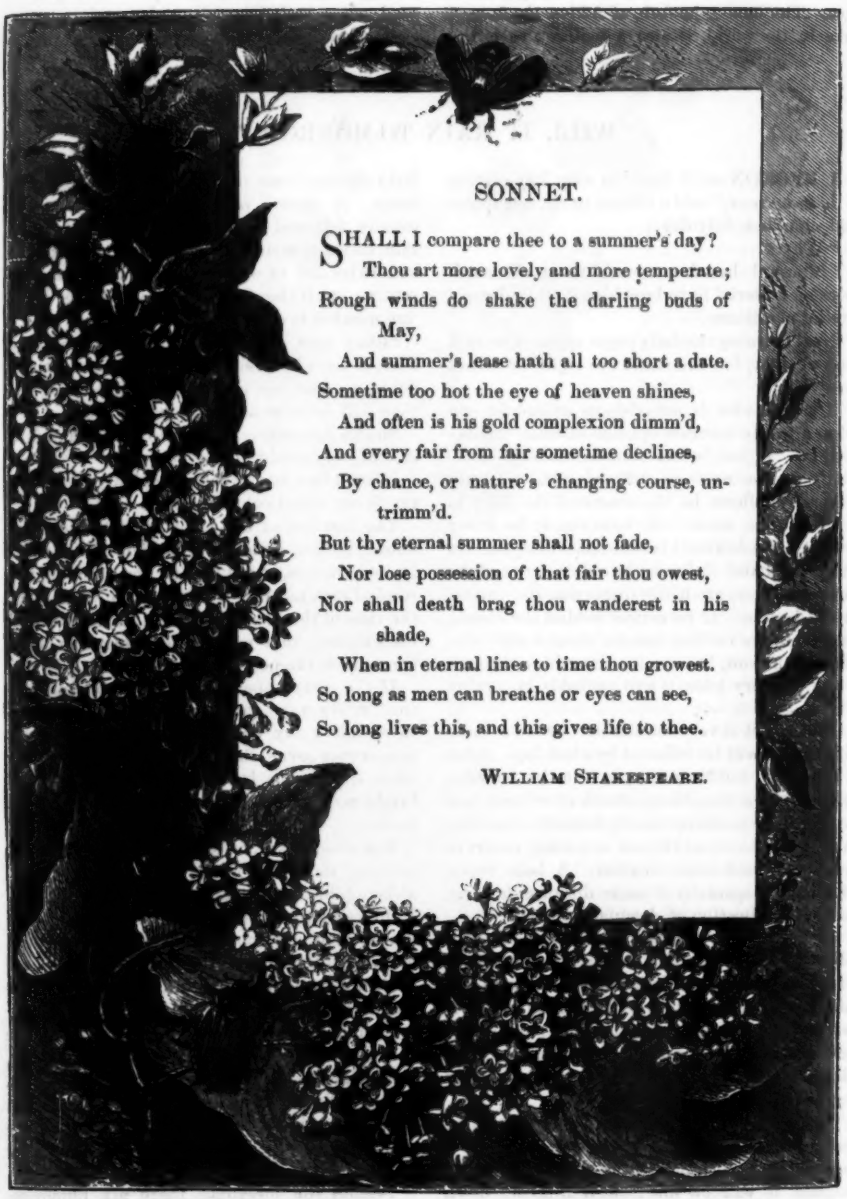
The woodpecker, before rain, becomes uneasy, uttering its cry, "Yoo, yoo—yoo, yoo, yoo," although at other times the most silent of birds. Rain generally follows within the twenty-four hours, often very soon. This may be accepted as an infallible sign.

Before rain or thunder, flies are unusually troublesome in stinging.

Should moles, after dry weather, commence throwing up their mounds and working briskly, rain will follow. In a frost, this foretells a thaw.

Gnats flying in columns in the setting sun portends a fine morrow; but sometimes the winter gnat will do so if the rain only ceases for an hour or two.

Besides the foregoing, there are numerous weather-signs; but among those mentioned will always be found one or more by which a coming change can be predicted.



SONNET.

SHALL I compare thee to a summer's day?
Thou art more lovely and more temperate;
Rough winds do shake the darling buds of May,
And summer's lease hath all too short a date.
Sometime too hot the eye of heaven shines,
And often is his gold complexion dimm'd,
And every fair from fair sometime declines,
By chance, or nature's changing course, untrimm'd.
But thy eternal summer shall not fade,
Nor lose possession of that fair thou owest,
Nor shall death brag thou wanderest in his shade,
When in eternal lines to time thou growest.
So long as men can breathe or eyes can see,
So long lives this, and this gives life to thee.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

THE UNEXPECTED RESCUE.

By M. W. Early.

IN the twilight of a bleak November evening Mr. Rivers and his eldest daughter were sitting together with bowed heads and downcast eyes. The shadow of an impending misfortune had long been creeping over the household, and now it was ready to culminate. They were on the brink of losing their old home; they had staved off the calamity as long as they could, but now it seemed as if they had exhausted every expedient and every resource and no alternative remained but for them to give up the dear old place and wander forth homeless. Unfortunately, Mr. Rivers had a very austere creditor to deal with, Mr. Somers, a man greedy of gain and ambitious to build up the fortunes of his son, a young man just launching into life. The farms of Mr. Rivers and Mr. Somers adjoined; each one was, by itself, rather small and incomplete, but, taken together, they made a beautiful estate, of symmetrical form. Many years before, Mr. Rivers had fallen into debt to Mr. Somers, not a very considerable debt at first, but illness and other misfortunes had interfered with its settlement, and at length it had swelled up, with interest and compound interest, till it was on the point of engulfing Mr. Rivers's home. In three days the blow was to fall on them, and Mr. Rivers and his daughter sat brooding mournfully over this in the November twilight, when suddenly they were startled by hearing a rapping at the door. Glancing out, they saw a strange gentleman standing on the porch.

"This certainly is an inopportune time for a stranger to come," said Mr. Rivers. "I have no heart to receive a visit now even from my dearest and most intimate friend. If he wants shelter, I believe I will decline to receive him."

"Oh! no," said Mrs. Rivers, who entered the room at this moment; "we have never done such a thing in all the thirty years we have been housekeeping, and don't let us close with such an act now. Let us once more exercise the gift of hospitality before we become homeless."

"Yes, father," chimed in the daughter; "it is too late and stormy now to refuse shelter to any one."

Mr. Rivers accordingly went to the door and ushered in the stranger, who proved to be a mining engineer of some prominence, traveling toward the interior of the country for the purpose of making mineral explorations. As he had had to leave the line of the railroad, he was traveling in a buggy, which had broken down a few yards from Mr. Rivers's house. Mr. Rivers cheered him by the intelligence that there was a very competent blacksmith in the neighborhood, who could repair his vehicle the next day; and the Rivers family, true to their habitual instincts of hospitality, tried to rouse themselves from their deep dejection to minister to the comfort and enjoyment of their guest.

While they were under the shadow of such deep gloom, their creditor, Mr. Somers, was in a very different frame of mind. That night he sat in his library, with ledgers and land-plats in front of him, making estimates and calculations that seemed to be highly satisfactory to him, for every now and then he would give a complacent chuckle. After awhile his son came in, and old Mr. Somers could not refrain from giving vent to the satisfaction that was welling up within him.

"Well, my son," exclaimed he, holding up a land-plat, "you see we will have the prettiest, most compact, and valuable estate in the community in three days—I mean when Rivers's farm and mine are united. They fit into each other and complete each other so beautifully; it seems like a case of 'pre-established harmony.'"

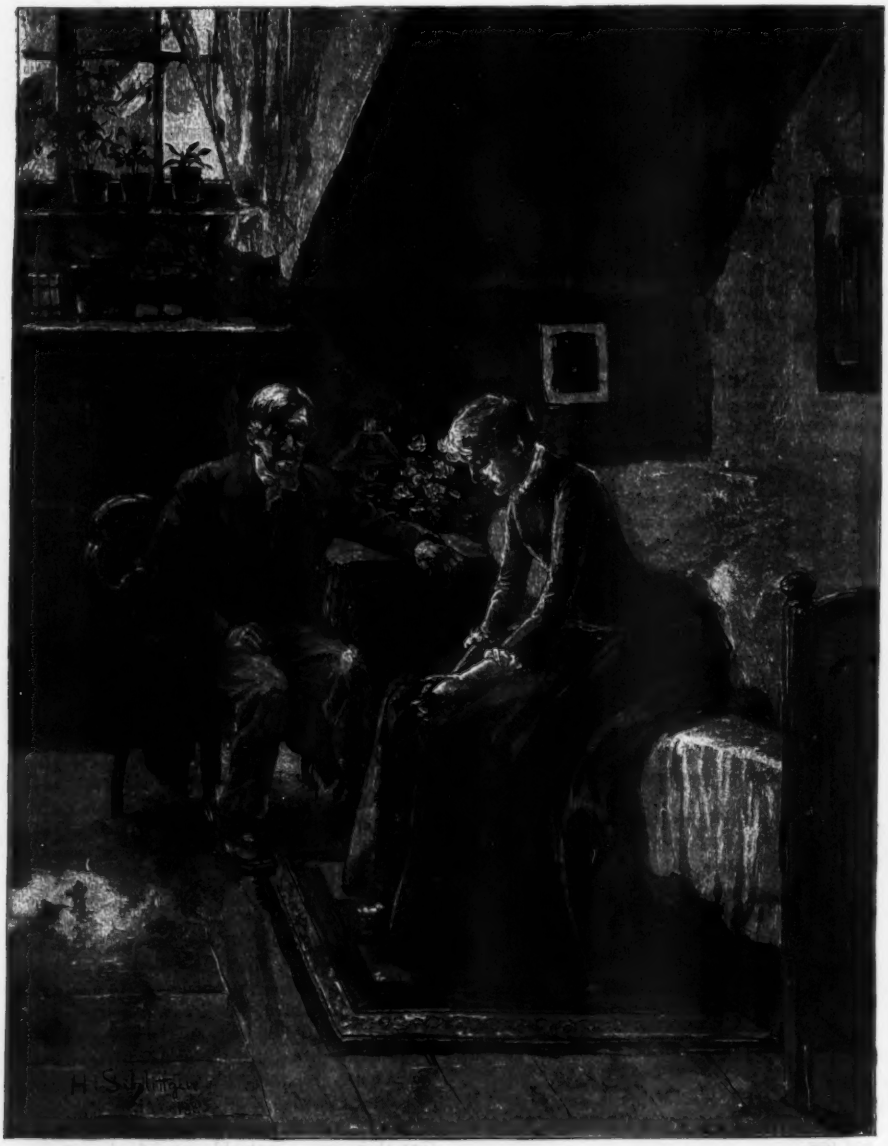
The father and son then examined with great zest the joint plat of the two farms, which Mr. Somers had just had drawn in one plat, and they entered into a lengthy and animated discussion of the capabilities of their new estate, laying off many plans for future operations and improvements.

"Any one could see, Thomas, on the most casual glance, that Rivers's farm is a pretty and desirable one," said Mr. Somers to his son; "but there is one thing Rivers doesn't know nor suspect, nor does the outside world nor even you;" here the old man's voice sank mysteriously and he suddenly broke off, as if the secret were too precious to be intrusted even to his own son.

"What is it, father?" eagerly asked Thomas, and, after a good deal of pressing, the old man dropped hints that he had reasons to believe that there was a valuable run of minerals on Mr. Rivers's land, a vein worth vastly more than all its agricultural and other capabilities.

"And you say Mr. Rivers doesn't suspect this?" asked Thomas, his conscience not being quite hardened, though he had been trained in

maxims of selfish greed diametrically opposite to the Golden Rule, such as "*Sauve qui peut*," "Self-preservation is the first law of nature," etc.



"No," said Mr. Somers, turning a little red. "It is none of my business to inform him about his own concerns. It is his business to look out for himself. If I happen to have a little knowledge of mineralogy, while he is entirely ignorant of it, that's not my fault, though it's his misfortune. I don't see that there's any call on me to furnish him with a stone to break my own head; besides," continued he, as if seeking to justify himself, "there is no certainty about the matter; it is only a suspicion."

The truth was, Mr. Somers's suspicion was close upon a certainty, but he had purposely

refrained from investigating the matter more closely or dropping a hint of it to any one else, resolving to wait till the land should be in his own hands, and then his plan was to wait about six months, for the sake of saving appearances, and then to announce the finding of the minerals as a new and surprising discovery.

To return to the Rivers's household: Early the next morning their guest went out to place his broken buggy in the hands of the blacksmith. Daylight showed the damages to be quite serious, so the blacksmith said it would take him all day to repair them. He was very communicative and very much attached to Mr. Rivers's family, so while the stranger lingered at his shop he gave him a history of Mr. Rivers's misfortunes and of the blow impending over the household, a recital to which the engineer listened with much interest and sympathy. To beguile the time while waiting for his buggy, he started out for a ramble through the surrounding country, one of Mr. Rivers's boys acting as a guide. He was a great enthusiast in his profession, in which by his skill he had made himself a high reputation, and whenever he was detained even a few hours in a place it was his custom to make at least a brief exploration of its mineral indications. At dinner-time he returned to Mr. Rivers's house, his face all lit up and aglow.

"My dear sir," said he, hastening toward Mr. Rivers and grasping his hand, "allow me to congratulate you."

Mr. Rivers looked hopelessly bewildered and surprised, so the engineer hastened to cut short his suspense.

"I have been exploring your farm, and I have discovered such indications of mineral wealth as I am confident will afford you ample means to extricate yourself from debt and to retrieve your fortunes."

The shock of surprise and joy was so great that for some moments Mr. Rivers remained speechless.

"But the time is so short," gasped he at length, scarcely yet taking in his good fortune. "In two days my land will have to go."

"You must procure a delay from the court," cried the engineer. "It will be granted when the facts are properly set forth. Give me writing materials, and I will furnish you with my written certificate as to the indubitable indications of mineral wealth on your place which will enable you not only to fully liquidate Mr. Somers's claim, but to place your family in easy circumstances besides. Moreover, I will return in ten days and place at your disposal whatever knowledge, skill, or experience I may have gained in exploring and developing minerals."

The certificate of this distinguished engineer carried conviction to the court, which stayed proceedings against Mr. Rivers till he could have his minerals explored and developed. This he did at no distant day, clearing off his debt and placing his family in ease and comfort besides. Mr. Somers was filled with disappointment and chagrin when he found that his neighbor had learned (almost miraculously, it seemed) the "open sesame" to the Ali Baba cave of which he had supposed that he alone knew the secret.

Mr. Rivers daily congratulates himself on having obeyed the apostolic injunction, "Be not forgetful to entertain strangers," the succeeding clause, "for thereby some have entertained angels unawares," having been so marvelously fulfilled in his case, at least in the Hebrew acceptation of the term angel, meaning any one or anything that comes to our assistance in time of need.

ABSENCE OF MIND.

IN his *Voyage autour de ma Chambre*, De Maistre discusses the very curious phenomenon of the independence of the mind and the body. He tells us how, in a fit of absent-mindedness, he often drew on his stockings wrong side out, and had to be reminded by his invaluable servant, Joanetti, of his mistake. Many readers will call to mind experiences of their own of a similar nature. It seems quite common to put one's watch-key to one's ear to ascertain if it is going; and many people are in the habit of winding their watches, and, three minutes after, pausing to wonder whether they have done so or not.

Who has not heard of the philosopher who boiled his watch while he calmly held the egg in his hand to note the time? Or of the equally erudite man of science, who, having peeled the apple, threw the apple itself over a cliff, and then discovered that the rind alone remained?

Another individual had the habit—not such a very uncommon one—of forgetting his own name at awkward moments. One day he presented himself at the post-office for letters, when, much to his disgust, he could not think of his name. He turned sadly homeward, racking his brains in the vain endeavor to discover who he was. Suddenly a friend accosted him: "How are you, Mr. Brown?" "Brown, Brown, I have it!" cried the absent-minded one; and, leaving his astonished friend, he rushed back to the post-office to get his letters.

A PASSAMAQUODDY SIREN.

By Marian C. L. Reeves,

Author of "Old Martin Boscawen's Jest," "Pilot Fortune," etc.

CHAPTER I.

"Cusha! cusha! cusha!—calling,
Ere the early dews were falling,
Far away I heard her song,
Cusha! cusha! all along—
From the meads where melick groweth
Faintly came her milking-song."

"NOW, then, Kitty Clover, I must own it: I haven't the slightest idea where we can be."

Neither has Kitty. She can hardly see beyond Maxwell Drummond himself, as he speaks, for the first time resting on his oars. Faintly above him, she can discern the idle flapping of the sail, out of the fog; and behind him, out of the fog too, is a vague hint of the bow of the skiff in which the two are seated.

He leans forward, and gently looses the girl's hands, which have clenched on the tiller-ropes in her lap, by way of hiding their inclination to tremble.

"Courage, Kitty!" he says: and she takes courage, as somehow a little, round-faced girl is apt to take courage, in looking up at a big, strong man. Certainly he is not as big and strong as the sea which has them in its grasp. But, apparently, there is something reassuring in the broad shoulders, in the sunburnt, determinedly cheerful face, in the large clasp of his hand that for an instant covers both of hers.

The clear brown cheeks get back their color; though the mouth quivers just a little as she says, unsteadily:

"Serves me right, I suppose, for wishing for an adventure. We are likely to have one in good earnest. What do you think, Cousin Max: can we have drifted out to sea?"

It takes more courage than he has recommended to her, to tell her that is just what he is thinking.

He says, instead:

"It would be a hard case if old Passamaquoddy, with an island for every one of the three hundred and sixty-five days of the year, should begrudge us one for this particular Tuesday in August. True, this is leap-year: perhaps we are to be stinted, because of some rocky foothold given away to that interloper, the Twenty-ninth of February."

It is a small bit of a joke; but it answers his purpose of bringing the laugh, with the dimple, to her mouth.

And Kitty is at her prettiest when she laughs.

"A jolly little girl—" thinks Drummond, watching her from under the slouch of his broad straw hat, as she leans over the gunwale, dipping her hand idly in the water, unconscious of his observation. If she were not quite so unconscious, and not quite so "jolly," he might feel surer of himself. And he wishes he did feel sure of himself: he has a secret conviction that this day's escapade is bound to settle the affair;—at least, in Aunt Fanny's eyes.

"I wish we had told Aunt Fanny we were coming," says Kitty presently, as that brain-wave reaches her from him.

He laughs.

"That is a polite way of declaring you wish you had not come with me. For you very well know, Kitty Clover, Aunt Fanny would never have let you come."

"But it seemed just nothing at all!" cries the girl, resentfully, as if to that invisible chaperon. "How could I imagine it was going to turn out so? And to think of my letter, it might be waiting for me in the Eastport post-office, just mis-directed, as people always are mis-directing the Campobello letters! And so, when Cousin Max proposed—"

"That's right, Kitty. Put the blame where it belongs. Aunt Fanny will be sure to exonerate *you*—" says the young man, with a rueful shrug, which has more meaning in it than Kitty perceives.

"Now, Max, you know you did propose it—" she stoutly declares. "And the blame ought to be put where it belongs. This isn't, like mine, your first experience of the Passamaquoddy,—and you should be yachtsman enough, not to sail straight into the maw of a fog like this, which devours up everything."

"Ungrateful Kitty! When the fog might have come in while we were sailing across to, instead of away from, Eastport: in which case, your epistle would be at this moment reposing in that dismal post-office, instead of in your bag yonder. And I observed that it was a most interesting epistle."

Kitty flashes a troubled glance askance at him,—then turns away her head, to hide her glowing cheeks. She leans over the gunwale again, trailing her hand in the water; and again Max Drummond watches her, half furtively.

The low, broad brow, with the rebellious

waves of bronze hair, and frank eyes somewhat over far apart; the irregular little profile, with no nose worthy the speaking of, and the decided mouth which perhaps does a little too much speaking for itself, under a flash of temper. She is not pretty, this "Kitty Clover" of his, with anything more than the homely prettiness of the familiar field-blossom for which he has named her. She has a certain roughness like its own: an elasticity which is not easy to crush, and which makes it difficult to Drummond to believe Aunt Fanny right, when she hints to him that a careless step of his might crush it irretrievably.

Somehow, it has been less disagreeable than difficult to believe: but now, how he wishes he had taken the hint as it was not meant to be taken, and avoided poor little Kitty,—at least so far as not to have brought her here.

She looks unconscious of the situation, as she leans now with both arms crossed on the gunwale, gazing down in silence into the faint ripples. She has grown weary of peering into the fog, baffled by that circle of gray space which surrounds them the same, wherever they go. And that they are going, she is very sure: that wrinkled, glassy surface means, as she believes, that the tide is running out to sea, and sweeping them out with it in its hurrying race. And Passamaquoddy tides have the wild Fundy in them, Kitty remembers, setting her lips to keep them firm.

She is trying for self-command for some light speech to Max; for she would have him still believe her as unaware as he wishes to keep her, of the danger. But downright Kitty has not yet mastered the womanly accomplishment of saying one thing while thinking another. So she keeps silence; watching with gray, anxious eyes the gray, liquid shimmer of the ripples rounding to that world of fog which globes them in.

Suddenly—so near, that they both start and stare at one another without a word, for bewilderment—a voice rises up, out of the sea.

A wonderful voice, liquid, musical: trilling out, bird-like, a wild, irregular, and wordless air.

A moment, the two look at one another, in silence. Then Kitty says, in a half whisper, with a laughing pretense of awe, but with a glad light of relief shining in her eyes:

"A mermaid. Hidden rocks, on which the siren-voice is drawing you."

For Max has unstepped the mast, with the useless sail, and lays it in the bottom of the boat, and grasps the oars which were resting idly in the rowlocks.

As he bends to them eagerly, he gives a ringing shout.

It has no echo; but dies away, as if smothered in the fog.

The voice has stopped. A perplexed frown begins to gather on Max's brow, as he pushes back his hat: when, as suddenly as before, that wonderful strain begins afresh; with here and there a tinkle of faint bells accompanying it.

Now and then, it pauses, as if to give space for the answering shout from the boat, which must be drawing nearer and nearer, guided thus. For presently the music takes on words, that at first were blotted out by the thick distance.

> "'With klingle, klangle, klingle,
> Far down the dusky dingle
> The cows are coming home—
> Now sweet and clear, now faint and low,
> The airy tinklings come and go—'"

"Your siren must have a lovely face, to match that voice," says Kitty, under her breath. "A face that one would venture for—"

As she says it, something huge and black heaves slowly up, out of the fog, like the back of some sea-monster.

But it is only the fog drifting past it, that moves: the sea-monster presently resolves itself into a projecting ledge of rock, overhung dimly by a thicket of spruce and birch.

And out of the fog, a little, white hand points; a voice cries:

"Just a few yards further on: there you can land."

She is there as soon as the boat feels its way, and the keel grates on a bit of gravelly beach. A slim, light figure, standing on the higher level of the rocks, her gray gown fluttering about her, her broad hat of coarse plaited straw, with its knot of white muslin, fallen back upon her neck, and the faint sea-wind shaking loose an aureole of glittering locks about a face so fair and young, that Kitty catches herself in an absorbed stare, unheedful of the hand which Drummond has stretched out to help her from the boat.

Finding that she is unheedful of it, Drummond draws it back, and lifts his hat hastily to the—mermaid?—siren?—to the fairest, simplest, freshest young girl he has ever seen.

She stands there, smiling at them both, quite frankly, with wonder in her great, dark, dewy eyes.

"I thought it was some fishing boat, had got astray in the fog, when I heard the shouts, and the oars. That has happened before; but this—. The young lady must have been very frightened," she says, not completing her sentence, to Kitty.

This makes Max remember her; and he lifts her out upon the ledge, where at once

she puts out both her hands to the friendly islander.

"Do you know what you have done?" she says; and she laughs, for otherwise she would have cried. "With your klingle, klangle, klingle, you have rung us back, out of the other world—the fog-world. Now, what are you going to do with us? For I am afraid you must be held responsible for us, having saved us."

The girl, while Kitty rattles on, is looking at her with the curiosity and interest a child shows in something it has never seen before. Without staring in the least, those wide, soft eyes take Kitty's trim figure in, from the extreme plait of the perfectly fitting, tailor-made flannel dress, to the tip of the humming-bird's wing that glows like a jewel in her hat.

But Kitty has hardly time for that sense of undergoing inspection, when, at her last word, the girl replies, coloring shyly:

"You see, it is so little we can offer you: just a foothold of rock, and a roof from the night—"

"That is much better than mermaids generally do for the guests they entertain," breaks in Kitty, lightly. "It might have been, you know, a bed of the sea-sand, and a roof of waters. But now that you offer us a local habitation, let me give you a name or two. I am Katharine Carey; this is my cousin, Mr. Drummond; and we are both astray from Owen House, on Campobello Island."

"Owen House!"—The girl's face kindles with interest. "Then you know the mistress of Campobello?"

Kitty shrugs her shoulders.

"I rather think I do. I wish I didn't for the next week or two: until she has forgotten all about this escapade."

"Until—she has forgotten?"

Maxwell Drummond has left them to beach the boat above high-water mark; so Kitty has an instant in which to say:

"Of course I know that I ought not to have done it—that I ought to have asked for permission and a chaperon, for the sail to Eastport with my cousin. But I shall not tell *her* so. I make it a rule never to own up, when I have broken one of Mrs. Grundy's eleven commandments."

This, rather to herself, although aloud. Kitty does not know she is giving her first lesson in etiquette—and a useful one it may prove, one day, perhaps—to the girl who stands looking at her with that puzzled expression. Until Max Drummond, having made the skiff duly fast, speaks suddenly behind them, startling them both a little:

"Well, Kitty, have you been discovering friends in common, according to custom? Did I not understand—" raising his hat, as the stranger turns—"that you know my aunt Mrs. Drummond?"

The girl looks yet more puzzled.

"Mrs. Drummond? But I thought you said Campobello, and the Owen House."

Kitty nods to her.

"Ah, I see you haven't heard. You know Mrs. Owen?"

"No—" slowly, as if reluctantly. "Oh no—" The sea-shell pink in her soft cheeks heightening. "Not *know* her. Only know *of* her. All the islands do that. For Campobello is the chief of them: and Campobello belongs to the Owens, ever since the Old Admiral's days."

She speaks as if it were an empire: Kitty turns slightly to Drummond, to exchange an amused glance with him.

But he misses it. He has eyes only for the girl who is looking up at him in her pretty glow of eagerness.

"Then," he says deprecatingly, "since you have only the mere traditions of the old régime, and not personal love for it, perhaps you won't dislike the new? For the Owen rule at Campobello is over. Mrs. Drummond has bought the succession: the old sovereigns have abdicated. Come, will you not echo the old cry, 'Le roi est mort: vive le roi?'"

There is a slight accent in the girl's speech—though no want of fluency in her English—which leads Drummond to risk the supposition that here, where the earliest of the Passamaquoddy explorers were French, some of their race may linger. It is a mistake: but he will not learn that, from any confession of hers that she has not understood his French.

She only cries, clasping her pretty hands together:

"The Owen rule at Campobello over!"

It is as though the foundations of the islands were shaken.

Drummond hastens to reassure her:

"But I can tell you, Campobello is not made a foreign country of. The American flag has had to come down, under express command from Ottawa, half a yard or so lower than the old red flag of England. My good aunt was somewhat crestfallen anent her seignorial rights," he says, remembering the scene with a good-humored laugh.

But the little islander does not laugh. She takes on an anxious air, instead.

"Then you are Americans! And there is so little we have to offer you! If you belonged to the islands, now, or even to St. Andrew's itself—but, our finnan haddies—"

"Or to Eastport, with its prime French herring-sardines!" cries Kitty merrily. "But seri-

ously, don't you know how more than thankful to you, we must be?"—putting a gentle hand upon her shoulder.

The girl steals up to it.

"Then, if you won't mind. And the cottage at least, if you and Mr. Drummond will let me show you the way, will be a shelter. And the fog is turning damp and chill, now that it nears the sun's time for setting."

"Near sunset? Oh Max, and we must have been drifting about for hours! For hours! Then we are very far from Campobello?" cries Kitty, turning to her informant, in dismay.

"Oh, not so far. One might row on and on for hours in a fog, and end just at the starting-point. If it was clear, I could show you a glimpse of Campobello from the High Knoll: everywhere else, the other islands shut it out. That is the path, yonder, up to the High Knoll," she adds, pointing to a mere sheep-track through the spruce-wood, as they pass.

For they are walking on now, toward the cottage. There is little more to be said; for, as the spruce-wood crowds down to the margin of the sea-cliff, the three have fallen into single file; and Drummond, bringing up the rear, with the two light figures springing over the rocks before him, begins unwittingly to compare them,—rather, to contrast them.

It is a task for which he has not much time; for they have turned a sudden steep and jutting point of rock, above the dark strata of which a sharp contrast crops out. A ridge of white quartz, cleaving the green hillside, with a marble gleam that on a clear day must be seen at sea, a striking feature of the islet. Beyond, is a smooth cove, and a low sweep of hayfields: in the midst of which, a cottage peers out with white face, from under gnarled, wind-twisted apple-trees.

A doll-house of a cottage, with storm-house porch over the door, a window filled with flowering geraniums upon either hand, and a steep gable turned upon the front. There is no garden; but an occasional clump of lilac-bushes about the path that skirts the hayfield; and close about the steps, a border ornamented with great pink-lipped conch-shells, and brimming over with old-fashioned sweets of wall-flower and mignonette,—a welcoming breath which greets them, as the fog rolls out.

For the fog is veering about, as the three cross the field, where the scent of new-mown hay is lingering; and where, far off in a dim corner, the flash of a scythe for an instant cuts through the gray mist, and hints of a haymaker still at work.

The girl who leads the party, does not care to take the hint. She does not call out to the unseen mower, but hurries on before her guests, under the laden apple-boughs, to the porch, where a trim little white-capped, white-aproned figure is snipping withered leaves from a tall pink ivy-geranium.

Her back is to the new-comers, whose steps fall deadened on the sod.

"Granny—"

She has put both hands on the old woman's shoulders, keeping her still in her place, while she hurries on, breathlessly:

"A boat lost in the fog—the lady and gentleman from it, coming to the house—we shall have to keep them for the night. O granny, *won't* you do your best for me? There'll be grandfather coming in from the mowing—"

"Iё—for sure, Mair!" says the old woman, brightening; and she would have turned to look, but for those two small, firm hands upon her shoulders. "'Tis glad the grandfather does always be, to see company, for a change, like."

The girl gives her a slight, good-humored shake.

"But he mustn't to-night, granny. They—they're very tired, you know," she adds, seeing the blank look fixed on her by the older eyes. Eyes dimmer than the girl's own: but very like them, in their innocence and straightforwardness of gaze.

They clear, at this explanation.

"And like enough! If 'tis tired they are, they'll be all for an early tea, and to turn in betimes. Come away, then: you show them into the parlor, my deary, and I'll be back, now just."

"And, granny—"

Granny is smoothing down her snowy apron, with an air of eager preparation, when the girl lays a coaxing little hand upon her shoulder:

"If you could get my mother to come in and speak a welcoming word to them, then you needn't give yourself the trouble. For it *would* be a trouble to you, you know, in the midst of getting tea. But don't tell her *I* said it, dear granny. Ask her as a favor to yourself."

Granny is not so sure it would be a favor. She is just about to say that to speak the welcoming word to the strangers herself, would not be the least trouble. But she has a guilty consciousness that it ought to be, since little Mair says so; and that all her mind ought to be fixed on the tea.

So she scurries away, obediently; and Kitty just catches the flutter of white apron-strings, as she disappears within.

Kitty supposes it is the self-same figure which reappears a few moments later, with the white apron tied over a black dress.

But first, they have been ushered into the

parlor, by the smiling girl on the threshold. Kitty, in the big splint rocking-chair, is sitting at the window, blankly, finding nothing but fog to gaze out on. She has already taken in the room at a glance. The gray and crimson diamond pattern of the home-made carpet; the home-made rugs with their impossible roses and fuchsias—(Kitty has seen such in Campobello cottages—) the colored print of the young Queen in coronation-robes; two separate portraits of schooner and brig, full-sailed upon the vividest of green and white-capped seas. And, background to all these, the quaint wall-paper, with its tree-fringed capes, meandering seas, and white-sailed sloops floating all over them.

The big, red-covered centre-table, sprinkled with highly-gilded annuals, is where Drummond has paused, ostensibly to admire an old-fashioned beau-pot of gilly-flowers and mignonette; but in reality with some curiosity as to the surroundings of this fair young creature.

There is a tall, feathery white blossom in the midst of the flowers: Drummond, turning, vaguely disappointed, from a couple of gay Christmas gift-books, is asking its name.

"That? Oh, that is Queen of the Meadow. And this pink one is 'lady's love—'"

The dimpled hand hovering over the blossom, as if to gather it, is suddenly withdrawn. "My mother," she says hastily. "My mother—Miss Katharine Carey and Mr. Drummond."

The introduction, one-sided as it is, does not tell anything more than a glance at mother and daughter would do. At the merest glance the relationship is evident.

The merest glance shows the strange likeness: it takes more to impress one with the strange unlikeness.

The one is living, breathing, warm, soft human nature: the other, dead and cold and hard, for all the rounded outlines, and the tints only a little paled and faded, like the hues of a full-blown rose that leans against its bud.

Not that these two, mother and daughter, are leaning together in the least.

The girl has turned to her softly: but nothing could be less responsive than the steel-blue eyes, as she bows to her guests, and asks Kitty to lay aside her hat. She is sorry, she says, that the Passamaquoddy fogs should have treated them so uncivilly.

The speech is not uncivil in itself: but there can be no doubt that she *is* sorry, Kitty thinks with heightened color, as she tosses her hat on to a chair, and pushing back the blown waves from her hot temples, looks at her.

"I don't know what the fog might not have done to us—" says Kitty, rather brusquely—for she does not like the situation—"if your daughter's voice had not sung us ashore. We were fast drifting out to sea."

The mother's smile, that flashes and passes, at mention of the daughter, is such a smile as the poet compares to the northern lights that fill the heart of heaven in sign of cold. Her eyes are fastened to the flicker of the steel needles, in and out of the gray sock she is knitting. It is a homely task, plied steadily by hands which are a little large and labor-roughened. But she might be a fine lady, as she sits there among them, as if receiving guests were an every-day affair, and this bit of sea-girt rock a drawing-room in town.

"If mariners' tales are true," she says—"the most dangerous thing of all, is to be thus sung ashore."

It is much what Kitty herself remarked, awhile ago. But this time, the words seem to have a warning in them. Kitty catches herself glancing askance at the table where Drummond is looking on, while the girl's dainty fingers are busying themselves in a subdued way, with rearranging the pink "lady's-love," that has somehow gotten tangled up with the Queen of the Meadow.

"However—" the cool voice goes on—"certainly worse might have happened to you than this. A night befogged: and to-morrow sailing away in the sunshine, not knowing what point of all the Passamaquoddy's rocky ledges Fortune threw you on."

She might have been speaking these words too as a warning; but not for Kitty. The other girl shivers a little, hearing them; and raises her eyes straight to Drummond. There is a childish dismay in them: just a suspicion of the glitter of childish tears of disappointment.

Drummond answers the appeal, impulsively:

"If Fortune has thrown us on the pretty islet in a fog, let us hope 'the bountiful blind woman' will do us a better turn than to blot it out in the sunshine."

"After all, it cannot be so very far away from Campobello," supplements Kitty, eagerly. "If we have found the way in a fog, may we not hope that you will in the sunshine?"

But the mother does not warm at the name of Campobello, as the girl had. Instead, there comes a colder change over her face.

"My Mary never leaves home," she answers, as if the invitation were simply for the girl Then, less haughtily, for she sees that Kitty looks aghast—"This island of ours seems a mere footing on the edge of the world, to you who know the world. But at least it is a safe one, for it is founded on a rock. It is not only for a foggy night like this, that it is a safe refuge."

She does not look like a hermit, the speaker; nor like a fanatic despiser of the world. Kitty is puzzled; and as she glances aside, not to stare, she sees that Mary has softly stolen from the room.

"The milking, Mair?" says the grandmother, from the open kitchen door, as she flits past it.

"Yes, yes, granny. I've not forgotten."

She has to cross the hayfield by which she came with her guests; but she skirts it now on the very edge of the bordering thicket, not to be seen from the parlor window. She knows she is keeping well out of range from the one at which Kitty is seated. And but that Drummond has walked across for an instant to the other, to take an observation on the state of the fog, a flutter of gray folds less airy than the skirts of the fog, might have passed unsuspected.

As it is, Drummond presently has his doubts as to having properly secured his boat; and sallies forth to see.

But Mary, whom the mist cannot bewilder, and delude, as it can Max, into making divagations only to be brought up against a solid wall of spruce thicket—Mary has flitted back, the way she came; until she reaches the tiny cove where the boat is beached.

She pauses, looking down on it; a half smile on her face. Then as she catches sight of a yellow patch upon the gravelly strand, she springs down the rocks to see what it may be.

It is Kitty's alligator bag, which fell from her lap unnoticed, as she came ashore; and which Drummond, not having been on that side of the boat, had not perceived.

It had unclasped itself, in falling. As Mary takes it up, it opens in her hand.

There is an unfolded letter there; crammed hastily in; lying on top of whatever else there may be in it.

Mary stands looking down upon it, eagerly.

Then, with a sudden burning color in her face, she turns sharply, and pushes her way into the alder-screened meadow, whence her voice first floated out to the drifting boat.

The tinkle of bells floated out with it then. Now, though the milking-song is over, that accompaniment of it is ringing lightly still, as the slow cows move to and fro, cropping the lush grasses; or stand, like Snow-ball, slowly shaking a wise, meditative head, knee-deep among the ferns beyond the margin of the stream.

The milking-song is over: the milking-pail and milking-stool are still in the shelter of the alders, where Mary left them, with the milkmaid's snowy apron flung carefully over, when Drummond's shout from the boat and the sound of oars reached her. She sits down now on the stool, with Kitty's bag lying open in her lap. Her hands tremble a little, that hold the bag; her fair face flushes—

But when, some fifteen minutes later, there comes a rustling through the alders, making straight and steadily in this direction, in a breathing-space she has sprung to her feet, has hurried on her apron, shouldered her milking-pail; and with her milking-stool tucked under her arm bared to the dimpled elbow, stands at the opening of the alder-path: until suddenly thrusting a bough aside, Drummond meets her face to face.

If one must be a milkmaid, it is well to be a picturesque one.

And nothing could be more picturesque than this white-bibbed, slim maid, standing against a golden background of sunset fog, and smiling, and blushing—

"Oh, is it you?" she cries, with such a start that he comes eagerly forward, putting out his hand with hers, to steady the milk-pail on her shoulder.

"Is it you? I thought—"

What, she dares not explain: as indeed it would be difficult to do. Unless it were a sheep—and no sheep on the island comes unannounced by the ringing of a bell—there could be no one so likely as Drummond, to be wandering here in the sunset.

She does not finish her sentence; but shows him the bag swinging by its handle over a leg of the milking-stool.

"Did you lose it?" she asks. "I found it where you must have let it fall, in leaving the boat." (She calls it "bort;" but Drummond is not sure that is not the prettiest pronunciation, from such rosy lips.) "It is little for a game-bag, big for a tobacco-pouch," she adds, looking up at him with such frank curiosity, that he laughs: and she joins him good-humoredly, at her own expense.

"It is Kitty's—my cousin's," he explains, relieving her of it,—shut fast now, over any secret it may hold. He would have relieved her of her weightier burdens also: but for her quiet determination to keep them. For a milkmaid may be picturesque and graceful: but an impromptu milkman feels himself neither, and is not apt to be grateful for the position.

But the tableau upon which Kitty presently glances out, from her seat in the cottage window, has no such awkwardness to mar it.

Now that she has been discovered by one of her guests, Mary makes no effort to shun the observation of the other. She has crossed the shorn hayfield in front of the cottage; and just as Kitty catches sight of her, she has paused, glancing up shyly at Drummond:

"——He tells her something
That makes her blood look out. Good sooth, she is
The queen of curds and cream."

For all Perdita came before her, surely

"*This* is the prettiest low-born lass that ever
Ran on the greensward."

She nods lightly to Drummond, and flits round the corner of the cottage, and is lost to view.

But when she comes in through the kitchen, and finds it vacant; and, opening the door, is guided toward the parlor by voices she knows only too well, the bright blood no more looks out on her soft cheek.

The small face pales; she throws her empty hands apart, with a gesture of utter loss and uselessness.

Only for an instant so: the next, she gathers up her courage, and turns to the parlor. Whatever happens, she must be there, to take matters as she can into those small hands of hers.

Not much is happening, apparently. Only, with a faint amusement in her face, Kitty is being introduced to the good man of the house, by the little old wife who has led him forward, her hand on his coat-sleeve, lest he prove recalcitrant.

But old Morgan shows no sign of wishing to retreat. Kitty's face, with the blithe humor in it, has taken his fancy; and he is looking straight into it, with friendliness written in all the criss-cross lines of his weather-beaten visage.

"You are welcome as the summer to White Rock—Garregwen, as my old woman calls it, for love of the old country. 'Tis not often it gets visitors. It's an ill fog brings nobody good: there's no scudding away this night in such as this. But, heart alive! to-morrow's sun'll burn it up: and, as the sailors say, you needn't mind a squall you can see through."

So far from minding it, Kitty looks as if she were enjoying the contre-temps.

"You are the kindest of weather-prophets," she returns. "And trustworthy?—you have been a sailor yourself?"

"Right you are, miss. There's salt water runs in the Morgan veins, from old David who came over under the Old Admiral, when he'd Campobello granted him by the Crown: straight down to me, that's Campobello-born, and named for the family. I've served under the Owens one and all: in Campobello fishing-boats; in Her Majesty's steamship Columbia in these waters—(and when her captain wouldn't give in to the Admiral, it was easy seen which had the power, for the captain went by the board, that did he!—) and in Campobello fishing-boats again. And I married my little Welch wife here, out of the Owen House on Campobello, at Welchpool,—she came, though, from the other Welchpool, over seas. And then my two boys after me—both on 'em sea-captains—and lost at sea."

There is a pause after that. The old man's eyes shift slowly from the schooner to the brig, side by side on the wall opposite, amidst their dancing waves.

The widow's hand has for the first time left her knitting, and passes across her eyes. Drummond turns his away from her, hastily; and says gently, to leave a subject which it must be hard for her to hear touched upon before strangers:

"I fancied you were linked with Campobello, from the quick interest which Miss Morgan showed in the island."

Miss Morgan. At the name, the girl outside the door, starts, and turns her eyes, with a swift questioning appeal in them, from her grandfather to her mother. He is looking across at the mother, questioningly too; and the old woman, who a moment ago took her seat by the silent knitter, softly lays her hand upon her arm, and strokes it.

These two women are the only ones who directly front the doorway, and thus see the girl there, clasping her hands in a sudden, breathless expectancy.

But the widow looks straight before her, with that same cold glitter in her eyes. If this silent stir is because of any emotion of hers at mention of the dead, Drummond and Kitty cannot but feel it sympathy thrown away.

Old Morgan turns aside with a half sigh, and tries blunderingly to take up the broken thread of the conversation:

"Ay, ay; I'm sailor born and bred. There's not much weather I don't know; nor many vessels, from a billy-boy to a man-o'-war."

"Now, Kitty, here's your golden opportunity. You must know—" Drummond turns to old Owen Morgan, who stands pulling his forelock in an embarrassed way—"my cousin, since she has been sailing in these waters, is nothing if not nautical. Only, sometimes, in reeling off her sea-terms, there comes a hitch over a belaying pin, and she is not so clear as she might be, about her luff-tackles, and her bower cable."

Old Morgan brightens.

"That's like my little maid here—"

So unconscious is he, of anything for his little maid to be ashamed of, that when just now, at some movement of his own, he has caught sight of her, shrinking just outside the doorway, he stretches out his hand to her and draws her forward.

If there is a slight cloud on her brow, a smile disperses it as she recognizes the inevit-

ableness of the situation, and the need of meeting it gracefully. And Drummond is there: an audience for her pretty part of the Ingenuous Milkmaid.

It *is* a pretty part: Kitty is thinking of it with a half-amused and wholly friendly smile, as she lets down her hair to-night in the nest of a room under the eaves, which she is sure must be the girl's very own. It has a white-curtained window, which looks out into the fog; a high white bed, with long legs in dimity frills, such as, had she belonged to the same half-century ago, the milkmaid herself might have worn; and, by way of reaching that desirable haven for the sleepy, a portable flight of black mahogany steps, burnished so brightly that they reflect the lamp on the chest of drawers opposite. The glass reflects it, too; and mirrors the book-shelves on the wall, under just such a portraiture of a full-sailed brig, as hangs downstairs. The brig's skipper, Kitty decides promptly, was this little Mary Morgan's father; who picked up his beautiful wife in foreign parts, no doubt; and died, and left her with her child in this safe anchorage.

The shelves are well laden, with such volumes as were popular standards a score of years ago: but when Kitty takes down one after another, to discover if they hold the clue to the pretty milkmaid's tastes, she only sees that the fly-leaf in each has been carefully cut out.

So she puts back the books; and drops down on the sea-chest, under the lamplight: unclasping her bag which Max had restored to her, and reading over for the second time the letter crumpled up in it.

It is rather a long letter, and it is crossed: both of which facts might make it difficult to turn quickly to any especial passage. But what Kitty is in search of, must have stamped itself on her memory: she finds it so readily.

Yet it is very slowly, that she reads it over:

"And now let me tell you, Kitty o' mine, that, taken in conjunction with Aunt Fanny's letters, I don't quite understand your frequent mention of this Mr. Maxwell Drummond. You see, I do not follow you in claiming him as Cousin Max: he may be Aunt Fanny's nephew, since he was her husband's; but that is nothing to us, who are *her* nieces. A little more than kin is less than kind, in more experiences than Hamlet's: and this Mr. Drummond seems to be serviceable in taking off the rough edges of Aunt Fanny's temper, which so invariably turns a smooth side on the outside world, that it must have a jagged reverse. You know I warned you of that, when you came and took my place with her, at my marriage. But what I did not warn you of—Kitty, my brave little Kitty, I am sore afraid, from what Aunt Fanny writes, (not from what she thinks,) that you may be in danger of mistaking gratitude for protection from such rubs and scratches, for a very different feeling. I made that mistake—(you have guessed it, Kitty, without telling?—) and married into such bondage that I have not so much as a corner at my hearthstone free to offer to my only little sister. There, that is my first and last outcry: and it means, Kitty, dear Kitty, be very sure with all your heart you love him—"

The blood flickers like a flame on Kitty's warm brown cheeks. She lets the paper flutter from her lap, and puts up her hands to her face—

With the movement, she is aware of another presence in the room.

She flashes a startled glance over her shoulder. It is Mary, standing smiling on the threshold. She looks as if she had not seen the letter lying on the floor, nor the girl's agitation. And indeed, how should she know what is in it?

"You did not hear me when I knocked; and I opened the door, thinking you might have gone down-stairs in search of something. I came to see if you have everything you want?" she says simply.

Kitty goes up to her, and catches her by both hands.

"Everything I want? Ah no! But everything that *you* can give me, dear!"

She wrings the small, soft hands, unconsciously—with the passion of her thought that has wandered far enough away from Mary—and lets them fall, empty. It does not seem to Kitty that they can ever hold anything which it can much matter to her, Kitty, whether the soft fingers close upon, or loose.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

MY ONE TALENT.

By Mary E. Ireland.

Author of "Timothy: His Neighbors and His Friends."

READER, are you a nobody? If so, you and you alone can have affinity with one who, according to the opinion of the majority of her fellow-creatures, never has been of any use in the world, of whom nothing has ever been expected, and who until recently has herself pondered the question as to why and wherefore she was placed on the earth, seeing that there appeared to be no special work for her to do.

To begin at the beginning, my name is Cypher Smith. I am not an only child, but one of five daughters—two older and two younger; therefore not looked up to as were my elder, nor indulged as were my younger, sisters.

We were orphans and were under the care of our aunt, Mrs. Hope, the widowed sister of my father, who had made her home with us after the death of our mother.

My mission—if any—in the earlier part of my life was to wear out the garments which my elders had outgrown. One might suppose that I was of some use as a finisher, but upon reflection would perceive that had I not been in the way the clothing I used up would have served well for the younger ones, for whom new clothing had of necessity to be bought. For so thoroughly was the thing done that not a vestige descended to them, but were always candidates for the rag-bag in advance of a new supply. As I never romped and never did any domestic work, it was a mystery to all concerned how I managed to get through two sets; and when I look back at the question it is quite as much a mystery to me.

As it was, I not only fell heir to cast-off clothing, but misfits were found to be plenty good enough for "poor, stupid Cypher;" so if by chance I was found wearing a new article of dress, the conclusion could have been honestly drawn that it had been made for one of my elder sisters. Once, however, the rule worked the other way, and a new bonnet, which had actually been made for me from a piece of ruby velvet given me by Aunt Dale—my mother's only sister—was found to be "a world too large," and as it just suited one of them it was ruthlessly taken from me and bestowed upon her without one sympathizing word for my bitter disappointment. And yet, how could I expect sympathy when I never by word or look expressed any feeling upon the subject, but wore the old bonnet without a murmur.

The district school was within a mile of our home, and Aunt Hope accompanied me the first day of my appearance there for the purpose of introducing me to Miss Preston, the teacher, and putting me under her care.

"Cypher is not fond of her books, and studies as little as she can help," was my aunt's recommendation to my teacher's good-will and favor.

"Has she never attended school?" inquired Miss Preston, in surprise.

"No, she has always been under the instruction of the governess who was employed for her elder sisters. Now that they have finished, there is no need to employ her longer, so Cypher comes to school."

"Has thee any objection to telling me thy age?" inquired Miss Preston, turning kindly to me.

"Fifteen years and eight months," replied I, promptly, with a thrill of pleasure that she considered me capable of speaking for myself, therefore not quite a fool.

"We will get along beautifully together, I doubt not," said Miss Preston, turning again to Aunt Hope, who introduced other subjects in which she took more interest.

I in the meantime sat quietly beside her, gazing at the check-aproned children and the unplastered walls of the old log school-house, thinking of nothing in particular but of much in general.

"So thee is not fond of study?" questioned Miss Preston, deprecatingly, when my aunt at length had taken her departure; "what does thee care for?"

My spirits sank at the query.

"I do not know," I replied, despondently.

"Does thee like to sew, crochet, or do any kind of fancy work?"

"No; my elder sisters sicken me with all that."

"Does thee like to sweep, dust, scrub, and cook?"

"No, ma'am, the two servants do all that. The cook will not have me in the kitchen."

"Does thee love pets and feed and attend to their wants?"

"No, my younger sisters attend to all of them."

"Does thee love music, paintings, statuary flowers?"

"I love flowers," replied I, hesitatingly.

"Thee means for me to understand that thee loves to work among them; to sow the seed; to watch the tiny shoots spring above the brown earth; to weed among them, to water them when dry, and to protect them from the glaring heat of the sun."

"No, I don't mean any of those things. We have a gardener who does all that, and I have never had it to do. I love to see flowers in bloom and to smell of them when they are tall enough for me to do so without the trouble of stooping."

Miss Preston raised her eyes, clasped her hands, and uttered a faint exclamation, the meaning of which I did not exert myself to catch.

I do not remember that she questioned me any more that morning; in fact, if I remember rightly, I was left to my own devices the rest of the day. I frequently caught her gazing at me with no unkindly expression, and when I returned the glance she answered it by a pleasant smile.

My thoughts were occupied with studying the physiognomy of my fellow-pupils, one in particular exciting my rather latent curiosity by his singular request, given in an earnest, business tone of voice.

"Please, Miss Preston, may I go to sleep?"

The teacher glanced at the tiny clock which stood upon a shelf over her desk, and said, cordially:

"Yes, thee can take thy nap, Benjamin, after which I hope thee will commit perfectly to memory the three lines of multiplication I wish thee to recite before noon."

The words had scarcely reached the boy when his head dropped upon his arms, folded upon his desk, and in two minutes he was asleep.

In less than a quarter of an hour he awoke, bright and alert, and, attacking his task with vigor, repeated it without one mistake.

When the pupils were dismissed for the morning session and had filed out of the school-house door, I was the last to leave, and, while slowly tying my bonnet-strings, was accosted by Miss Preston.

"I noticed that my management of Benjamin attracted thy attention," she said, gently; "and to a new pupil it requires a word of explanation. Benjamin is a bright, energetic boy, but his nature seems to require the refreshment of sleep at least twice during the day. Like the great Napoleon, he has the power of sleeping at will, and, as he amply makes up for lost time, I deem it best to favor him; and it has ceased to attract the attention of any but new scholars."

This, I reflected in after years, was the keynote of Miss Preston's success as a teacher; she studied the disposition and requirements of her pupils as did no one whom it has before or since been my pleasure to meet.

It was the morning of my second day at school that I reached there before any other pupil and found Miss Preston alone, seated at her desk in the clean, quiet room, reading. It was early in the autumn, but the mornings were cool, and a wood-fire crackled and sparkled in the old-fashioned, ten-plate stove. The rows of wooden pins were as yet unoccupied by caps and bonnets, and the new, bright tincup was turned top down upon the inverted wooden bucket. Outside, the sweet morning air rustled the dry blades of corn, which was stacked for husking in a field adjoining, while the birds whistled and chirped in the great oak and hickory trees which shaded the school-house in summer and protected it from the storms of winter.

"I am glad thee has come so early, Cypher," said Miss Preston, rising to meet me; "I have been thinking about thee and would like thee to tell me something about thyself. Now, is thee serious in saying thee does not care to do anything?"

"Nothing that is going on around me," I replied. "I want to be of some use in the world; I would like to cross oceans, climb mountains, creep down into the heart of the earth, encounter dangers, and meet with hairbreadth escapes—I want to be something or somebody. O Miss Preston! I sometimes feel as though I were in an iron cage with no room to breathe."

Miss Preston did not rebuke this outburst by even a frown; instead, she took my hand in hers and tears were in her eyes.

"I fear thee has been reading dime novels, my child," she said.

"No; aunt will not let them come into the house; besides, I have no taste for them."

"Thee is not the first and only one who has felt restless and longed for a change. But try and comfort thyself by doing the duty nearest thy hand, and trust God to give thee a broader field in His own good time."

"But I have no duties, as I told you yesterday. They all think I am of no use, and they are right."

"But thee has enough to do for the present in studying to acquire an education that will fit thee for a position and thus enable thee to secure one."

"The governess told me that in all but accomplishments I was far in advance of my elder sisters; she informed me privately that she could teach me no more. Aunt only sends me here to get me out of the way."

"I am really astonished. Thy aunt said thee was not fond of study, and I imagined thee knew so little that I was loth to question thee before

younger pupils and was waiting until I could see thee alone."

"I long for something difficult to do, something that will give me trouble to study out."

Miss Preston did not reply, for at that moment the door opened and a scholar came in, quickly followed by others, and I went to the desk which had been assigned me.

At recess Miss Preston had a visitor—a cousin, named Edward Preston—to whom, as I had not gone out with the others, she introduced me.

He had just left college, was tall, dark, and stately, like Miss Preston, and I thought him the handsomest man I had ever seen.

"Cypher," said Miss Preston, as I turned to get my bonnet from one of the pegs, "Edward is an amateur phrenologist; perhaps he can give us a little light upon the subject we have been discussing."

I had heard much of this phrenology; it was the fashion at that time; everybody was discussing it, often in terms of derision. But Miss Preston's wish was my law. I saw she desired me to remain, so I came back to her desk. In obedience to her request, I removed my net and my hair fell in glossy waves that reached to my waist. It was my one beauty, and I kept it in the best manner.

Mr. Preston's firm white hand glided swiftly and gently over it, and, after a moment's silence, he said:

"Has thee ever attempted the study of any foreign language?"

"No, sir," was my quiet reply.

"Thee should do so; if I am not much mistaken, thee has a wonderful talent for that. I never saw an organ more fully developed."

I clasped my hands in ecstasy, my face flushed, and tears of joy rushed to my eyes. Miss Preston and her cousin smiled, and for the first time in my life I saw glances of admiration bestowed upon me.

"Edward, thee is to spend the winter with us; perhaps thee would not object to giving her lessons in Latin by way of an experiment?"

"It would be a charming pastime to teach thee," said Mr. Preston, turning to me; "I can give thee a lesson to-day if agreeable to thee."

And so it was decided that I was to stop with Miss Preston on my way from school in the evening, if I succeeded in gaining my aunt's consent at noon.

This consent was, as I had surmised, not hard to win, and evening found me at the Preston homestead; and the pleasantest hour I had ever spent was in taking my first lesson in Latin.

Like one in a happy, happy dream, I pursued my way home, and found visitors. My uncle and aunt—Doctor and Mrs. Dale—had come from a distant city to stay several weeks with us. For the first time in my experience I did not feel awkward and constrained, but went quickly forward, kissed Aunt Dale heartily, and greeted my uncle cordially, and said I was so glad to see them.

"Why, she is a fine-looking girl," remarked my good-hearted, blundering old uncle, as I was leaving the room to lay aside my bonnet and books. "*I* don't think she is so homely."

The emphasis upon the vowel left me in no doubt as to the impression that had been given him of my appearance, but even that was powerless to dampen my spirits.

Every evening I called at the Prestons to take my lesson; my improvement was rapid, and I was happier than I ever imagined I could be.

One evening upon my return home, Aunt Dale said she had a plan to propose to me.

"We expect to go to Europe in the spring, to remain two or three years. Most of the time will be spent in Germany and the South of France. We would like to take a young relative with us who understands the language of those countries, and would prefer you to any one else if you would be willing to go. Do you think you could acquire enough of the German and French languages to make our wants known in that time?"

Truly, this world was getting to be a place full of delightful surprises. What could I say, when I had sufficiently recovered myself, but that I would make every effort to do so, although in my bewilderment I could not see how it could be accomplished for want of teachers.

But Miss Preston was my guardian angel; she had a friend who had resided for years in France, and spoke the language like a native. She would see her in my behalf; and Mr. Preston understood German, and would teach it to me. So these problems were happily solved; my aunt gave consent that I should give up some of my studies in order to devote more time to the languages; and so the winter passed happily away.

The first week in June saw us on the ocean, sorry to part with Mr. Edward and Miss Preston and my home people, but happy in the enjoyment of a realized hope.

Three years in Germany, France, and Italy perfected me in the languages of those countries, and the insight into their literature which this knowledge has given me will always be a well-spring of pleasure.

Upon our return, I became the wife of Edward Preston, in fulfillment of the promise made before our departure.

Since our marriage he has been appointed to

an Indian agency, and I shall have the need and opportunity to acquire another language, in order to teach in the school we are to organize.

And now at length it appears that I am to be of some use to my fellow-creatures, and in a field not crowded with laborers. And with earnest, happy, united hearts, Edward and I go forth upon our mission.

Should you ask me if I believe in phrenology, or, in other words, believe that the powers of the mind are manifest to the sense of touch, I should answer as my friends affirmed that I answered the majority of questions in my earlier days: "I don't know;" but should you ask if I consider *encouragement* a motive power in developing dormant ambition, I should answer with all the energy of a happy heart, "Yea, verily!"

WITHOUT A NAME.

SEQUEL TO "THE MYSTERY OF A LIFE."

By Annie L. Muzzey.

PART II.

DESPITE the effort made to avert the calamity of the flood from Waterloo and vicinity, the following morning found the poor dwellings more or less submerged; and this distress, in addition to the want already experienced from suspension of work, appealed for immediate measures of relief, to which Wilbur Evans was not slow to respond. Stubborn in purpose, yet generous in charities, he would have welcomed a misfortune that gave him excuse for alleviating the miseries of his men, rather than have yielded to what he considered unwarrantable dictation of terms on their part. It was possibly easeful to his perturbed conscience that the sum of money he could spend in repairing the damages and supplying the needs of the sufferers in this emergency, was greater than the amount of wages withheld by the labor suspension. For the present, it seemed to him wiser to totally ignore the riot act, with its foiled attempt on his life and property.

Ivan Kazenof, meantime, had been permitted to remain at the house, from which it did not appear he could safely be removed, though his wound was not in itself of a dangerous character. But the man was physically worn down and exhausted, not more by hardships and privations than by the fever and fret of a rebellious and remorseful soul.

He accepted the consequences of his thwarted crime with apparently total indifference, regarding his unaccustomed environments with apathy, and manifesting no interest in anything beyond one trifling particular.

One day, moving his hand absently to his breast, he suddenly called out with startling vehemence:

"It is gone! Where is it? what have ye done with it? Have ye robbed me of that, too?"

It was long before the matter was understood by the attendant, but at length it was remembered that, in the removal of the unconscious man's blouse to examine his wound, a small package had fallen to the floor, and had been carelessly picked up and restored to the pocket from which it escaped.

This article was produced, proving to be an old-fashioned ambrotype, blood-stained and broken by the shot, which it had evidently turned aside, but still revealing unmarred a sweet, girlish face of the purest blonde type, in too vivid contrast to Ivan's haggard darkness to suggest a possible kinship. Could it be a relic of the love of the old man's youth?

There was no confidence granted. The treasure, restored, was gazed at for a moment with unbetraying eyes, and then thrust under his pillow without other comment than a satisfied sigh.

There had been an effort to hold from the ubiquitous reporter the events most intimately connected with the Evans household on the night preceding the flood; but an exaggerated account of the affair had, nevertheless, found its way into print and had been extensively copied, and, as a consequence, the mails brought to Wilbur Evans one morning the following surprising letter:

"Wilbur Evans—Dear Sir:—Seeing in the *City News* a detailed account of the recent conspiracy of the Fern-leaf miners, among whom the name of Ivan Kazenof prominently appears, I am moved to tell you what I know of the man whom report says you are now harboring in your house, with a mercy highly commendable, but hardly favorable to your interests, you might think, if you knew the truth. Nearly twenty years ago, this man came to the Home of the Friendless, of which I was then the

Matron, demanding an account of the infant which had been left upon the steps at such a date, and for whose care he claimed he had come to make full repayment.

"I knew very well that this was the child who had been adopted by you, but as I had given you my solemn pledge never to reveal what you desired me to keep secret, I was obliged to evade the fellow's savage importunities as best I could, never permitting myself to recall any fact which could lead to an identification of the boy. But though I was able to rebuff and turn the man away, he was not satisfied that I did not hold some clue that must assist him in his wandering search; and he has returned again and again to harass me with threats, to which, I am frank to say, I have more than once been tempted to yield. Indeed, I am not clear how much this Ivan Kazenof's persecutions have had to do with my withdrawal from the office that I satisfactorily filled for a score of years; but it has been a relief to feel that he had lost trace of me.

"Until your name was brought to my notice in connection with the Fern-leaf mine troubles, I had not known that you had changed your place of residence, still less, that this man was even remotely in your employment. He has floated from west to east in his search for the child, seeming under the terrible, stinging torture of conscience for some wrong that he does not name, but for which he evidently feels, in a vague way, that he can only make atonement by the recovery of the boy, in his imagination still a helpless infant, no doubt.

"Without the slightest clue to guide him, it seems a little singular that he should have come unwittingly so near the object of his quest—if, indeed, the child, grown to manhood now, is still with you.

"I give you this information to put you on your guard, and to use as you shall hereafter see fit. Yours truly,

"SARAH WHATELY."

Wilbur Evans read this communiction with an astonishment which permitted only a silent transfer of the paper to his wife's hand.

For several days there was no discussion of the unpleasant subject beyond this question, negatively answered by both—"Is there any need of making known to any person the contents of this letter?"

But as they gradually recovered from the shock of an unwelcome discovery, other considerations arose. It appeared to them that there was a fatality about the matter which might possibly bring exposure when the case was complicated by intermarriage with a family of higher birth and breeding than even Evans himself could claim, and who might justly resent the imposture of such an unexplained relation.

It was true that Ivan might not recover, and the secret would be safe from him. But who could tell if some other seeker—the mother, perhaps—might not rise to embarrass the situation? And was there any certainty that the old Matron of the Home might not babble, after all?

Thinking the matter over, it was determined that a private interview with Ivan should be sought, and Wilbur Evans accordingly presented himself at the bedside of the sick man, whom he had not seen since the night he had been borne, an unconscious burden, into the house.

There was a bare sign of recognition on Ivan's part, and the visitor proceeded at once to business.

"Have you friends, whom you would like informed of your situation?" he inquired, briefly.

"None, sir," was the curt response.

"No wife?"

Ivan appeared not to hear.

"No children?" pursued the interrogator.

"I met all necessary inquiries in my first reply, sir," returned Ivan, with dignity.

"What is Jo Sullivan to you?" continued the inquisitor, ignoring the repulse.

"A lad that I've chosen to look after," was the non-committal reply.

"Do you know a Mrs. Whately, former Matron of the Home of the Friendless in the city of ——?" was Evans's next swift interrogation.

Ivan Kazenof turned his face with a quick spasm of surprise and interest toward his visitor.

"Yes! yes! where is she?" he breathlessly demanded.

"I have recently received a letter from her. She spoke of you," Evans said, quietly studying his subject.

"Ha!" the invalid cried, raising himself by a dangerous effort and gazing with wild eagerness at the impassive speaker. "She—she has remembered what she did with my son, perhaps. Yet, why should she—tell *you?*" he added, with doubt.

"I may be a party interested," returned Evans, with slow torture.

It had not been in his plan to betray the secret that morning, at least, but an irresistible impulse came over him to make this vindictive man realize in the fulfillment of his tenderest desire, the subtle punishment of his crime.

"Speak!" cried Ivan, desperately; "said the woman anything of my—child?"

Wilbur Evans looked at him a moment in silence.

"Yes," he answered, slowly and finally; "she says your child is my adopted son, Ward—the gentleman whom you forced the other night to shoot you in his effort to foil your devilish attempt on *his* life and property through your contemplated wreck of *mine*."

The sick man, upborne momentarily by a strength not his own, fell back with the gray pallor of death in his face, and was lost to consciousness of a knowledge that brought a sharper pang than the shot which had wounded only the physical man.

Summoning the dismissed attendant, Wilbur Evans walked out, and deciding, since he was wrought up to the issue, that he would make an end of the business, he sent for Ward to meet him in the library, and then explained to him the heretofore carefully concealed history of his adoption from a charitable institution, together with the recently disclosed fact of his relations with Ivan Kazenof.

The young man received this totally unexpected revelation with composure, though with a pallor as deathly as Ivan's.

"I have been too long held in ignorance of my humble origin. I am glad that you have at last told me, sir," he said, quietly.

"But you know there is no necessity now that this fact should be given to the public," Wilbur Evans hastened to add. "I have communicated the truth to you in simple justice."

"And simple justice demands that I communicate the truth to others," Ward replied, thinking for the present only of one.

"Well, well, don't be in a hurry about it, my boy," Evans said, kindly. "Take time to think the matter over."

The young gentleman was not seen in the household again that day.

Miss Churchill, with whom he was passing the morning hour when summoned to the interview in the library, had seen him a little later stride by the parlor window at which she was waiting, without so much as a glance in her direction, so great seemed his haste to gain a narrow road leading back and up to mountain solitudes. There was a rudeness in the action, as in many others which she could recall in that moment of pique, that made her silently angry and resentful for the remainder of the day.

In the evening, when Ward came back from the wilderness, he went at once to the bedside of Ivan, who, though he had recovered somewhat from the effects of the morning's interview, seemed weakened, exhausted, and rapidly failing.

There was no sign of recognition as the young man, quietly approaching, sat down by the bed and laid his hand sympathetically on that of the invalid.

"Father!" he said, gently.

Ivan started convulsively, withdrew his hand, and covered his face in silence. It was not difficult to understand this gesture of repulsion. The child he had been seeking was in his mind a being insensible to his quality as an idol of wood or stone, to which he might make offerings of devotion and sacrifice in atonement for his sins. But the son he had unexpectedly found had faced him with the lightning of judgment, and, like an avenging angel, had struck him at one blow for the wrong of his birthright, and for the evil he had insanely stretched forth his hand to do.

"It would have been better if you'd made an end of the business when you fired that shot," he said, at length.

"God knows how deeply I feel the wrong I did," the young man returned, contritely. "Yet had I known the tie of blood existing between us, I could not have acted differently. It was but just to protect the defenseless."

"True enough," Ivan said, with his face still turned aside. "I was saved from a fiend's deed. —But it was she that saved me—" he added, as if with wandering mind. "Don't—don't reproach yourself," he said, after a little, catching a glimpse of his watcher's face, from which his eyes glanced swiftly away. "It's not the wound that's killing me. I've been making friends with death a long time. I wish you might have hastened the end before you learned that I am more to you than—Ivan Kazenof—"

"Say not so," Ward gently interposed. "Think only that I desire to do what is possible to make your remaining days happy."

"The more you would do, the greater my suffering," was Ivan's discouraging response.

So evident did it appear that his presence was only a torture to the helpless man, Ward rose to withdraw.

"If at any time you should feel like seeing me," he began.

"Yes, yes. But leave me for a little," Ivan interrupted, wearily. "I have much to say to you, but not now, not now—I am oppressed—oppressed."

Young Evans stepped out of the room with a long breath of relief. But there was another interview, not less trying than this, for which he must seek composure. It was not the easiest thing in the world to meet Marian Churchill in his new character. He went out on the veranda, taking a few rapid turns back and forth, and resolving that he would not delay the issue, which of course must be a sundering of all

present relations, he wheeled to enter the house, when Marian herself appeared at the door.

"I heard your step—and it occurred to me that I, too, should enjoy a promenade by moonlight," she said, with sweet reproof, as she slipped her hand within his arm.

"Pardon me. I was coming in to see you—but hardly to invite you to a moonlight promenade. That is a liberty of the past," the lover answered, while he yielded to her direction, and moved unconsciously to the rhythm of her step.

"I understand," Marian said, with speaking pressure of the arm on which she leaned. "The day has been dark enough, Ward. Let there be light at evening. Mr. Evans has told me all—everything. He did not think it wise to leave me to your tender mercies, foreseeing that you would overwhelm me with your tragic conclusions."

There was a deep-drawn breath, and a period of silence, in which Ward Evans realized to the fullest extent, he thought, the loss he had been schooling himself to sustain with manly courage.

"I have no need to tell you, then, that you are released from all promises to me," he said at last.

"Wherefore?" questioned Marian, quickly.

"The nameless son of Ivan Kazenof does not press the claims of Ward Evans," was the quiet answer.

"I gave my love to *you*," said Marian, proudly. "What matters it to me whether you are the son of Ivan Kazenof, or of Wilbur Evans?"

The nameless man checked the involuntary tender impulse to make acknowledgment of this generosity in a grateful lover's fashion.

"It is easier for you to feel this now in the flush of your sympathy for me," he said, coldly; "but later, when you have had time to realize the situation fully, you will thank me that I did not take advantage of your unflinching fidelity. I know your pride in ancestry—it is just—and I cannot allow you by an unhappy entanglement, to cast a possible reflection on your family name—"

"I see—it is useless to argue with you now," Marian interrupted; "you have settled the matter according to your own canons of justice. I confess to a pride in my honorable lineage; but I am equally proud of you. You have princely qualities. Whatever Ivan Kazenof may be, there is evidently a strain of nobility in your race which concentrated in the formation of your gracious and exalted character. I am not loth to separate you from the stock of Wilbur Evans. Wilbur Evans is plebeian; he founds his aristocracy on wealth—"

"Which I no longer inherit," the young man hastened to explain. "Henceforward I shall accept only the salary of his superintendent, to which office he has lately appointed me in acknowledgment of what he considers my success in the direction and control of his working forces."

"What does that matter?" questioned Miss Churchill, haughtily; "have I not wealth so far exceeding his that you need never miss the loss of such inheritance?"

"But in marrying," announced Sir Loftus, quietly, "I should decline all partnership in my wife's properties."

"Indeed! You could hardly decline, though, to act as my agent, my *generalissimo*, in control of the industrial powers that I should at once put under your command," said the lady, with confidence.

"It is quite possible that I might not accept that dignity, Marian, dearest," was the softly urged response. "Our views in this direction may not harmonize sufficiently to admit of our successful co-operation. You have thought me too forbearing, and possibly too sympathetic, with the troubles of the misguided Fern-leaf men. It is hardly probable that, with my existing relations, I shall prove less earnest in my wish and my endeavor to promote the best interests of the industrial class which I believe are at no time inimical to the best interests of the employer, in whose service I shall be equally earnest and active. It is the justice of the Golden Rule that is needed on both sides. My aim must be the enforcement of this law."

"Ah! then," Marian said, "you will not omit its golden practice with me. I have been wrong. Forgive me—forgive me, I pray. I have not forgotten my impetuous outbreak against the Fern-leaf men and their clan on that fatal night, when the shadow of coming events seemed darkly brooding in the air. It was less I than the voice of inherited prejudice that spoke. Generations of mastership develop no higher wisdom or deeper insight in dealing with these difficulties than do generations of servitude. He who stands on middle ground possesses fairer vision. I am learning more and more to look on these matters from your standpoint. I can see—I am just beginning to see—that your wise, conciliatory measures would exercise a harmonizing influence on the relations existing between capital and labor, and I long to submit wholly to your control the operation of my—of *our* wide manufacturing and mining interests. But gracious Heaven! here am I casting myself and my embarrassments at your head with a freedom that must be a crucial test of your gentlemanly courtesy. You see what a brave wooer a woman may be when she is granted a free field. But, I warn you, there is danger that she

will despise the man who leaves her too long to exercise her unusual privilege!"

"Marian!—I am overwhelmed by the generous proffer of a diviner happiness than I have grace to ask; for mark, sweetheart, I have no longer even a *name* to offer you!"

"Good! Then I may give you mine. Change but a letter, and it is a right manly name—my dead father's—Marion Churchill. Presently I shall take it back from you, as Romeo took his sin from Juliet's lips. You see, it is all going to end like a fairy tale. The romancer who shall tell our story in the future, could never accept our facts if you persisted in your stubborn pride and left me all forlorn on the eve of our expected marriage; nor could the world of gracious romance-readers tolerate a heroine who did not love with ten-fold fervor her hero without a name. Don't speak. You are going to say something that the romancer shall not repeat. I shall leave you now to finish the selfish, lovely, moonlight saunter that I interrupted. I am going in to cultivate Ivan Kazenof. You do not know, do you, that I have been his self-elected nurse at intervals since the night I superintended his settlement in the house, never dreaming of the relationship which has unexpectedly developed between us? Well, well, 'There are more things in Heaven and earth, Horatio—'"

She was gone, while the lover, less swift in adapting himself to the situation than she, was reaching out his arms with passionate longing to detain her for an hour in which he might resume the character of a wooer.

From day to day Ivan continued to fail, taking less and less interest in the affairs of life about him, and rarely encouraging any effort at conversation with those approaching him, with the exception of Marian, to whom he insensibly warmed with a confidence granted to no other.

To this gentle but not obtrusive visitor, who did not impress him as a curious and unsympathetic inquisitor, he communicated many facts of his sad, hard life, to which his wandering mind returned with the restless, flitting retrospect of declining days. In these fitful reminiscences there were frequent glimpses of the exile's family beyond the sea, and in these disconnected but vivid memories of the earlier life Marian caught the clue to that line of noble ancestry in which she cherished a woman's loving faith despite the evidence of Ivan's abnormal growth and crooked straying.

As the end approached, unconsciously as it appeared, he talked of "Elsie," whose influence seemed to have played like lightning through the black cloud of his life. More than once he cried out deliriously that she was coming like an angel of God to pluck him from some threatening danger. And then he would tell again the story of little Jo, recalling the vision that had suddenly appeared and swept the child out of the jaws of death, only to fall instead a victim to the fire-eyed demon of the track, while he had stood staring in stupid, stony horror at the living sacrifice.

"You will take care of little Jo," he said, after one of these recitals when Ward Evans was present. "I have not lost sight of him in all these years—she gave her life for him, you know. I have taken him with me in all my wanderings. But I cannot take him—now. Poor Jo! he grieves that he betrayed me to—death. Well—so! Such subtle forces underlie our deeds."

Another time he drew from beneath his pillow the little case, worn, bloodstained, and holding the pictured face of Elsie, faded but still fair.

"Perhaps you would like it," he said, as the young man bent with reverent gaze over the likeness in Marian's hand. "I shall not need it. I see her always now."

And to this presence, invisible, but real to him, he talked with a humility and pathos that touched with pity the hearts of his listeners as they watched out his failing breath.

"I may only see you," he sighed, with sad conviction. "I cannot reach you. This is my punishment—eternal—eternal! The wrong that I did you—it drags my soul back while you mount higher—higher—moving before me like a star—your luster undimmed by my sin. I—cannot—nay! nay!—I can never reach you. Look! this is he! He is brave and noble—our—your son. You have been looking after him while I went stumbling down the dark way. I am afraid of him. It is better to die. Ha! but it was a base purpose. I felt that you would quench it. But I did not know you would strike me by *his* hand! That—that was divine justice! How near—and yet—no, no. I cannot—reach you."

THE END.

A BLUE-STOCKING OF THE LAST CENTURY.

By H. Maria George.

IN one of the precincts of London, secluded from public gaze, yet *not* secluded as in the time of its first owner, when it was encompassed with green fields, stands a stately old building of brick, which has a history quite as interesting as some more pretentious structures in the growing metropolis. Three stories in height, with extensive wings, four huge stacks of chimneys, and broad windows like those of a town hall, it stands apart with all the dignity of one of the old *regime*. In the spring-time the earliest budding trees shade its hospitable entrance; in autumn the planes and elms near it are the first to shed their leaves.

This ancient mansion, which Sir Nathaniel Wraxall in his *Diary* speaks of as "Mrs. Montagu's palace, as it would be called at Rome or Naples, in Portman Square," is one of the landmarks of modern society. In its grand drawing-rooms, during forty years or more, all that was brilliant, learned, or beautiful in London society was sure to be found. Within those walls, now blackened by fog and smoke, was established that literary society which became known as the "*Bas-Bleus*," or "Blue-Stockings," from which we have the term in present use. The origin of the expression, as we understand, arose from a very trifling circumstance.

Among those who composed that assemblage of *literati* was the famous Dr. Stillingfleet, quite as noted in his day for his oddity and carelessness in dress as for his learning and genius. One evening Admiral Boscawen, whose wife was intimate with Mrs. Montagu, entered the crowded parlors, and, seeing the erudite divine in the midst of the elegant company in blue knitted stockings, which clung loosely around his ankles, he gave the meetings the name of the "Blue-Stocking Society," meaning to imply, I suppose, that full dress in the evening was to be dispensed with.

"Ah!" exclaimed a distinguished Frenchman present, catching up the expression, "*les bas bleus!*" and the *soubriquet* thus applied has clung ever since to people of literary habits and tastes.

Mrs. Elizabeth Montagu, who in more senses than one was the queen of this blue-stocking club, was the most celebrated Englishwoman of her time. Her portrait by Sir Joshua Reynolds, also one of that famous society, still hangs in one of the dim old parlors. It represents a woman of middle stature, with a slight stoop, dressed in the fashion of that day, jewels, laces, embroideries, and all, her dark-brown hair clustering over her throat and face, high-arched eyebrows, eyes of a beautiful deep blue, full of vivacity, and a complexion singularly delicate and brilliant. Her manners are said to have been perfect. Beauty, talents, fortune, friends, a happy marriage, influence in society, a gay, genial temper, all were hers. Of these manifold gifts and blessings she seems to have made the best use.

Mrs. Montagu was the daughter of a Mr. Mathew Robinson, of Horton, in Kent, who owned large possessions in Yorkshire and Cambridgeshire, in which former place his remarkable daughter was born in the year 1720. She was educated very carefully, and before she was ten years old could read Greek and Latin. Her tutor at one time was Dr. Conyers Middleton, the famous author of the *Life of Cicero*. When she was twenty-two she was married to Edward Montagu, a member of an ancient family and a grandson of the first Earl of Sandwich, celebrated in gastronomic history for giving his name to that arrangement of bread and meat so well known now. Mr. Montagu died in 1755, leaving her a large fortune, and from that time she devoted herself to literature and society.

Perhaps she is not so famous as an author as for being the patron of *litterateurs*, but during several periods of her life Mrs. Montagu did "a bit of blue," as Dr. Burney used to term it. She was the author of *Three Dialogues of the Dead*, which were published with those of Lord Lyttleton in 1760. She also distinguished herself by an *Essay on the Genius and Writings of Shakespeare*, written to refute the adverse criticism of Voltaire. Her epistolary correspondence, published after her death, is of a high order. As presenting a view of the society of that day, her letters have the same value, if not the same interest, as those of Madame Sévigné.

For the first few years her time was divided between Sandleford Priory, her country residence, and Hillstreet, but in 1769 she took possession of Montagu House. Gradually she began to gather around her that assemblage of intellectual persons which afterward made the place so noted. The company did not consist, as literary parties are supposed to do, solely of those who had written something, but was made up of actors, divines, beaux, artists, and pretty and agreeable women. By the side of the learned

Dr. Stillingfleet was the well-bred, caustic Horace Walpole; the brilliant Mrs. Boscawen and the accomplished Elizabeth Carter met on equal terms in Mrs. Montagu's drawing-rooms; and Reynolds, with his good-humor and pleasant face, fresh from his studio, where he painted portraits at twelve guineas a head, and David Garrick, the world-renowned actor—Garrick, the inimitable story-teller—were as honored guests as the poet Beattie or Miss Burney. The cultivated Lord Lyttleton and the great Lord Chatham were the constant visitors of Mrs. Montagu's house.

To be invited to the grand mansion in Portman Square was the ambition of all rising *literati*. Mrs. Montagu's fame as the Queen of Society rested not only on her intellect, her *Essay on Shakespeare*, her conversational talents, but also on the solid basis of her being the best dinner giver in the capital. Her entertainments were given on a scale of great splendor. Miss Burney, afterward Madame d'Arblay, describes a grand breakfast, at which all the company ate enormously, though, as it was remarked, had Mrs. Montagu invited them to dinner at three o'clock, her friends would have exclaimed: "What does it mean? Who can dine at three o'clock?"

The great Samuel Johnson was pleased enough now and then to exchange the dullness of Bolt Court, or even the gayer supper company of his club, for the animated *conversaziones* in the Montagu circle; and we can imagine him, always careless and slovenly in dress, arriving at Portman Square in his sedan chair, and making his way into the brilliant drawing-rooms, where every possible color and fabric, every variety of jewels, laces, and embroidery, were displayed in the costumes of the guests; the ladies with towering powdered heads, crowned with ostrich feathers and glittering with diamonds, with stiff brocaded gowns, long mits, huge fans, and high-heeled shoes; the men in long "cutaway" coats, with wide pocket flaps at the sides, vast waistcoats of embroidered satin, tight knee-breeches, and silk stockings, their powdered hair drawn into a queue at the back, their faces ornamented with black "patches," and sometimes with powder and paint itself.

To have heard these people discussing the topics of their day—the Revolution in America, the letters of Junius, the forgeries of the boy poet, Chatterton, the scientific experiments of Watt and Franklin, the progress of the Royal Academy, just then in its infancy, or Italian music at the opera—would it not be worth going a long way to listen to them? According to Hannah More, who wrote a poem on the "Blues," there was no parade of learning in this agreeable assembly. "Knowledge was never disfigured by pedantry, nor good taste tinctured by affectation. The general conversation was tainted neither by calumny nor levity; the presiding genius, graceful and good and benevolent, seemed to cast her mantle over the whole."

The blue-stocking assemblies, as they were styled, continued to flourish near a score of years, from 1769 to 1786. After Dr. Johnson's death they gradually declined. The gifted circle one by one stepped out never to return. Reynolds' deafness precluded him from mingling in society; Chatham had preceded Johnson to the grave; Lyttleton and the Boscawens, too, were gone; Walpole was disabled by the gout. One turns almost sorrowfully from the brilliant yet quiet circle of the original *bas bleus* to the more aristocratic receptions of Mrs. Montagu's later days. During the latter part of the century that which was once an intimate circle became so fashionable a resort that the rooms of the Montagu House were thronged, and the intimate, tea-drinking, social character of the assembly merged into one far less agreeable. It must have been then that Mrs. Montagu was sometimes, according to Miss Burney, "brilliant in diamonds, solid in judgment, critical in talk, sometimes flashy, and an immense talker, but still eminently courteous and agreeable."

Toward her eightieth year Mrs. Montagu began to fail in health, but she continued to receive company at home, although she had ceased to leave her own house. In 1799, Dr. Burney wrote to his daughter, now Madame d'Arblay: "Mrs. Montagu is so broken down as not to go out—almost wholly blind, and very feeble." She died the following year at Montagu House, in her eighty-first year.

Her life was a pleasant one to look back upon. Irreproachable in character, in disposition she was fascinating, and was eminently kind and benevolent. For many years she gave annual dinners on May day to the chimney sweeps of London, and she left a bequest so that that poor class could enjoy one holiday in their dark life. In her last years, while stopping at Sandleford Priory, she made an entertainment for her haymakers, feeding thirty-six of them and their families under the trees in her garden. She said "when they worked well she loved to see them eat as well as labor, and often sent them a treat to which the haymakers brought an appetite that gave a better relish than the Madeira wine and Cayenne pepper in which an alderman stews his turtle."

She is remembered chiefly, however, for her services to society as a hostess and a *litterateur*,

and she is to-day invested with a dignity of tradition that no other Englishwoman has ever secured. As to how she was regarded by her contemporaries, we have the testimony of Dr. Beattie: "I have known several ladies in literature," he says, "but she excelled them all; and in conversation she had more wit than any other person, male or female."

DR. NARBY.

By Leigh North.

DR. JOHN NARBY was either "a crusty old bachelor," or "the beloved physician," as he was viewed from different points and by different people.

To do him justice, he was not "crusty," only somewhat blunt and plain spoken, and with small patience for affectations and insincerities. He laughed at would-be sick people, and dealt summarily with fine ladies who had more than a due allowance of "nerves," and imagined themselves afflicted with fancied disorders. Yet he was so good a physician, and there was something so cheering about the man, that even such as these began by tolerating and ended by liking him.

For all real distress, sorrow, and sickness he had the kindest heart in the world.

Dr. John sat at his solitary table eating his daintily served breakfast and reading the morning paper. He had a pleasant house and grounds, and all that a good income could furnish, and was presided over by a model housekeeper, a middle-aged woman, under whose charge he proposed to himself to end his days.

Deborah might have stepped out of an old English novel, so un-American was she in her ways and ideas. She was proud of knowing her "place," and had no hesitancy in speaking of "the master." She discarded all fashions but her own, wore a cap of her own pattern, and two dresses unchanged in design and color year after year. When they wore out or became shabby, they were simply renewed in the same material and tint. A black silk for best, a brown stuff dress for daily wear in the coldest weather, a brown "print" for the other seasons of the year.

She was the neatest of housekeepers, and no house in Catonville was kept in better order than the Doctor's. If, perchance, it lacked a few touches of adornment a wife or sister might have added, neither he nor she were aware of it.

But, respectful as she was, Deborah had a mind of her own and now and then astonished the Doctor by giving him a piece of it.

"May I speak to you for a few minutes, sir?" said Deborah, stepping in as the Doctor was finishing his repast. Quite unconscious of what was in store for him, he looked up, smiling.

"Well, yes, I think my patients can wait a few minutes later this morning. Nobody is very dangerously ill at present."

"I'm thinking of settling myself," said Deborah, calmly.

"Settling yourself!" almost shouted the Doctor. "What's the matter? Is the woman crazy? I thought you were settled long ago! Aint you satisfied with your place after all these years?"

"I'm going to marry, sir," she proceeded, in the same even tone. The excitement was all on one side. The Doctor fell back in his chair absolutely speechless, and, taking advantage of his silence, she went on: "My Cousin James, who has been a seafaring man all his life, is going to give up the sea and settle down on land, and he wants me to come and keep his house for him. We've known each other all our lives, so we've no need to wait to be acquainted. We've each a tidy little bit of money saved up, and I think I can't do better. He's a good, steady man, is James."

"Well," said the Doctor, recovering himself, "I'm sure you have my best wishes. *I* can testify he is going to get a treasure. But bless my soul!" he added, in a more helpless tone than he had ever yet spoken in his life, "What is to become of me?"

"I've been hoping for some whiles past, Dr. John, that you would be settling *yourself*, but I haven't seen no signs of it."

The Doctor stared at her. "And pray whom would you recommend?" he asked, in a slightly sarcastic tone.

"Miss Kitty Leonard, sir," she answered, quite promptly. "There isn't a nicer lady anywhere. She's a beautiful housekeeper, has as kind a heart as yourself, Dr. John, and as for good looks, where will you find a prettier?"

"Upon my word, Miss Kitty ought to be very much obliged to you. I wonder if she knows what a champion she has. But I must be off. You've certainly given me something to think about this morning."

And with one of her most respectful courtesies, Deborah withdrew, leaving the seed she had sown to bear its own fruit, and by no means dissatisfied with her work.

Dr. Narby leaned out of his buggy with a very curious feeling and took a look at Miss Kitty's house and blooming garden as he passed, where the mistress herself, in a neat morning dress, was bending down among the flowers which she loved. She stood up a moment and smiled brightly at him as he passed. "What a dolt I have been never to see how pretty she is before," thought Dr. John, as he drove on.

Miss Kitty Leonard lived by herself, with her two maids and a man, on the same road at some little distance from Dr. Narby's—she was, in fact, his nearest neighbor. It was an old-fashioned double house, with a broad piazza in front and the most beautiful garden in Catonville. Miss Kitty's flowers were her pride and delight, and everything that she touched grew as if by magic.

She was, indeed, a young and pretty-looking woman for her years, with her soft brown eyes and hair, her oval face, and delicate color. Her life had been rather a sad one, but it had left few traces on her smooth brow and no touch of hardness around her gentle mouth. She had been the only child of a mother whom she much resembled, and an ill-tempered, imperious father. Long ago she had had a sweetheart, the scapegrace, Jack; but her father would not listen to the mention of a union between them, and, perhaps, as Jack did not then act well, and died young, her not marrying him had spared her more sorrow than it had cost her. But she had never cared for any one else and never married.

After her mother's death she had but a sorry time. Rheumatic gout did not add to the sweetness of the old man's temper, and Kitty had much to bear.

"Kitty, you're a fool," he would say, testily, sometimes.

"I know it," was the meek answer, for Kitty had but a low opinion of herself. And, rather mollified, he went on:

"It's well you know it—most women are fools, but few are aware of it." When he added, as he would sometimes: "A fool, like your mother before you," Kitty was silent, for she had loved her mother dearly and could not bear to hear her so spoken of.

At last the old man died, and though she mourned him sincerely, life became more peaceful to Kitty. She was a gentle, tender-hearted woman, a kind friend in sickness or trouble, and beloved by all who knew her. And this was the wife Deborah had picked out for "the master."

Dr. John was a man of prompt action. A day and a night served him for reflection, and he rose the next morning with his mind made up that he could not do better than follow Deborah's suggestion.

Miss Kitty was among her plants when he drove up, and, fastening his horse, opened the gate and went in. She gave him her usual pleasant smile, as unconscious as the flowers around her of his purpose; for had he not driven by her gate or stopped to speak to her every day for years?

"Good-morning, Miss Kitty. Suppose you give me a posey and then come into the house, I'd like to have a few minutes' talk with you."

"Certainly," said Miss Kitty, in smiling acquiescence.

"You have a nice house here," he said, as they walked through the broad hall.

"Yes," she answered, with a little sigh, "I sometimes think it is too nice for me, all alone, and that perhaps I ought to adopt some little children to fill it."

"An orphan asylum, eh?" the Doctor said. "Well, if you are in want of work I think I've got some for you."

She sat down near the open window and he drew up a chair in front of her. Strange to say, he was beginning to enjoy the situation.

"No disrespect intended, but you have been accustomed to taking care of crusty old men; how would it strike you to come and take care of me?"

She looked at him with round, uncomprehending eyes, as a child might have done.

He laughed.

"Well, I thought that was pretty plain, but I must try again. I suppose it *is* rather sudden. Miss Catharine Leonard, I have come to offer you my hand and heart. Will you marry me? I know you are of the salt of the earth and I'm not; but, for all that, I think we should get along very well together."

"Oh!" gasped Miss Kitty, powerless to utter another word.

"I am not up to making fine speeches," he went on, "but I foresee that I shall adore you, even if I do not already do so. Come! what are you going to say?"

"I don't know," said Miss Kitty, with absolute truth.

"Well, then, I'll have to make up your mind for you. Be so good as to say yes."

"Yes," she replied, faintly, and one could hardly tell whether it was a question or a statement.

"That's well," he responded, briskly, rising and taking her hand. "Don't go back from

that word and I will try and make you never repent it. I stand on no false pretenses; I'm a man that is accustomed to have his own way and haven't the sweetest of tempers, but you are amiable enough for both."

"Will I have to leave here?" said Miss Kitty, timidly.

"It *is* a pleasant house to leave," he said, looking round; "but the wife must go to her husband, and we can fix it all so that you won't mind perhaps. Now good-morning. I'll see you again soon. We are too old friends to need to wait long to get acquainted."

He still held her hand, and as he reached the room door leaned forward and touched his lips to her cheek. She started back, blushing violently.

"Beg your pardon! I won't take another without permission," he said, smiling, and left her.

Deborah was more than delighted when the Doctor took her into confidence, but she was a wise woman, showed no exultation, and never, even to James, boasted that she had made the match.

Dr. Narby had a nephew who had pleased him by adopting his own profession, but *not* pleased him quite so well by marrying with his pockets almost empty. But the pretty, black-eyed little wife was a good manager, and though they had now two children, they had not yet gotten either into debt or disgrace. Dr. Narby now decided to take Dr. Sam into partnership and settle him in Miss Kitty's house, and if anything could quite have reconciled her to leaving her old home, it was the thought of the little baby feet pattering through it.

There was no reason for waiting, so one morning, very quietly, immediately after breakfast, Miss Kitty and her maid Phœbe drove to the church, where they were met by Dr. Narby, his nephew, Deborah, and James, and after Miss Kitty, looking very sweet and pretty in a pearl-colored silk dress and bonnet, had been turned into Mrs. Narby, Deborah, in a new rustling brown silk, stepped up by James's side and was metamorphosed into Mrs. Mullen, while she and James went back to the house for their wedding trip and took care of Mr. Sam, who was left in charge of the Doctor's practice, until his return. For the Doctor and his bride were going off for a little journey.

"And *now* you may tell the whole town," said the Doctor, enjoying in imagination the indignant comments of all those who had been kept out of such a fine secret.

"After we get back we'll have an entertainment and give them a chance to look at us," he said to his wife, with a laugh.

On the journey Mrs. Kitty learned a secret known only to Deborah, that the Doctor was not a "crusty old bachelor," but long ago had had wife and child, both of whom he had lost in the first year of his marriage. And very tenderly she looked upon the miniature of mother and babe, the former not unlike herself, which she found one day long afterward in his drawer.

The Doctor had prophesied truly when he said he would adore his wife, for he became very fond of her.

"Bless my heart, Kitty," he said one day, "I did not know I had married the beauty of the country. You get younger and prettier every day." At which she smiled and looked gratified. And it was true; the change from her lonely life to one more active and surrounded with love and care, had given her a brighter look and thus added new charms to her already sweet face.

She and "Mollie," Dr. Sam's wife, got along famously, and she was devoted to the two children. There was only one point of difference between the ladies: "Aunt Kitty" believed in ruling by love alone; Mrs. Sam was of sterner stuff, as any one could tell to look into her black eyes, and even had some confidence in the old-fashioned proverb, "Spare the rod and spoil the child."

"Aunt Kitty thinks I'm too hard on the children," she said to her husband, "but I'm sure there would be nothing left of her pretty garden if I did not punish them for breaking the flowers."

"I guess you're about right, Mollie," Dr. Sam answered, but then he had a happy way of thinking everything Mollie did was "about right."

Deborah stayed and saw the new mistress through the labors of the large entertainment which Dr. Narby gave to welcome his friends to his house and present to them his bride, his nephew, and his niece; then she departed to her new home, carrying many good wishes and solid remembrances with her.

Catonville was indignant at the want of confidence with which it had been treated; nevertheless, it came to the Doctor's entertainment, and after it had partaken of his good cheer and received the bride's gentle greeting felt somewhat mollified.

Dr. and Mrs. Sam Narby soon became favorites, and in time some of the patients were almost as well satisfied with his attendance as with that of his uncle.

THE RED CROSS.

By H. S. Thompson.

PART II.

SOME incidents indicative of personal characteristics are requisite to a fuller understanding of Miss Barton's nature. After a memorable battle, she was told that a Colonel who had just had a leg amputed lay upon a dissecting-table very low—"Would she not go at once?" Miss Barton replied: "Officers generally have friends to see that their wants are attended to, while the enlisted men are neglected. I will go and see him as soon as these poor fellows are attended to."

After she had completed her tasks with the enlisted men, she hastened to the Colonel, who was indeed very low from loss of blood and the shock to his nervous system. She found that he could not speak, and, without prompt attention, would soon pass over the dark river. Hurriedly pressing apart his teeth, she gave him a spoonful of brandy, aiding him to swallow, in a little time, another, and then another, till she had brought him back from the other shore. The man is now alive and well to bless her.

Another soldier, whose limb had been amputated, lay bleeding to death. The ligature had become unfastened, and without instant help he must die. A swift, noiseless step is at hand, and the soulful eyes of a woman takes in the critical moment. Rapidly making her handkerchief into a tourniquet, with tender, firm touch she applies it to the wound, and the life-stream is stayed till a surgeon can be brought. Passing that way again, "on mercy's errand bent," she felt her dress caught, and, turning, saw the grateful look of this soldier, and heard him whisper faintly, as she bent beside him, "You saved my life." Again, as she passed swiftly by, the same impressive words greeted her. Months after, while lying low from sickness herself, a noble fellow pleaded hard to see Miss Barton.

"*She saved my life,*" he cried, with deep emotion, and the light of unspeakable love on his fine face.

Laboring again among the victims of the Franco-Prussian War, a wounded Arab stretches forth his arms to her in adoration and blessing, as she passed his bed, crying: "La-il Allah! Allah la!"* What unspeakable joy such memories must bring!

In the year '63 Miss Barton lived for eight months on the heated sands of Morris Island. During the protracted siege of Charleston, her position was one of great peril and suffering, yet she did not falter, but sent thrilling appeals to the North for still greater aid, characterized by intense feeling and sympathetic eloquence. In '65, being called to Washington by the death of her brother, she resigned her work in the field to organize at her own expense a "Bureau of Records of Missing Men in the Armies of the United States," a work at once so beneficent and tender as surely made the angels glad. After the war, almost unaided and alone, she went to Andersonville, laid out a cemetery, and had the remains of our poor soldiers who had been shot and starved to death there put into good coffins and decently interred, and with the aid of a Connecticut soldier, accomplished the incredible feat of ascertaining the names and marking the graves of nearly all the thirty-three thousand martyrs lying there. When we consider this work as wholly a labor of love, it is a remarkable record.

In 1869, worn out by her excessive efforts in behalf of others, she sailed for Europe, by the advice of physicians, in search of rest and health. Her reputation had preceded her, and she was warmly welcomed. Almost immediately the Franco-German War commenced, and she was besieged by the Empress and Prince to aid in organizing hospitals and sanitary commissions throughout the German Provinces, esteeming her services invaluable, because of her great experience.

Miss Barton's most remarkable work during this campaign followed after the gates of Strasbourg were open to the German army, which she entered not to participate in triumphs, nor merely to feed the starving, but to institute a system of work of purest benevolence. "Twenty thousand of the inhabitants of Strasbourg were without a shadow of a roof, an ounce of food, or an article of clothing, save that in which they had rushed from their burning homes, and all were without either work or pay. A plan by which she kept employed three hundred women for eight months, in making fifteen hundred garments per week, for men, women, and children, distributing as fast as completed, went far to allay the miseries of the city, not only in supplying sorely needed clothing, but the *pay* for

* O love divine! O love alway!

such work in meeting the needs of many families. The means for this expenditure were furnished entirely by Miss Barton herself, though afterward partially reimbursed to her by the Emperor's order.

When her work here was completed, Miss Barton went to Paris on a like mission, when the ruins of the buildings fired by the Communists were still burning. She sent forward several thousand garments to await her arrival, and during the six weeks of her stay distributed these and a portion of the money raised in New York by the French and intrusted to her care.

After a brief rest, Miss Barton traversed the entire region devastated by the armies, carrying help and relief. The people of Strasbourg, as a fitting tribute of grateful affection, have since erected a memorial statue to their benefactress.

During these experiences Miss Barton had abundant opportunity to note the provident and beneficent action of the Red Cross Societies, and to mourn over the disgraceful position of the United States. After her return to America, and years of effort to bring our own land into this beneficent compact, she writes: "I will not yield the fact of the treaty. For patriotism, for national honor, I would stand by that at all cost. My first and greatest endeavor has been to wipe from the scroll of my country's fame the stain of imputed lack of common humanity, to take her out of the roll of barbarians. * * * There are now thirty-one nations in the compact; if the United States is diligent and fortunate, she may perhaps come to stand number thirty-two in the roll of civilization and humanity! If not, she will remain where she at present stands, among barbarians and heathen!"

How it has been accomplished that we have even now a place on the roll of honor is due to the heroic and persistent endeavor of a single daughter of the Republic, whose career of sacrifice and loving devotion to humanity in two hemispheres makes a record dear to every generous and loyal heart, and most precious in the sight of God.

A few days after her first arrival in Switzerland, in search of much needed rest, she was visited by the President and members of the International Committee of the Red Cross. They wished to know *why* the United States declined to sign the treaty. "Our position," says Miss Barton, "was incomprehensible to them. To what did America object, and how could these objections be overcome?" (It had twice been presented, once through our Minister at Berne, and again through Dr. Bellows—the head of our Sanitary Commission. Both had failed, and no satisfactory reason had been given.) "They had thought the people of America, with their grand sanitary record, would be the first to appreciate and accept it." I listened in silent wonder to all this recital, and when I did reply, it was to say that I had never in America heard of the convention at Geneva, nor of the treaty, and that as a country America did not know she had declined; that she would be the last to withhold recognition of a humane movement; that it had doubtless been referred to and declined by some one official, and had never been submitted to the people, and as its literature was in language foreign to our English-speaking population, it had no way of reaching us. You will naturally infer that I examined it. * * * The absurdity of our position in relation to it was simply marvelous. As I counted up the roll of twenty-two nations—not a civilized people in the world but ourselves missing, and saw Greece, Spain, and Turkey there, I began to fear that in the eyes of the rest of mankind we could not be far from barbarism. This reflection did not furnish stimulating food for national pride."

"I thought," said this great-souled woman, "of the Peninsula, in McClellan's campaign; of Pittsburgh Landing, Cedar Mountain, and second Bull Run, Antietam, Old Fredericksburg, with its acres of snow-covered and gun-covered *glacee*, and its fourth-day flag of truce; of its dead and starving wounded frozen to the ground, and our commissions and their supplies in Washington, with no effective organization or power to go beyond; of the Petersburg mine, with its four thousand dead and wounded and no flag of truce, the wounded broiling in a July sun—died and rotted where they fell. I remembered our prisons crowded with starving men, whom all the powers and pities of the world could not reach with even a bit of bread. * * * I thought of the shadows on the hearts and hearths all over my country—sore, broken hearts; ruined, desolate homes! * * * Was this a people likely to decline humanity in war? to reject a treaty of this kind? Ah! they needed only to know!

"As I journeyed on and saw the work of the Red Cross Societies in the field, accomplishing in four months under their system what we failed to accomplish in four years without it—no mistakes, no needless suffering, no starving, no lack of care, no waste, no confusion, but order, plenty, cleanliness, and comfort wherever that little flag was unfurled. * * * As I saw all this and joined and worked in it, you will not wonder that I said to myself: 'If I live to return to my country, I will try to make my people understand the Red Cross and that treaty!'

"But I did more than resolve—I promised other nations I would do it; and other reasons pressed me to remember my promise. The Franco-Prussian War and the War of the Commune were both enormous in the extent of their operations and in the suffering of individuals. This great, modern, international impulse of charity went out everywhere to meet and alleviate its miseries. The small, poor countries gave of their poverty and the rich poured out abundantly of their wealth. The contributions of those under the Red Cross went quietly, promptly through international, responsible channels, thoughtfully, carefully distributed, while returns, accurate to a franc, were made and duly published to the credit of the contributing nations. * * * America filled with German and French people * * * humane and universal in their instincts of brotherhood, gave freely of her great abundance; but as no sign of the Red Cross gave authority to any one to receive and distribute, its vast charity went as unsystematized charities always tend, to ruin and utter waste.

"In the autumn I returned to America more broken in health than when I left. Then followed years of suffering, in which I forgot how to walk; but I remembered my resolve and my promise. After almost five years, I was able to go to Washington with a letter from the President of the International Committee, of Geneva, to the President of the United States, asking once more that our Government accede to the articles of the treaty. Having been made the official bearer of this letter, I presented it to President Hayes, who received it kindly, referring it to the Secretary of State, who, in his turn, referred it to his Assistant Secretary. * * * I then saw that it was a settled thing; there was nothing to hope for from that Administration. The matter had been officially referred and would be decided accordingly. It would be declined because it *had* been declined.* I waited. My next thought was Congress. The step would be irregular and discourteous to the Administration. I did not like to take it; still, I attempted it, but could not get it considered, as it promised neither political influence, patronage, nor votes. The next year I returned to Washington to try Congress again. I published a little pamphlet of two leaves, addressed to the Members and Senators, to be laid upon their desks, in hopes they would take the trouble to read so little as that. * * * My strength failed before I could get that bill presented, and I went home again. There then remained but a portion of that Administration, and I determined to outlive it, hoping another would be more responsive. Meanwhile, I wrote, talked, and did whatever I could to spread the idea among the people; and when President Garfield came in, I went again to Washington. The subject was very cordially received by him and carefully referred to Secretary Blaine, who * * * conferred fully with me and finally laid it before the President and Cabinet."

Mr. Garfield did not live to sign that treaty, but during the delays consequent upon the passage of the bill, the National Association of the Red Cross was founded by his advisement, and Miss Clara Barton nominated as its President by himself. When President Arthur passed into office, he signed the great treaty, thus uniting the nations under one banner into a common brotherhood.

Thus baptized and thus anointed by life-long affiliation with sacrifice and suffering, has this wonderful woman made herself worthy to be the priestess for all suffering humanity, pleading for thirteen years this sacred cause before the American Government.

"It is for this I have labored," she writes, pathetically; "and while toiling and waiting through years, have heard little beyond the placid inquiry from the people around me: '*What does the Red Cross mean?*' while to me, so pressing has the necessity for haste appeared, so imminent and so certain the great emergencies now confronting the entire world, that there was scarcely time to answer these honest inquiries."(!)

The Red Cross does not stop with the alleviation of suffering and the clothing of the destitute, blessed as that work is, if done so as not to break down the manly spirit of self-help. It has become a grand education, embodying not only the best principles of social science, but that true charity which counts it a sacred privilege to serve one's fellow-men in trouble. It seeks to carry to people's hearts that message which speaks of universal brotherhood. It is all the time, and everywhere, sowing those seeds which are sure in time to yield the fruit of world-wide peace. When the love of doing good to others becomes an international custom, arsenals and iron-clad navies will yield to the spirit of equity, and war will cease, as a relic of barbarism. This is the work of the Red Cross.

Space would fail us to tell the story of the Sherborne Prison reforms undertaken by Miss Barton in response to most urgent calls at a time when already overtaxed with the management of the Red Cross Societies—a reform which is likely to effect a radical change in

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*Referred to the same person who had declined four years ago.

prison discipline throughout the civilized world. Neither is there space to more than touch upon the remarkable work accomplished by her in the flooded districts of the Mississippi and Ohio Valleys, representing by her own individual fortitude and unselfishness the humane society of the Red Cross. Following the Government Relief boats, in her own chartered steamer, she dispensed a heaven-born charity with a sagacity and skill only equaled by her tender heart.

As the Relief boats carried chiefly *food* to the sufferers, she rightly judged that clothing, bedding, medicines, and even delicacies for the sick, coal, domestic utensils and farming implements, food for *starving animals*, and money to help rebuild ruined homes, would be of the first importance, as also *seeds* for another year's harvest. She fed hungry brutes by thousands from the Red Cross supplies of hay, oats, and corn. Though every human impulse is made to glow with thoughts of so much relieved distress, the act was of double worth, as the animals thus saved were of great pecuniary value, and in many cases some poor man's chance for making a living depended wholly upon his animals. Faithfully and carefully were the urgent needs of deserving people sought out and ministered to. No places were too insignificant, and no actual wants too trifling, to escape the notice of these bearers of the Red Cross.

Some of my readers may remember the story of the "Little Six," so graphically told in the *Erie Dispatch* during the Ohio floods. Six little children under twelve years of age, whose hearts were deeply moved with the tale of suffering, decided to give an entertainment of songs, recitations, selections from "Mother Goose," and a play in three acts for the benefit of the flood victims. The admission was fifteen cents, and these little people entertained a large audience for two hours. The proceeds were over fifty dollars, and were immediately forwarded to Miss Barton as President of the Red Cross Association. Her letter of acknowledgment and acceptance to the editor of *Dispatch* will be of charming interest to the reader:

"At length I have the happiness to inform you that I have placed the contribution of the brave 'Little Six' to my own satisfaction, and, as I believe, to the satisfaction of the little donors and their friends as well. Your letter inclosing the touching article describing their pretty thought and act, and the check donated by them to the sufferers from the floods, came during the early days of hurry and confused activity. The entire matter was too beautiful and, withal, unique to meet only a common fate in its results. I could not for a moment think to mingle the gifts of the little dramatists with the common fund * * * and sought through all these weeks for a fitting disposition of it, where it would all go in some special manner to relieve some special necessity. I wanted it to benefit some children who had 'wept on the banks of the river,' which in its madness had devoured their home. I watched carefully all the way down on this trip, and tried last Sunday at Smithland to make a little 'foundation' for a children's help and instruction at that town which had suffered so terribly; but I could not satisfy myself, and after telling the pretty story to the people of the town assembled on our boat, I still declined to leave this appropriation, waiting in confidence for the real opportunity to present itself. * * * As we neared that picturesque spot on the Illinois side of the Ohio, known as 'Cave in Rock,' we were hailed by a woman and her young daughter. The boat 'rounded to' and made the landing, and they came on board—a tall, thin, worn woman in a tattered suit, with a good, but inexpressibly sad face—who wished to tell us that a package we had left for her at the town had never reached her. She was a widow—Mrs. Plew—whose husband, a good river pilot, had died from overwork on a hard trip to New Orleans in the floods of the Mississippi two years before, leaving her with six dependent children, the youngest a baby. They owned their home, just on the brink of the river, a little 'farm' of two or three acres, two horses, three cows, thirty hogs, and a half hundred fowls, and in spite of the bereavement they had gone on bravely, winning the esteem and commendation of all who knew them. Last year the floods came heavily upon them, driving them from their home, and the two horses were lost. Next the cholera came among the hogs, and all but three died. Still they worked on and held the home. Then came the third flood. The water climbed up the bank, crept in at the door, and filled the lower story of the house. They had nowhere to remove their household goods, so stored them in the garret, carefully packed, and went out to find shelter in a corn-crib higher up the bank. Day by day they watched the house, hailed passing boats for news of the rise and fall of the water above, always trusting that the house would stand. 'And it would,' the mother said, 'but for the storm, for it was a strong, good house.' The winds came, and the terrible gale that swept the valley like a tornado, with the water at its height, leveling whole towns, descended and beat upon that house and it fell. In the morning there was no house there, and the waves in their fury rushed madly on. Then these little children 'stood and wept on the

banks of the river,' and the desolation and fear in the careful mother's heart none but herself and her God can know.

"They lived on in the corn-crib, and it was from it they came to hail us to-day. We went over shoe-tops in mud to their rude home, to find it one room of logs, an old stone chimney with a fire of drift-wood, and a *clean* hearth, two wrecks of beds, a table and two chairs, which some kind neighbor had loaned. The Government boats had left them food. There was an air of thrift in their desolation; a plank walk was laid about the door, the floor was cleanly swept, and the twenty-five surviving hens clucked and craiked about the door, and there were two and a half dozen eggs to sell us. We stood, as we had done so many scores of times during the last five weeks, and looked this pitiful scene in the face. There were misfortune, poverty, sorrow, want, loneliness, dread of future; but, withal, fortitude, courage, integrity, and honest thrift.

"'Would you like to return to your childhood's home in Indiana?' we asked the mother, for we would help them go.

"'No,' she said, tenderly; 'my husband lived and died here. He is buried here, and I would not like to go away and leave him alone. It won't be very long, and it is a comfort to the children to be able to visit his grave. No, I reckon we will stay here, and out of the wreck of the old house which sticks up out of the mud, we will put up a little hut, higher up on the bank out of the way of the floods, and if it is only a hut it will be a home, and we will get into it and make our crop this year.'

"There were no dry eyes, but very still hearts, as we listened to this sorrowful but brave little speech, made with a voice full of tears. Our thoughtful field-agent, Dr. Hubbell, was the first to speak:

"'Here are six children,' he said, with an inquiring glance at me. No response was needed. The thing was done. We told the mother the story of the 'Little Six,' of Waterford, Pa., and asked her if that money, with enough more to make up one hundred dollars, would help her to get up her house? It was *her* turn to be speechless. At length, with a struggling, choking voice, she managed to say:

"'God knows how much it would be to me. Yes, with my good boys, I can do it and do it well.'

"We put in her hands a check for this sum and directed from the boat boxes of bedding and clothing, to help restore the household when the home shall have been completed. Before we left her we asked her if she would name her house when it would be done? She thought a second and caught the idea.

"'Yes,' she replied, quickly, with a really winsome smile on her worn and weary face, 'I shall name it the "Little Six."'

"And so will you kindly tell those brave little philanthropic dramatists that they are to have a house down on the banks of this great, rolling river, and that one day will come a letter to tell them that another six children are nightly praying God to bless them for the home that shelters them from the floods and the storms.

"Sincerely yours,

"CLARA BARTON.

"President American Association of the Red Cross."

A band of little folks in Chicago, called the "Busy Bees," collected a large box of goods and some money, which was sent to Miss Barton with the request to have it used where most needed. She finally gave fifteen dollars to a distressed family, and some days after found that the woman of the family had given five of it to another family. After investigation, she concluded to distribute the stores of the "Busy Bees" among these two families. When delivering the goods to the poor woman who had so generously shared with her neighbor, Miss Barton gave her back her five dollars and said: "You have read where it is said, 'He that giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord,' and He has sent it back already!"

These incidents serve to show how carefully even the gifts of toddling children are distributed and the great value of this organization as the custodian of the gifts of the people. Its flag has won the deepest respect, love, and confidence on its errands of mercy, as thousands of letters breathing the spirit of earnest, simple thankfulness attest, asking the blessing of God upon the Red Cross and its noble leader. Too much praise nor too great honor can never be shown to her who has given her whole life with but one thought—for and to the cause of humanity. Yet, she has no ambition for honors or praise, but always chooses, when she can, the quiet ways of life and work. But the great world little dreams of the labors, sacrifice, and love required to be daily exercised, in order that the heart and soul interests of humanity may not be crushed into oblivion. She possesses an individuality of character all her own. The late Vice-President Wilson said of her: "She has the intellect of a statesman, the command of a general, and the modesty of a woman." Dr. Bellows, who likewise knew her intimately, said: "Had she belonged to the other sex, she would have been a merchant prince, a great

general, or a political leader." Although at home, in foreign courts, and as the guest of royalty, she is simply a womanly woman, with all the retiring instincts of her sex, but perforce pushed into a man's work, and doing it better than any man on the continent could do it. She was the representative of our Government in Switzerland at the Third International Conference of the Red Cross. A foreign correspondent says: "She was the centre of attraction, and almost of homage. Her perfect unobtrusiveness, yet dignified appearance * * * and the evident ease with which she deported herself in so distinguished a deliberative assembly, constituted her at once, as if by common consent, the peer of the foremost members of the Conference."

In appearance she is a brunette of medium height, form and figure indicating great power of endurance. Her countenance beams with benevolence and all the richer qualities of a superb nature; her voice is soft and low and of rare sweetness; her dark, expressive eyes dilate with feeling; her manners charming, at once magnetic and irresistible.

"Oh! beautiful, though not with youth
Or changeful charms, that years may blot
And sickness melt away,
But with *sweet, low lines of soul*,
The love that never dies!"

THE END.

MIDNIGHT.

"ALL IS WELL."

By Annie L. Muzzey.

THE wind sweeps sighing round the dreamer's eyrie,
That trembles like a wren's nest on the bough;
Deep in his hemlock cloister, sad and weary,
The owl repeats his solemn hermit vow.

Across the darkness flash the fire-light lances,
Hunting the phantom shadows to the wall,
Whereon they dart in swift, fantastic dances,
Responsive to some unheard elfin call.

* * * * *

What is this presence all too fine for vision?
This sound too delicate for mortal ear?
Has one, unseen, to-night a heavenly mission
To bring to failing heart faith and good cheer?

What is this tender, tender sweet vibration
Like the soft swell and sob of Sabbath bell?
Is it your voice, in love and consolation,
Breathing the old-time comfort, "All is well"?

You, from your outlook on the heights supernal—
Seeing the circle of this lower life
Merged in the infinite and the eternal—
Miss all our human sense of loss and strife.

The cloud that has for us no silver lining,
But wraps our world in rayless, dismal night,
To you is morning mist, in beauty shining,
With rainbow tints that fade in noonday light.

And all this turmoil is the troubled dreaming
Of a distempered and unbalanced soul,
Thinking that real which is only seeming—
Fragments of the uncomprehended whole.

Our mortal sight, obscured by earthly vapors,
Catches but glimpses of your heavenly light,
Flashing between the clouds like angels' tapers,
Blown out too swiftly in our windy night.

But by these star-gleams that appear and vanish,
May we not see that in ourselves arise
The fogs of doubt that from our vision banish
The splendor of your wide, celestial skies?

"What of the night?" Still is your love abiding—
Its living fire no damp of death could quell.
In doubt, oh! let us feel your tender guiding,
And hear your watchword sounding, "*All is well.*"

THE UNDERTAKER'S STORY.

PERHAPS I am more sensitive to the horrible than most of my fellow-men—am, in fact, more easily wrought upon. At all events, I have fancied that at times, when I have been telling this experience of mine, I could detect certain indications that some of my hearers were of that opinion; but I have not yet so far failed in charity as to wish any of these scoffers put to a similar test.

I had run over to Paris, had spent a couple of weeks in that bright city, and was on my way home again. I took a night train from Dover to London, and in the compartment which I occupied there was but one other passenger—a sharp, intelligent-looking man, with a very grave face. We got into conversation after traveling more than half the distance in that silence which is invariably adopted by Englishmen when they meet. After discussing general subjects, a remark of my companion's led me to say that he seemed to have had a very wide experience and among nearly all classes of society.

"Yes," he answered, slowly, and with a marked hesitation. "Yes, I am an undertaker. I *have* had a good deal of experience, and I have had my share, I think, of remarkable adventures. I never take this ride from Dover to London without a very painful recollection of one such."

We had still nearly a half-hour's ride before us, and his manner, as much as his words, roused my interest.

"Do you care to tell it?" I asked.

A quick, involuntary shudder gave to his voice a slight tremor, as he answered:

"I wish I could keep from thinking of it, but I might as well tell it as sit here quaking in silence over the awful memory of it." He paused a moment, drew a long, shuddering breath, and then he commenced:

"A little over a year ago what I am about to relate happened to me. I had established a very good business, chiefly among the upper class of tradespeople—though, of course, I did not decline any call upon me that promised a reasonable profit. I received one day a telegraphic dispatch from Paris, asking me to take charge of a dead body that was to be sent from Paris to London for burial. I was to meet it at Dover on the arrival of the night-boat from Calais, and make all the arrangements for its further transportation by rail, and I was referred to a well-known banker as security for my expenses.

"This looked like good business, so I lost no time in getting the necessary permits, and went to Dover in the evening. I had some details to attend to there, in order that everything might be in readiness and no time lost after the boat arrived. Then I had nothing to do but wait. I sat up reading to keep myself awake.

"It was a beautiful, still night in the late fall, with an almost full moon, I remember; and the boat got in to time. I received the box containing the body, and saw it placed in one of the luggage-vans of the train, and in due course arrived with it at Victoria Station. One of my wagons was there, waiting to take the body to my place, where I was instructed to keep it until the next morning, when the proper parties would call to make arrangements about the burial.

"So far, of course, there was nothing specially remarkable about the affair. It is a little unusual in such cases not to find some one connected with the deceased accompanying the body; but I hardly gave that matter a second thought. I had no doubt but that the right persons would appear later in the day.

"When I got to my shop it still lacked about two hours of daylight, and, as I felt no slight responsibility, I didn't think of going home, but made myself as comfortable as possible in my office for the rest of the night. You must bear in mind that all the sleep I had secured was a broken, uneasy slumber on the journey from Dover to London, and when I went to sleep in my chair, after stirring the fire into a blaze, I slept very soundly—very soundly, that is, for awhile, for it was still dark when I woke up in a sudden and startling way.

"Have you ever wondered," the undertaker asked, turning his eyes full upon mine for the first time since he had begun his story, "what mysterious influence that is which makes you *feel* another presence in the same room as yourself, though you hear no one and see no one? It's a queer feeling at any time, but I don't know of any occasion when it can seem more queer and awful than when it comes to a man locked up in the dead of night, with nothing but black plumes and grave-clothes and palls and coffins about him."

He turned his eyes to the floor again, and a cold tremor crept through my own flesh in the brief and ominous pause he made before he went on, in a lower voice:

"That was the feeling I had when I suddenly woke from sound sleep to full consciousness with a chilling shudder of horror. I was sitting before the fireplace, with my back to the door

that led from the office to the shop. I had purposely left the door ajar. The fire had died down to a dull glow, and it seemed to me that a breath from the Arctic Zone had penetrated the room. I cannot describe the kind of cold it was. My very bones seemed to be ice. *And then I felt that presence!*"

The undertaker seemed terribly affected even now by his recollections of that night. It was impossible to resist the infection, and my own flesh was creeping in a very uncomfortable way. He made a strong effort to recover himself and to steady his voice, but, in spite of all, it trembled with an ever-deepening terror as he went on, curdling my very blood in sympathy.

"I had turned the gas out when I sat down in my chair to sleep, so that the only light in the room came from the dying fire. I became aware of that presence the very instant I awoke. Mind, sir, this is not a dream. I was as fully awake as I am at this moment. The thing was there! It was at the back of me. It was between me and the door. I had got to turn my head to see it. *But I knew it was there!* Who it was, or what it was, I didn't know; but I was sure that some living thing was standing behind me motionless in the dim, ghostly light, and was *looking* at me. My God, sir! it was awful to sit still and *feel* this thing, and try to make up my mind to turn my head toward it! I am pretty well accustomed to corpses, but I can tell you that I did not feel just then that the corpse out in the other room was any company for me.

"Well, there I sat—feeling that horrible gaze fixed upon me in the utter silence, and the death-like cold creeping through my veins—striving, struggling to nerve myself to look around and to face the thing, whatever it was.

"Were you ever locked up in a tomb at night?" the undertaker suddenly asked me. I could only shake my head in response; I could not speak.

"I have been," he said, "but it was nothing—nothing to those few minutes, while I sat palsied with terror, with that thing behind me! At last, in a kind of nervous spasm, I sprang to my feet, and turned toward the door. The sight froze me! There is no other word for it—I was rigid. I could no more stir than I could arrest the motion of this train now and instantly. My very heart stopped its beating. I wonder I didn't drop dead myself, for there—not six feet from me—with the livid pallor of death on its face, and its glassy eyes glued to mine, stood the corpse!

"Then it began to approach me. It did not seem to walk—it glided, and not till it reached me did it make a single apparent movement. Then—just stand up, will you? I can illustrate better what occurred."

I did so, and he arose at the same time, and we stood facing each other in the compartment. I was dimly conscious at the moment that we were crossing Battersea Bridge. The undertaker, as he went on, repeated upon me the actions he described.

"Then this dead thing," he said to me, "slowly lifted its arms and laid its icy fingers on my cheeks and moved them gently downward to my shoulders, pressing hard against me all the time on either side, as I do now on you, and wherever the hands lay they seemed to draw the very life out of the flesh beneath them. Slowly—oh! how slowly—they glided on downward from my shoulders to my breast, beneath my coat, like this. Try to conceive it—try, if you can. Wherever they touched they drew something away from me—some virtue seemed to go out of me. And then the frightful thought came to me that I was dying by piecemeal!—that I was parting with something dear to me as life—bit by bit I could feel it ebbing—ebbing, and at last the horror grew to a conviction. This ghoul was drawing my life's blood into his own veins! was sucking my substance! What I lost he gained! He enriched himself by making me poor, and it would end—"

"Victoria!" shouted a guard, opening the carriage-door.

"Bless my soul!" exclaimed the undertaker, "are we in? I must hurry to catch my train out." He seized his satchel, and was on the step before I could get my breath to say, "But the story! I want to hear the end of it."

He was on the platform now. "Oh! there isn't much more," he called back. "The ghoul succeeded—that's all!"—and he was gone before I could say another word.

As I followed a porter to a cab, and all the way home, I tried to conceive what the undertaker could mean. How could the dead man have succeeded? Here the undertaker was, alive and well, and telling me the story. It was very annoying and disappointing to be so baulked, after being so wrought upon. The undertaker had left me no address, so that I was, apparently, doomed never to know the solution.

Only "apparently," however. When I got out of the cab at my own door I could find no loose change to pay the driver—yet I had some when I took that train at Dover; my well-furnished pocket-book—though that, too, I had at Dover—was gone as well; and my watch and chain had followed suit.

It is painful to lose confidence in human nature in this way.

MY SCHEMING UNCLE JEROME.

By Berthe Vadier.

CHAPTER I.

MY Uncle Jerome, who brought me up, holds marriage in the highest esteem. Certain people insist that this is because he has never been married himself; but they are mistaken. My Uncle Jerome never passes a day without deploring sincerely the fatality which has never allowed him to fasten on the flowery chains of Hymen (his own expression). While he was young, his moderate fortune prevented him from seeking a wife, and when he had at length succeeded in making himself a position, he had passed the age when one may reasonably marry.

To console himself for never entering the promised land of marriage, he stands charitably upon its frontier, calling to young travelers, applauding the well-disposed, winning over the undecided, reassuring the timid, encouraging the cowards, and forcing them all, on pain of his displeasure, to visit this happy valley.

"Leon," he said to me one day, "you are twenty-five and don't have to trouble yourself about a fortune—happy fellow—since your old uncle shares his with you until the time when he will leave you all of it. You must marry."

At this overture I could not help making a little grimace; not that I was opposed to marriage, but I had hoped for a few years more of liberty, which seemed to me particularly agreeable and sweet. Unluckily, my uncle perceived this labial contraction.

"How's that, Monsieur my nephew?" he cried, in an irritated tone. "What I say has not the honor of pleasing you?"

"Pardon me, uncle, but it seems to me—"

"What seems to you? speak!"

"That I am still very young, that there is no hurry, that to begin housekeeping is a great affair, that—"

"You are young! there is no hurry! You are mistaken, sir, you are not young; you are just the very age when you should marry. A grave affair! Certainly it is a grave affair, and that is why it is best to begin in time. Do people wait for gray hairs, say now, before studying a science, an art, or even a trade? I think not! they begin young, or find themselves incapable of learning. Well, then, youth is also necessary to begin the apprenticeship of living two together. What have you to say to that?"

"Nothing, my uncle."

"Are you one of those who despise this sacred tie, this basis of family life and of society?"

"No, no; far from that."

"Have you a fancy to remain unmarried?"

"Why, uncle, not at all."

"I should like to see you."

"I assure you—"

"It would be a fine thing if Uncle Jerome's nephew did not marry."

"But again, let me assure—"

"What would people say of me?"

"I am quite willing to marry."

"I disinherit you."

"What, uncle! if I marry?"

"If you do not marry."

"But when I say that I will do as you wish?"

"Well, now, that sounds better. And so, my dear Leon, you will marry in three months at the latest."

"Marry whom? you know very well that, intent on my law, I have not thought of any one."

"Don't trouble yourself; I have exactly what you need. In my last visit to Burgundy, I came across an old friend that I had lost sight of, and he fastened again a tie which time has only loosened, not broken. Admire your own luck! Merandol (he has been married) has an only daughter, a rich heiress. Aline is nineteen; face, character, education, all pleased me, and you will be difficult to suit if you are not content. You are to go to C——, a village two short leagues from Dijon, where Merandol lives. I will give you a letter of introduction. There you are in the heart of the place; you examine all—it is soon seen—and you hurry back quicker than you start to tell me that Aline suits you."

"But, uncle—" I hazarded, timidly.

"Hem! what now?"

"If she shouldn't suit me?"

"Impossible."

"My dear uncle, the impossible sometimes arrives."

"Bah! you think so?"

"I am sure of it."

"Well, then, if she shouldn't suit you—I am not an ogre, a Blue Beard, if she shouldn't suit you."

"You will not force me to marry her?"

"Force you! what do you mean, Monsieur Leon, by such an expression as that? Force you! ah, then, you take me for a despot, a melodramatic tyrant? No, certainly, I shall not force you to marry her if she does not suit you; but she *must* suit you. Do you hear?"

"Yes, uncle; but suppose—it might also hap-

pen, you know—suppose I should not please her?"

"That is still more impossible."

"Still—"

"No false modesty, please; you are my nephew. I know your worth. If you do not please Aline, it will be because you do not try."

"I will try."

"In that case, it is as good as done, and I may as well go and order *la corbeille*. You shall see if your Uncle Jerome knows how to select the marriage gifts. Go, now, and make your preparations to start."

It may easily be seen that my Uncle Jerome is a resolute man. I bent my head with humility and refrained from making another grimace, as it might have brought on another lecture.

The next day I was on the train. I do not belong to the class of ill-regulated minds, which never want to do what they are advised, and I also sincerely desired to satisfy a relation to whom I owed my all; so I employed the good sense with which nature has endowed me to reconcile me to the perspective of my approaching marriage. "A great many people take this path," I reflected, and this thought soothed me; for the proud animal, man, is yet very like a sheep in following the crowd.

And then my heart was free, quite free; so there was nothing impossible in the idea of falling in love with an accomplished young girl. It is true that I mistrusted my uncle's taste, but I should see with my own eyes before engaging myself.

Besides, the name of Aline seemed to me very pretty—not fanciful nor romantic nor pedantic, but fresh, graceful, and bright, like youth. Impossible to be called Aline and to be ugly or affected. I therefore abandoned myself to the fondest hopes.

I was alone in the compartment and I smoked (I have that bad habit). The white vapor escaping from my cigar mounted in capricious undulations, among which it was easy, with a little imagination, to find anything one pleased. An ambitious man, anxious for honors, might there have discovered ribbons and medals; a fortune-seeker might have unwound an interminable series of bills of exchange; a poet have witnessed a dance of sylphs, houris, or fairies; *I* saw a young woman adorned with all the graces, a pretty cottage sheltering my happiness, and the joyous face of my Uncle Jerome, who seemed to say: "Still another marriage added to the list that I have made."

Yet as I approached Dijon my enthusiasm suffered a considerable fall. I am not precisely timid, but the idea of presenting myself to M. Merandol, whom I did not know, was unpleasant to me. I saw myself first giving my name to a provincial servant, who stared at me as if I were a curiosity; then I fancied myself shown in and awkwardly presenting my letter to M. Merandol, for one is always awkward in presenting a letter of introduction; he would, I thought, look me over as his domestic had done, and then proceed to address me with a string of questions to judge of the weight of my mind and the extent of my knowledge, while in the next room Mlle. Aline would be examining me, her suitor, not, perhaps, without ridicule, a suitor being always a ridiculous animal in the eyes of a young girl. Next I should have to be formally presented to her; to show myself amiable, lively, witty, to do honor to my uncle, and to justify the praises he had written concerning his nephew. In short, I saw a battalion packed close with all sorts of annoyances ready to fall upon me, and happiness retired to the rear.

I hated Dijon for being in Burgundy, Burgundy for being in France, France for being in Europe; I would have sent it to the Antipodes. I hated the steam which carried me so swiftly toward the dreaded destination, and I regretted the good old times and the *diligence*, which would have allowed me to put at least a fortnight into my journey and to defer by so much the terrible interview.

But these egotistical regrets could not retard the march of progress nor that of the express train on which I was. It soon stopped, and there were cries of, "Dijon! Dijon!" I was there and plenty of others with me; but all looked glad or indifferent, and I concluded that they were not going to ask any one's hand in marriage.

I gave my valise to a porter, and was conducted to the house of my friend Daranne, who lives on the Place d' Armes, just opposite the Palais des Etats.

Daranne is a charming fellow. We formed an intimate friendship in G——'s studio, where we learned painting—he as a professional artist, I as an amateur.

He received me, as I expected, with open arms; then, after some instants devoted to surprise and the pleasure of meeting again, he asked what brought me to the ancient Divio, and I told him my story.

"Well!" he cried, "I shall say, like your uncle, my dear Leon, that you are in luck! One of our wealthiest heiresses! I congratulate you with all my heart, and I can forewarn you that you will have many jealous of you."

"You are acquainted with Mademoiselle Merandol?"

"*Parbleu*, I painted her portrait last year."

"Is she pretty?"

"Lovely."

"Blonde or brunette?"

"You shall know nothing; I don't want to take from the pleasure of your surprise by attempting a description of her beauty."

"But at least you might tell me if she is fair or dark!"

"She is lovely; that is all I will say, and I add that you were born lucky and that there is nothing like having an Uncle Jerome to help one to an advantageous marriage without the trouble of thinking about it."

"You, too, then, favor marriage?"

"Indeed I do; it is the true state, and the proof is clear, for in spite of all those who try to turn this tie into ridicule, the number of those who engage in it does not diminish."

"If my uncle could hear you—"

"He would immediately find me an heiress, wouldn't he? That would suit me admirably, and I should be obliged to you if you would let him know my sentiments. But we need not talk about marriage all the time. Two friends who have not met for four years have plenty of other things to say. Come and see my works."

I followed him into his studio; he showed me his pictures, his sketches, and told me his projects. Then we began to chat about old times and were soon laughing heartily.

In the evening we smoked on the balcony, while continuing our conversation, but as the daylight waned the thought of my visit to M. Merandol returned to my mind and shadowed my brow.

"Ah now! what ails you?" demanded Daranne; "you look sulky as yonder black donjon which dominates the Palais des Etats, and which has some reason to be sad, since it has seen Dijon, after being the brilliant capital of a fine duchy, become a dull provincial town; but you, fortunate mortal, what can be the matter with you? I am curious to know."

The matter is that I have to go to C—— tomorrow, and that I dread the visit intensely. I would give I don't know what if some one would do it for me."

"You are not a sovereign prince, my dear Leon, to pay your court by an ambassador."

"Unhappily, no. Do you know what I should like to do?"

"What?"

"Go to C—— as a tourist, explore the country, and try to see Mlle. Merandol without presenting myself at once to her father."

"It would not be difficult to meet her, for she walks a great deal; but what good would that do you?"

"This. Seeing her in this manner and not in an official visit, where she might not be quite herself, I could judge much better if she pleased me."

"She will please you."

"Then I reveal myself, and all proceeds according to my uncle's wishes. In the other case, I do not present my letter, and I return to Paris to tell my uncle that nothing is done."

"Would you dare?"

"Am I a child? I love my uncle, and I respect him; I obey him whenever I can; but on an occasion which would decide my whole life, I would find strength to resist his will."

"I doubt that a little, and besides, as I know Uncle Jerome, what good would resistance do? When he wills a thing he wills it through everything, and if you should tell him that you do not like Mlle. Aline—"

"He would be angry at first, that is sure, but as he is the best of men, and of uncles, he would end by giving in. Yes, my idea is a good one; you see, it relieves the Merandols of a bore as well as myself. In case I don't fancy her, I retire discreetly, and the father and daughter will never know that Uncle Jerome's nephew renounces the honor of the alliance because he finds it unpleasant."

"But, boy that you are, your uncle will have written to warn them that before many days they will see his nephew rising upon the horizon of C——."

"You think he has written?"

"I feel sure of it; and no doubt mademoiselle is daily mounting the tower at the chateau de Merandol, for it has a tower—in fact, it has two."

"So much the worse; but my uncle must manage that; he can say that important affairs have prevented my going; he may say, if he chooses, that I am a hardened bachelor—anything he likes, and arrange it so that M. Merandol may be free to dispose of his daughter to some one else."

"But, after all," cried Daranne, impatiently, "what put such ideas in your head, and why are you so afraid of the girl not pleasing you when you are assured that she could not be prettier or more amiable? I can understand your mistrusting your uncle's taste; but you might believe me, who am both of an age and of a profession to appreciate beauty. But perhaps your heart is no longer your own?"

"My heart is free, Daranne; but listen, this fear comes just because of my desire that all should go well. I tremble at the idea of this accomplished beauty not pleasing me, for the very reason that I hope she may. Is it not true that marriages arranged by the parents often fail to content the children? Perhaps they would have loved each other if they had met

simply, without any one having arranged the meeting; surely, they would have loved each other if they had had obstacles to surmount; but the moment the paths are cleared, and the families, instead of being troubled and troublesome, give their consent, Love spreads his wings and flies elsewhere."

"True," replied my friend, "Love is a naughty child, who seeks nothing but wounds and bruises, and the spirit of contradiction is strong in him."

He was silent for awhile, then all at once his face lit up with a joyful expression, and I thought I saw a mischievous twinkle in his eyes.

"After all," he said, "on reflection I find your idea rather good. Yes, go and see the lovely Aline without making yourself known; that will satisfy your romantic instincts. I will lend you my portable easel, my color-box, and—"

"Thanks," I cried, "they would only be in my way."

"Not at all, they will gain you the respect of each and all. Beneath the shadow of my umbrella you could enter the grounds of your future father-in-law, under the excellent pretext of painting his castle. We are the same height and figure. You must wear the picturesque costume that I don when, weary of tracing the features of nobles and commons in old Dijon, I turn for awhile to portray lovely nature. Does that suit you?"

"By Jove! it couldn't be better," I responded, "and I feel once more serene."

"As I am on very good terms with M. Merandol," continued my friend, "you can present yourself to him on my introduction. I will give you my card with a few written words: 'Lucien Daranne has the honor of presenting Monsieur ——.' Ah! now, it will never do to say, 'Leon Galbert.'"

"What pseudonym can I take?"

"It is not unimportant; it ought to have an artistic sound. What do you say to *Labrosse*?"

"Nonsense! Labrosse! I might as well call myself Crayon! When one takes the trouble to invent a name, it ought to be pretty."

"Very true. What do you think of Eugene Despres? Eugene is sentimental; it goes well with your oval face, your fair hair, and gentle manner; Despres is fresh and suggestive, and not at all bad for a landscape painter."

"All right, have it Eugene Despres. It is at least sensible."

"You keep it?"

"I keep it."

"Good! 'Lucian Daranne has the honor of presenting M. Eugene Despres, artist, and commending him to Monsieur Merandol's kind attention.' How will that answer?"

"Charmingly, and I thank you with all my heart."

The affair thus arranged, my mind was at rest, and our evening ended gayly.

[TO BE CONTINUED].

A NIGHT OF TERROR.

FOUNDED ON FACT.

By Mary W. Early.

DR. LESTER, a country physican, in brisk practice, had just returned from visiting a patient one evening, and leaving his overcoat in the hall, had come in and seated himself at supper, when a breathless messenger rode up to the door and summoned him to come as quickly as possible to see a very ill man, who lived at a considerable distance. The Doctor, therefore, after hastily swallowing a few mouthfuls of supper, had to start out again, without having any opportunity to converse with his wife and children.

"If the man is really so ill," said he to Mrs. Lester, "I may have to remain with him all night, so you must not be uneasy if I do not return."

"Oh! no," replied Mrs. Lester, "I shall not be uneasy. You know a country physician's wife gets broken in to that sort of thing."

As he had not returned by ten o'clock, she gave him up for the night, and retired to rest. When everything in the house was quiet, she was startled by hearing a plaintive moan. She sprang up with a troubled sense that some one near her was ill, or in some other trouble. Lighting a lamp, she first satisfied herself that there was nothing the matter with her two youngest children, sleeping in the room with her. Then she went into the adjoining nursery, where her two eldest children stayed, and found that they also were sleeping quietly, and were evidently well and free from pain. Again the plaintive sound smote her ear.

"It must be one of the servants suddenly taken ill," she thought, and taking her lamp in her hand, she started to go up-stairs, where the cook and housemaid had their room. But half-way up the steps she was startled by meeting them coming down. She uttered an exclamation, and they a shriek, at the encounter.

"Lor', ole Miss," they exclaimed. "We was just goin' down-stairs to see if you or some of the children wasn't sick. We heard such an awful moanin', and you came on us so sudden on the steps that you scared us."

"I heard the moaning, too," replied Mrs. Lester, "but it wasn't I, or any of the children, and I was on my way up-stairs to ask if one of you hadn't been taken ill."

The two servants were negroes and extremely superstitious. On hearing this statement of Mrs. Lester's, I cannot exactly say they turned pale (their dark complexion forbade that), but an ashy hue stole over their faces and they began to tremble. Mrs. Lester, too, began to feel "creepy" sensations stealing over her, the whole thing seemed so weird and uncanny. Again the piteous moans were borne to their ears, and the two negro women gave a sort of antiphonal response.

"Let us search the house and see if we can find out the meaning of this," proposed Mrs. Lester, turning to her handmaids; but they stood as if turned to stone, and she soon saw that she could hope for no reinforcement from them, but would rather have to use her utmost endeavors to soothe and reassure them. They followed her, trembling, into her room, where the light and commotion soon roused up the children. They, too, listened with awe to the mysterious moans. Mandy, the cook, declared that it was "a hant," and Jane, the housemaid, agreed with her, their teeth fairly chattering in their heads at the thought. [I must explain to the uninitiated that the term "haunt," as used by negroes in the South, means "ghost."]

"I wish you would not talk such folly before my children," exclaimed Mrs. Lester, trying to assume an air of dignified reproof, but in her secret heart she felt almost as much unnerved as her sable handmaids, and her solution of the mystery was no more cheering than theirs. She thought, possibly, an attack had been made and a murder attempted near her, and that these moans came from the wounded man, her brain conjuring up phantoms more fearful than Mandy's "haunt."

"I thinks a heap of you, ole Miss," said Mandy, with chattering teeth, "but I cannot stay in any place where they has a hant. If I live to see daybreak I must get away from here."

"And me, too," echoed Jane.

["Ole Miss" was a title which Southern negroes used to bestow on the mistress of the house as soon as she began to verge on toward middle age.]

Going to bed and sleep were out of the question for that night, so they locked all the doors, replenished the fireplace with wood, and prepared to make a night of it. Sometimes, when they were beginning to be a little composed, the moans would begin anew and throw them into a fresh tremor, and so the weary hours passed by. A little before sunrise, what was Mrs. Lester's relief to hear her husband's step on the front porch. She hastened to unlock the door for him, noticing, as she passed through the hall, that the moans sounded increasingly loud and distinct.

"What *is* the matter?" exclaimed Dr. Lester, shocked at her pallor and distressed countenance.

She hastened to tell him of the night of terror they had just passed through. At first he looked startled and bewildered, then a light seemed to break over him.

"Eureka!" he exclaimed, "I think I can solve the mystery;" and walking up to his overcoat, which hung on the hat-rack, he pulled out from each capacious side-pocket a beautiful white dove. "At the place I visited yesterday afternoon," said he, "they had a number of tame white doves, which so took my fancy that I got a pair to bring you and the children. I was called off so quickly and urgently just after reaching home that I went away without thinking to tell you of these doves, and without even taking time to put on my overcoat."

"To think that such lovely, gentle creatures could have thrown a whole household into consternation!" exclaimed Mrs. Lester.

"I am truly distressed," said her husband, "that the doves which I had expected to be a source of unalloyed pleasure to you and the children should have begun by giving you so much pain and alarm."

The doves made amends, however, for this unfortunate beginning by the great satisfaction they afterward gave as household pets. When the graceful, pretty creatures were seen fluttering about the yard I think it would have been difficult to find more harmless "haunts."

MOTHERS' DEPARTMENT.

HOME TRAINING.

"THERE, thank fortune! they are all in bed and asleep at last. It does seem as if I could never stand this incessant racket and the constant strain upon my nerves for another day. It is just wearing the life out of me," said a tired, care-worn mother as she returned to the family sitting-room after seeing the last of her five children safely tucked in bed for the night. "If it were not for this two or three hours' respite after the children have forgotten themselves and their mischief in sleep, I verily believe I should go distracted," she continued, as she placed her heaped-up work-basket on the table and seated herself in a low rocker beside it.

"I know you have a hard time of it, Mary," said her husband, with real sympathy in look and tone, as he laid down the paper which he had been reading when his wife entered. "Put away that basket of sewing and rest this evening, dear."

"How can I, Charles, when there are so many little dresses and aprons and shirts and panties to be made, and so many little feet and hands to be provided with stockings and mittens, and only one pair of hands to do it all, to say nothing of the washing, ironing, mending, and cooking to be done, and the tiresome round of putting things to rights over and over again from morning till night."

"I know, dear. It really does need another pair of hands to keep all these necessary things a-going. I have always insisted that it would be economy to have help in your household duties. But you would never hear to it. It worries me exceedingly to see you growing pale and thin every day from overwork."

Mrs. Miller's heart was touched by her husband's kindly spoken words. She knew that he was working hard and patiently every day to supply the needs of his family and to lay by means to educate the children as they grew older. They had talked it all over together so many times, and had hoped that if hard work and rigid economy could do it they might be able to carry out the cherished wish of their lives, which was to give their children better advantages than they had themselves enjoyed; and both were willing to deny themselves to any extent that would contribute to the desired end, and she answered, humbly:

"Do not think that I meant to complain of the work, Charles. Thoughts of that were not in my mind, though, to be sure, I spoke of the work; but I did not think myself, neither did I mean to convey the idea to you, that it was that wears on me so," she said, going back to her troubles again, for she was very tired and nervous to-night. "It is the ceaseless prattle of tongues and clatter of feet and the continual turning of things upside down and inside out that keeps my nerves unstrung and nearly sets me wild. I just long sometimes to get away from it all, if only long enough to give my poor ears and nerves a little rest. I can conceive of nothing much worse than to be shut up all day and every day with a houseful of romping children."

"They are not worse than other children, are they, dear?"

"I suppose not. Indeed, they are better than many I know. They are never quarrelsome among themselves and never disobedient to me. They are loving and generous, but oh! so frolicsome and noisy."

"That is because they are brimming over with life and health and spirits. Heaven bless the little darlings and keep them always as pure and innocent as they are now;" and after a few moments of silence Mr. Miller continued: "I called in at neighbor Hall's as I was coming home. It is very quiet in their home to-night."

"What do you mean?" asked Mrs. Miller, with a startled look, as she noticed her husband's serious tone. "It cannot be that little Minnie Hall is dead. She seemed much better when I was in this morning. You don't mean to say she is dead, Charles."

"She was taken worse about noon, and sank rapidly away till five o'clock, when the end came, and so peacefully, the mother told me, that they scarcely knew the moment of her departure. The parents are quite inconsolable, and yet," he added, after a long pause, "they have far less cause for grief than their neighbors beyond."

Mrs. Miller looked up inquiringly through her blinding tears. She could not put into words the thought that was uppermost in her mind. The news had been so unexpected, for no one had thought that Minnie's was a dangerous illness, and the thoughts of the darkened, childless home and the weeping parents, so suddenly bereft, had quite unnerved her.

Her husband read the question she would ask in her anxious, troubled look, and replied:

"Two men were leading Lyman Read to his home, just a little in advance of me. I saw his mother come to the door with a white, scared face. I heard the maudlin laugh of the boy as he said, in a thick, mumbling voice, 'Ye didn't expect to see me waited on home by the upper ten, now did ye, mother?' I saw the poor mother sink down fainting upon the stone steps, and the reeling boy almost stumbled over her prostrate form as he fumbled his way into the house, and as I was hurrying past—for I did not wish to intrude upon their grief and humiliation—Mr. Read and his two lovely daughters, with faces which I can never forget, so full were they of pain and sadness, lifted the poor woman in their arms and bore her tenderly within."

"O Charles, Charles!" said Mrs. Miller, with a sob as she came and leaned her head upon her husband's shoulder, "how could I ever find it in my heart to complain when our little ones are all spared to us and are, as you say, so pure and innocent. The fancied trials and perplexities that worried me so an hour ago seem so insignificant in the light of the real trouble in

our neighbors' homes. Can you ever forgive my wicked, impatient words?"

"It is not for me to chide you, dear. I know how trying these little things are. We are but human, and if not continually upon our guard these petty annoyances will overcome us sometimes, no matter how firm we are in our determination to do right. I see now that I have not been blameless in the past. I have been over anxious, perhaps, in regard to the future of our children, and while I have toiled early and late, and spared every cent that could be spared to increase the fund put by for their education, I have almost lost sight of the fact that their real education begins with the first unfoldings of their intellect; and that every day the most lasting and important part of it is going steadily forward—it may be for good, it may be for ill. It will be surely one or the other. Which shall it be, dear? Shall we make of our home a nursery for Heaven-growing plants? Shall we make it the business of our lives to carefully watch and train these tender plants, and keep the soil of the home-garden free from weeds and every harmful thing? Our hearts and lives are bound up in our children—bright, active, healthful, promising children. God pity us if we ever live to see them take to bad courses. Let us try, first of all, to make the way of truth and right and honor so attractive to them that they will never turn from it. Let us hold up so forcibly to them the dangers and deformity of sin, that they shall turn away forever from its paths."

"God helping me, my husband, I will try to do my part," said Mrs. Miller, in whose eyes shone the light of a new resolve. "I am glad we have had this little talk. It has come just when I needed it most. Already the children have learned to watch mother's moods. They know well enough how to discriminate between what is right and what is wrong in her conduct, even the youngest of them. Only yesterday I overheard little Charlie saying to his sister, 'I dess wonder what makes mamma so cross, sometimes. It's dess mean to tumble my playfings into the box, when I want them to play wiv so bad. I wish she'd go away off, I do. She aint pitty one bit.' I could have shaken the little fellow at the time, but I thought best not to notice it, as I was conscious that I had been too harsh with him; but he shall never see a frown upon his mother's face again."

The next evening, when the husband and wife had seated themselves for their quiet hour, Mr. Miller said:

"Well, how have you succeeded to-day, wife?"

"Finely," she answered. "I have learned a very important and valuable lesson. I have learned that by controlling myself, I can easily control my children. I commenced this morning by speaking to them in a low voice, and encouraging them to do the same, and also to see which could play the liveliest, and yet make the least noise. They fell in with the idea in great good humor, and that had the effect of quieting down matters amazingly. I proposed that each one should see how nicely they could put away their own playthings when done with them, and they soon fell to picking up of their own accord any litter they had made, and placing the chairs and other things in their accustomed places. I encouraged them to wait upon themselves, and rewarded their efforts to do so by entrusting them with little chores to do for mamma. You cannot begin to think how many steps they have saved me, or what a pleasant day we have had; and best of all, I found it so easy to teach them little lessons of forbearance, kindness, and love toward one another; and to-night when I gave Charlie his good-night kiss, he raised himself up on his elbow, patted my cheek lovingly with his little chubby hand, and said: 'What a nice mamma you've been to-day. Tan't you be dess so good all the time? then I should love you pitty much.'"

Mr. Miller laughed. "Wise little Charlie," he said. "His innocent criticism goes to show that you are making advancement, my dear. But I was going to tell you that Mr. Read came out as I was passing this morning, and walked with me to my place of business. He looked pale and careworn, but shook hands in a friendly manner, and opened the conversation by saying:

"'As you were a witness to the disgraceful scene at my door last evening, Mr. Miller, I wish to say in excuse for poor Lyman, that the boy is less to blame than his father. Not that I ever set the example before him of indulging in strong drink, nor, I hope, of immorality in any form. I sent him to the best schools, hoping to prepare him for business life, but his home education has been sadly neglected. I have made the great mistake of leaving him to amuse himself as he liked, to choose his own reading, his own companions, and his own time to associate with them, and all this at an age when he needed the most watchful care and restraint, and the only excuse I have to offer for myself is the pitiful one that my neglect arose from my blind zeal to earn money to start my son in life with better advantages than his father had. You have several bright little boys, and I wish to say to you, if you will pardon the liberty, that it is better to gain their confidence, to be yourself a companion to them, to know for yourself what books they read and what company they keep, and to personally attend to their training, if to do this you must sacrifice your hopes of giving them a college education, and never have a cent to start them with in life. You will not resent this from a father who is heart-broken over his own mistakes,' he said, as he wrung my hand at parting.

"I thanked him warmly, and now if we do not profit by these lessons, we shall be unworthy the name of parents."

CELIA SANFORD.

SIXTY-NINE TIMES.

"SIXTY-NINE times," thoughtfully repeated John Lyman, as he sat listening to his younger brother, who was reading, in his Second Reader, of the ant that Timour, the Tartar, saw fall back sixty-nine times when trying to carry a grain of corn heavier than itself.

"And the seventieth, he succeeded," continued the boy, with an earnest and careworn look, so pitiful to see upon youthful faces, whose tender years should be their safeguard against the cares and responsibilities that rightfully belong only to maturer years.

He was the oldest of three children, and although but fourteen, the mother had learned to look to him for counsel and sympathy, since the death of the husband and father, two years before.

They lived in comfort then, for although he had only his mechanic's wages upon which to support them, the father was steady, honest, and industrious, and of real care and responsibility the children knew nothing. But the little home was all they had, and during the winter the pressure of hard times had interfered with the mother's earnings, and the men for whom John had been at work had no need of his services while business was dull, and so the boy found himself out of employment, with want actually staring them in the face.

Had it been in the country, farmer Smith, Brown, Thompson, etc., would have surprised the widow some morning with bringing in a sack of flour, or a quarter of beef, or a jar of butter, with words something like these: "See here, Mrs Lyman, my wife has always wanted to make you some little present ever since you helped her to take care of our Mellie when she was so sick; she says you were just like a sister, and she don't know what she would have done without you, but she never could fetch it about till now, so if you'll just accept this from her, she'll feel better satisfied."

And there would have been no thought of accepting charity, or wounded pride, only a grateful appreciation of the gift in the sisterly spirit in which it was sent, but in the city it is different, you know. The good-natured farmers and their wives don't live there.

Sensitive and affectionate as the boy was, the sight of his mother's anxious and troubled face impressed the burden more deeply upon his own mind, and all that evening he had been silent and thoughtful, pondering over the difficult problem of how they should live, for they had never accepted charity, and he felt as if he could never hold up his head among his schoolmates again if they ever became paupers.

Some lucky accident always happens in favor of the boys in stories; they have the good fortune to render some great service to some wealthy person, whose gratitude immediately takes substantial shape, and helps them out of their difficulties all at once, or somebody leaves them a fortune that renders them happy and independent ever afterward; but real live boys outside of books and stories cannot depend upon anything of the kind; they must make their own way, and earn their own bread, or starve or become paupers, and John felt that one of these alternatives was almost as bad as the other.

"I thought I had tried everywhere to get work," he soliloquized, "but I have not tried in sixty nine places, and I will not abandon the search again until I have failed sixty-nine times, and if the seventieth is also a failure, then, and not till then, will I say I can't. Somewhere in this great city there must be a man who wants a boy, and to-morrow I'll try to hunt him up."

The next morning he rose with the dawn, and after partaking sparingly of the scanty breakfast, and seeing that his mother had nothing to do of which he could relieve her, for he always said, "Be careful of yourself, mother, we should be lost, indeed, without you," he started upon his search.

All day long he walked the streets, applying at every place where he thought there could be the least possibility of obtaining employment, sometimes receiving a courteous refusal and an encouraging word, and sometimes a short and crusty reply that sent him forth with a heart sinking in loneliness and despondency.

Toward nightfall he turned wearily homeward, without having obtained the promise of an hour's work.

He was passing by a bakery, when he saw a man apparently very busy, and stepping inside he said, "Sir, have you not some errand that I could do to earn a loaf of bread?"

"Well, yes, I guess so; I was just going to take this package myself upon my way homeward, but I don't want to go just yet, and a loaf of bread won't matter to me. Carry this to 604 Vandever Street."

The boy departed cheerfully upon his errand, and upon his return received a good-sized loaf for his pay.

"Don't you want to hire a boy for awhile?" asked John, with a wistful, pleading look upon his tired face.

"No, business is too dull—can't afford it," replied the man, turning to attend to something in another part of the establishment; and the boy went home, reflecting that, although he had failed in thirty places, he had earned enough to make quite a comfortable supper for the little family. This thought kept his heart from sinking utterly, and, besides, he had not faltered in his determination to try seventy times.

Early the next morning he started again, and had it not been for occasional kind and cheering words, which do so much toward sustaining a sinking heart, his courage must have failed him utterly. Late in the day he stopped at a large retail grocery store, and upon asking to see the proprietor he was shown into an office in the

rear part of the building, where an old gentleman was engaged in looking over some large account-books. The boy stood respectfully waiting until the proprietor finished adding a long column of figures before he took time to look up.

"Well, what do you want?" he asked, shortly, as his glance rested impatiently upon the form of his small visitor.

"Do you want to hire a boy?" asked the applicant, timidly.

"No," replied the old gentleman, crustily; "I've been bothered to death with boys; when I have work to do I'll hire a man and be done with it. It takes more time to look after a boy than his worth, let alone paying him."

"Sixty-nine times," said the boy, as he turned wearily toward the door.

There was something so pitiful in the look that had deepened upon the childish face, and an expression so despairing in the tones in which the words were uttered, that it awakened a feeling of interest and sympathy in the heart of the crusty old gentleman, in spite of his prejudice against boys.

"What do you mean by sixty-nine times?" he asked, in kinder tones.

"I don't suppose you'd care to know," said the boy, despondently.

"I would, though. What is it?" questioned the old gentleman, with increasing interest.

"I started with the determination not to give up the search for work until I had failed seventy times," replied the boy, wearily.

"And this was the sixty-ninth?" questioned the man, looking at the boy over the bows of his spectacles.

"Yes, sir," replied John.

"When did you begin?"

"Yesterday morning."

"'His clothes were patched, his shoes were old,
But his manly heart was very bold,'"

said the old gentleman, quoting from a poem that used to be in his Third Reader when he went to school, and looking over John's attire critically. "Yes, sir, your clothes are old and worn and thin, but they're brushed and patched and your hands and face are clean, your shoes are buttoned, and your hair has been combed. All these things speak well for your mother as well as yourself. Failed sixty-nine times and going to try again. Yes, sir, I believe I do want a boy. Such a spirit of determination in the face of repeated failures and discouragements will carry success into all you undertake. You didn't sit down and wait for some improbable streak of luck to happen along and lift you out of your difficulties, but you went right to work to help yourself out, and persisted, in spite of all discouragements; and no doubt you got many a refusal as crusty and ill-natured as mine."

"Yes, sir," replied the boy, earnestly; "and often the manner in which the denial was given depressed me so much that had there been only myself to think of I would rather have gone hungry than ask again; but there are others to consider."

"Well, well," said the old gentleman, thoughtfully, "we don't always convey our refusals in the manner least calculated to wound the feelings of others, but we have our trials, too. Often and often, when I've tried to extend a helping hand to assist a fellow-being up a hill, he has sat right down and waited for me to carry him up; but you don't belong to that class. It is the shiftless and ungrateful that make us uncharitable; but a spirit like yours will command success at last; but, mind you, my boy, I'm only going to give you a firm footing upon the lower round of the ladder of success and trust to your own energy and integrity to climb to the top. You've proved your energy, but your integrity will often be put to severe tests, and if your honesty is equal to your perseverance, you'll never lose your footing; but mind that you never let go your hold upon the lower round of the ladder until you have a firm grip upon the one above. Yes, sir, I want a boy, and no doubt I'll want some extra work done during the coming week, and I'll pay you for it now and trust to your honesty to make it up. Take this to that clerk over yonder and get this order filled, and be back here ready to begin to-morrow morning, and I'll pay you four dollars per week until you can earn more," and he handed John a paper upon which was written: "Give this boy fifty cents worth of sugar, a pound of butter, a quarter of tea, and a peck of potatoes."

"If your mother knows how to knit these old-fashioned socks, such as my mother used to knit for me, I'll give her work, too; for I believe they'll do more toward keeping off my rheumatism than half a barrel of liniment, and I hope you won't find me such an old bear as I seem to be," continued the old gentleman.

"I'm sure you're a very good and kind-hearted man, only you happened to have the worst side out when I first came," said the boy, while his eyes filled with grateful tears.

The load was heavy, but the boy's heart was proportionately light as he shouldered the sack containing the groceries and started homeward.

His face was fairly radiant with joy as he entered the room where his mother and the children were awaiting him.

"O mother!" he exclaimed, "I have found work at last; and I only tried sixty-nine times, instead of seventy. I'll get good wages, and I believe that I can keep the place as long as I am honest and industrious. We'll never know want again."

"My son! my noble, persevering son!" exclaimed the mother, proudly and gratefully, "I can never be very poor as long as I have you. You are indeed a comfort and a blessing to me."

What a feasting there was in that humble dwelling that night, and what contented hearts and cheerful faces.

Early morning found the boy at the store anxious to begin his work, and step by step he climbed the ladder of success, which rested upon the sure foundation of his own industry and integrity, and never again did want and distress enter that home, which the united efforts of mother and son rendered happy and comfortable.

ISADORE ROGERS.

SUSY'S WISHES.

"OH! dear me," said Susy,
"I wish that I was tall!"
"Do you?" asked the Daisies;
"We do not, at all;
But just go on and blossom
Our sweetest every day.
Try it, little Susy;
'Tis such a lovely way."

"Well, maybe so," said Susy,
"But then, oh! deary me,
I wish that I was pretty!"
"I'm sure you'll all agree,"
Said sober, quiet Mignonette,
"That I am very plain;
And, yet, all people love me,
And come and come again,

"To take what I can give them,
And love me for its sake.
The very sweetest, bravest lives,
Plain folks, who *try*, can make."
"Oh! well," sighed Susy once again,
"I wish that I was rich!"
She little knew her whining tone
Was raised to such a pitch,

That, away across the garden,
'Twas heard by Marigold.
"My little friend, I fain would speak,
If I may be so bold.

Of purest gold, you see, I'm made,
My 'weight in gold' I'm worth,
And yet I am no richer, dear,
Than any flower on earth.

"I just drink in the sunshine warm,
And rain, and do my part
To send them, sweet and beautiful,
In flowers, from my heart.
And every little boy and girl
Can do the self-same thing,
If they be poor, and live in huts,
Or rich, and with a king."

Our little Susy hung her head,
But raised it once again
To say: "It's very well for you
To speak like that, but then
You flowers never have to do
The hardest thing of all—
Wear old, 'made-over' clothes."
"But *we* do, every fall,"

Said all the trees, with such a smile:
"Our mother, every year,
Dyes all our half-worn summer leaves,
And (do believe me, dear)
I really think they look as well
As first when they were new."
"Indeed," our little Susy said,
"I'm very sure they do,
And I will try, dear flowers and trees,
To be as good as you."

JUNIATA STAFFORD.

THE HOME CIRCLE.

"PUT YOURSELF IN HIS PLACE."

"PUT yourself in his place." The words are trite, but none the less forcible. If we would only do this, and act accordingly, either the millennium would come or the world would have no need of it. The phrase is but a different wording of our Lord's immortal command, "Do unto others as you would that they should do unto you!"

Such a course would do away with harsh judgments, uncharitable sayings, bitter feelings, neighborhood quarrels.

You come in sometimes from the street indignant. Such a one passed you without speaking. "You don't know what you have done to be slighted—you are as good as she is, any day." Patience, sister; put yourself in her place. How often have you failed to recognize an acquaintance—from some accident of dress or distance or pre-occupation, perhaps near-sightedness; there are so many innocent reasons for just such a contretemps.

"The minister calls on us so seldom. Perhaps we are not rich enough to be important to him." Put yourself in his place. Is it a country charge? Think of the many families he must visit, scattered far and wide over hills and dales, sometimes miles apart. At the best, he can make but few calls in a day, during the few hours of each day when the various households have leisure to receive visitors. If he accomplishes the regulation "once a quarter," he must needs be industrious and have little time left for pulpit preparation. He has higher duties than those of mere sociality; he must have time to prepare the beaten oil for the sanctuary.

Is it a city station? His toils are doubled. So many outside duties call him—funerals, weddings, sick to visit, poor to search out and help, speeches to prepare for anniversaries, festivals, public meetings, prayer-meetings to lead, Bible-class to teach, Sunday-school to catechise, and, if a *Methodist*, "classes" to attend, often lead—all the interests of the church to superintend. Besides all this, to keep abreast of the tide of progress in social, spiritual, and intellectual work, to bring forth out of the Bible treasury things both new and old. No daubing with untempered mortar will pass here; a city minister must "*study* to be a workman that needeth not to be ashamed."

So, in a lesser degree, with his wife. Her main duties, like yours, are to her own family. If she is making a pleasant, restful home for her husband, if she is training up her children in the way that they should go, if she neglects not to exercise hospitality, doing good so far as opportunity offers—then is she doing all that God requires. He asks no more of her than of

you; beware how you lay on her burdens that He never did! Under her limitations, could you do better? Perhaps, with your qualifications, you could, perhaps not; but each of you will have to render account only of what was given to yourself.

"What an anxious, careworn person Mrs. A. is," say you. "Gives me the *blues* to meet her!" Perhaps there is a skeleton in some closet of her handsome dwelling, however carefully locked from your sight and mine. Husband or son may look too often on the wine when it is red; perhaps there is an undutiful child, a threatened calamity, an insidious disease—perhaps only a struggle to keep up appearances on reduced means, possibly hypochondria, worse than physical disease. In any case, judge not.

"Mrs. B. is so frivolous, so fond of dress and gayety—a regular little flirt!" Oh! come; have you forgotten your own youth?—perhaps not very long past. How lightly you went from one pleasure to another; how much you found to amuse you; your girlish laughter rang clear and merry at anything or at nothing. Life was such a beautiful mystery—every new day a bud that might unfold into delightful possibilities of joy. To your eyes, friends were all true, promises all reliable; flatteries were not flatteries, but pleasant truths kindly spoken. Cheeks aglow, eyes alight, step elastic, heart bounding—what recked you of critical eyes and uncharitable judgments? Put yourself in her place—ah! don't you wish you could?

> "For when youth, the dream, departs,
> It takes something from our hearts
> And it never comes again."

Be glad for her that life is so bright, that she does feel innocent pleasure in her bloom and beauty. Nay, even if she is a little vain, a little foolish, have charity. Time will tame her fast enough. Many a hope must fade, many a joy pass, many a heartache come at the best, if she lives.

"Such a silly old maid as Miss C. Frizzed and furbelowed, trying to be girlish!" Put yourself in her place. With no special ties to absorb her heart, she does not realize the flight of time, and feels as much interest in life as you do. Well that she does. Let her be as young as she will, happy in not realizing that her best days are gone.

Another is still and shy. You cannot understand it, are impatient of her timidity. With ample confidence in yourself, perhaps with ample reason for it, you cannot understand her feeling. Put yourself in her place. Plain, sensitive, retiring, without beauty or talent, essentially common-place in appearance, she perhaps exaggerates her disadvantages. Imagine how you would suffer so placed. Go to her, talk to her, draw her out. Be sure you will find some good thing in her, for no one is left utterly unblessed of God. Don't shun such a one; try to give her a share in human interests and human companionship.

A harder case still is that of one only partially deaf and "ridiculously sensitive," you say. Why cannot she take the thing as it is, and make the best of it? Why? Put yourself in her place; see how you would like to have this one shun you; that one ignore you; another shriek at you in tones that pierce the sensitive ear like stabs, and draw the attention of all in the room; another try to eke out her meaning with absurd grimaces and mouthing of words. Some laugh immediately at her mistakes; others stare astonished, and finally exclaim. "Why, you're deaf, haint ye?" Others apologize for not talking because the effort is too great. Many accompany the introduction to a stranger with the encouraging remark, "She's deaf, poor thing, speak loud!" In vain does the victim protest, "It is not necessary. I can understand a natural tone much better."

Oh! the needless sorrow there is in the world, just for want of putting ourselves in others' places! Oh! the needless bitterness in many a life-cup, when there might have been sweetness and refreshment! Oh! the heartaches, the tears, the desolation of spirit caused by mere thoughtlessness of another's feelings!

Put yourself in place of the aged, tottering on the brink of the grave, health gone, loved ones gone, life almost gone, senses dulled, hearts heavy often. Be as respectful, as tender, as considerate as you will one day ask for yourself.

Put yourself in place of the children; be gentle, be patient, be loving, to the little, careless, inquisitive, affectionate hearts!

Put yourself in place of the mourners; pity them, feel for them; try to show your sympathy.

Put yourself in place of the joyous and happy; rejoice with them, cast no shadow on their brightness. Christ was found at the wedding feast and the social dinner, as well as in the house of mourning and at the grave, alike sympathetic and helpful at each. He has left us in this, too, an example to follow!

MRS. E. MILLER CONKLIN.

A CAGE-MAKING WIFE.

MEN are often as easily caught as birds, but as difficult to keep. If the wife cannot make her home bright and happy, so that it shall be the cleanest, sweetest, cheerfulest place that her husband can find refuge in—a retreat from the toils and troubles of the outer world—then God help the poor man, for he is virtually homeless!

In the home, more than anywhere else, order is Heaven's first law. It is the duty of a wife to sweetly order her cage so that it may be clean, neat, and free from muddle. Method is the oil that makes the wheels of the domestic machine run easily. The mistress of a house who desires order, and the tranquillity that comes of order, must insist on the application of method to every branch and department of the household work. She must rise and breakfast early, and give her orders early. Doing much before twelve o'clock gives her a command of the day.

"A clean, fresh, and well-ordered house exercises over its inmates a moral no less than a physical influence, and has a direct tendency to make the members of the family sober, peaceable, and considerate of the feelings and happiness of each other."

"Brush your hair, and then things won't look so bad," was the homely advice given by an old friend to a woman whose husband had lost money by the failure of a bank, and who could not see the force of the wife sitting untidy and disheveled, with unswept floor and untidy hearth, and unprepared dinner because this calamity had happened.

A woman should know when to change her *rôle* of housewife for that of the loving friend and companion of her husband. She should be able and willing to intelligently discuss with him the particular political or social problem that is to him of vital interest. We will all agree with Dr. Johnson that a man of sense and education should seek a suitable companion in a wife. "It was," he said, "a miserable thing when the conversation could only be such as whether the mutton should be boiled or roast, and probably a dispute about that." A good and loyal wife takes upon her a share of everything that concerns and interests her husband. Whatever may be his work, or even recreation, she endeavors to learn enough about it to be able to listen to him with interest if he speaks to her of it, and to give him a sensible opinion if he asks for it. In every matter she is helpful. If her husband be straitened in means by any sudden loss of money, she takes her part of the anxiety and does what she can to lessen it; if there comes some unexpected family misfortune, she is ready and strong in standing up against it at his side; in every chance and emergency of life she is truly a helpmeet for him, never for a moment letting herself be treated as a pretty toy, or at best as a child who has no power and no capability to meet the storms and struggles of life.

Certainly, it does a wife good to go out of her cage occasionally for amusement, although her deepest, truest happiness may be found at home. She, quite as much as her husband, requires change and recreation; but, while this is true, she must never forget that a life of pleasure is a life of pain, and that if much of her time is spent in visiting and company, anarchy and confusion at home must be the consequence. "Never seek for amusement," says Mr. Ruskin, "but be always ready to be amused. The least thing has play in it, the slightest word wit, when your hands are busy and your heart is free. But if you make the aim of your life amusement, the day will come when all the agonies of a pantomime will not bring you an honest laugh."

The song says that home is sweet, and that there is no place like it; but surely this depends upon the sort of home. There are homes that are no homes. The wife is the sun of the social system; unless she attracts, there is nothing to keep heavy bodies like husbands from flying off.

Milton tells us that a good wife is "Heaven's last, best gift to man." But what constitutes a good wife? Purity of thought and feeling, a generous, cheerful temper, a disposition ready to forgive, patience, a high sense of duty, a cultivated mind, and a natural grace of manner. She should be able to govern her household with gentle resolution, and to take an intelligent interest in her husband's pursuits. She should have a clear understanding, and "all the firmness that does not exclude delicacy," and "all the softness that does not imply weakness."

ELSIE'S BOOK OF REMEMBRANCE.

"IT will be a long time before I can take another journey."

Poor Elsie! of all the merry group of school-friends who had gone, during the summer, to sea-shore and mountain, or journeyed from the snow and ice of the Northern winter to the orange-groves and Christmas roses of the South, she had enjoyed traveling most keenly. No one had climbed with a lighter step than hers or had been more ready for every exploring expedition, whether on foot or horseback, or for "roughing it" in a camping-out party in far-off places.

It happened once, however, that Elsie and three or four girls had taken a wrong path in one of their mountain rambles, and been so interested in the wild, picturesque views, that they had not noticed that the path was evidently an old, unused one, until it suddenly came to an end half way up the river-cliffs, at a place where it was impossible to go forward, difficult to go back. To add to the difficulties of the situation, a little stream of water oozed down the face of the cliff here, trickling over the rocks, and making them slippery and the soil crumble under their feet, so that it was hard to keep a firm foothold. Elsie was the leader, of course, and, by a brave face, a merry word now and then of encouragement, and a helping hand, had succeeded in getting all of the party but herself safe on the dry and firm portion of the path they had so incautiously strayed from, when Nellie Pendleton lost her hat by a sudden gust of wind. It was a pretty hat, with its glossy, brown plumes, and though it had been caught by a bush growing down the face of the cliff, at a dangerously slippery place, Elsie could not withstand Nellie's look of distress; she determined to make at least one effort to get it, for Nell was not very rich and the loss of her hat would be a great drawback to her enjoyment.

Elsie did get the hat, tossed it to Nellie, but before her delighted words of thanks had died on her lips, the treacherous ground gave way. Elsie caught at the little bush for a firmer support; that, too, came up, loosened by the water, and she fell, struck a projecting rock, and fell again on a ledge below. It was but a few minutes before she scrambled to her feet again, called to the girls "*not* to try to come to her," and slowly and cautiously crept back to the path; but it seemed to the pale, frightened group as if hours passed in the meanwhile.

At first she did not think she was badly hurt —"Only a little bruised and sore," she said, when she returned to the hotel, and quite willing to lie down and rest for a time. But the next day her strength had not returned nor the pain left her back. Her mother, alarmed, for Elsie could rarely ever be persuaded to lie down for any ordinary cause, sent for a physician. He came, and stayed a long while; and when he left the room at last it was with a very

grave face and eyes full of pity, for he knew there would be weeks and months of tedious suffering and lying still, if, indeed, the injury should ever be fully cured. Elsie had injured her spine as she struck her back against the stone in her fall.

It was the greatest trial that could have befallen a young girl, full of buoyant life and activity, with such a delight in Nature's fresh, wild beauty, and such a passion for out-of-doors that her mother used to call her in jest "her gypsy girl." Nellie Pendleton was quite wild in her distress, until she saw that this only grieved Elsie more. When she had to leave her and go on to the next stage of their journey, it was with many tears and self-reproaches.

Elsie tried to bear it bravely and patiently and to keep "a sunshine in a shady place," as Spenser says in his lovely poem of the "Faerie Queen," but it was hard. It was especially hard to-day, for Elsie had been unable to walk now for eleven months, and the time for summer journeys had come again, and one after another of her young friends had run in to say "Good-bye" before their starting to-morrow. Nellie was not among them; she had gone, as a governess, with a family to Europe, and would be in Switzerland all the summer. The girls were, most of them, going to very different places—one to the seacoast of Maine, one to Canada, another to the Virginia Springs, and another to the far West. How wistful Elsie's eyes grew as the door closed behind the last one.

"All *my* landscapes will be four walls and a ceiling," she said, with a miserable little smile.

"Don't, Elsie," exclaimed her sister, her eyes filling with tears. "Next year, dear, perhaps you will go, too. Dr. Morris told mamma this morning—oh! I was not to tell you yet, but I cannot help it—that he thought—he was not *sure*, Elsie, but he *believed*—that there was hope. He has hope for you, Elsie."

A great gladness swept across her face and her quivering lips grew still. "I am so glad you told me, sister. I could not bear it without a little gleam *to-day*."

"In the meanwhile, Elsie, why don't you make a book of remembrance?" said practical little Hetty Moore, one of the few friends who was going to stay in town all the summer.

"You mean a sketch-book, Hetty? I can't draw at all, or paint – all of my amusements were active ones – " and a shadow crept over her brow—"and I never liked autographs by themselves—they are so meagre and abrupt, like an introduction with nothing to follow, no conversation or intercourse."

"I don't mean either of these," answered Hetty, "but a book of flowers. Don't you remember those lovely wild roses growing by the roadside last summer that you helped me to gather and press when we were at the farm? I sent them to our teacher, Miss McLeod, who has gone back to Scotland to live, and she liked them so much she wrote that they seemed to bring back to her remembrance every nook and corner of the quiet old country road, with its banks and the straggling rail fence on one side, all overgrown with these wild roses in full bloom, the delicate pink petals opening wide to show the fuller, golden hearts of the stamens. You see I remember almost every word she wrote, because I was glad such a little thing had given her pleasure." Hetty had made an unusually long speech for her, but Elsie had been listening with eyes full of interest.

"I think that would be lovely," she said, slowly. "Each one of the girls might send me flowers for a page. Sister, won't you go to see them this evening and tell them? I know you will. I shall have ferns from Virginia, lilies from California, pansies from Michigan—ah! those great purple and gold pansies!—leaves from the woods and sea-weeds from the coast, and I shall feel as if I had really touched a little of the beautiful life in all these places with my own hands!"

Hetty was charmed with the success of her suggestion, and after an early tea Elsie's sister and herself went to see the different friends who were going next day and explain the little token of remembrance and love which each one was to send from her travels. The suggestion was received with quick assent, and often with eyes wet with sympathetic tears.

The next day at eleven o'clock there was a ring at the door, and a large package was brought up-stairs directed to "Miss Elsie Lennox," and when the strings were cut and the wrapping papers removed, a large herbarium appeared, with her name on the outside in gold letters, especially prepared for pressed plants and sent with a loving note from the mother of one of her friends who had just gone—a lovely "*brave lady*," who had learned the lesson of sorrow by heart and felt a warm affection for Elsie.

It was not long before letters began to arrive, and it seemed as if all that summer woods and meadows, mountains and streams, were sending all the dearest messages of their sweetness and grace and fairness to their young lover, who "kept house with pain," as she said, in that far-off room in a Northern city, and was exiled from their presence.

The first page of all was filled with the pansies from Michigan, showing in their size and color how well they thrived in the cool climate and the shade. They were of all colors—pure white, purple, some velvety black in intensity, deep yellow, the many rich varieties of the bronze pansies, all with exquisite spots and lines of color near the heart or centre of the flower, where the seed—the baby pansy—is to grow into life. They were pressed with the utmost care, so that each petal was perfect. A card came with them, having the name of the friend who sent them with so loving a remembrance, the place where they were gathered and the date, and underneath also the line:

"There's pansies—that's for thoughts."

Then came a page of forest leaves from Canada, some breathing an aromatic fragrance, and the wild-flowers that grow in those woods, and after this a group of delicate sea-weeds, fine and perfect as any old lace of Venice worn by a cardinal. From California came the lilies. These were the most difficult to press and were discolored when they arrived, and one or two pet-

als were loose; these were easily restored when the lilies were glued in their places. The sender of these had written the botanical name of each variety, and had painted in vivid words the localities where they were found. Many were wild lilies, and Elsie said it was like Fairyland and botany combined to read of their native homes.

Josephine Warrington, who was in Virginia, sent a large number of ferns, gathered by trickling mountain streams or from the narrow crevices of the high gray rocks. She added her own pencil sketches, done with a free and spirited touch of some of the wild woods and glens where the maiden's-hair, with its fine black stems and some of the smaller and more delicate varieties, had grown, and of the marsh in which she had found the largest fern—it took a whole page for itself—nodding over the damp soil like a great green plume.

She did not give the botanical titles, so Elsie, stimulated by the example of her friend in California, borrowed books on ferns from the libraries and searched their pages, and all at once discovered that she had made a good deal of progress in a new branch of study, which she was by no means willing to lay aside when her fern pages were all completed.

"You have added to my circle of out-of-door friends, Josie," she wrote. "I have always loved the ferns, because they seemed so fresh and *sincere* in their sweet, shy lives; but since I have learned to *know* some of them I love them still better and hope to become acquainted with more of their family. If I ever am so blessed as to be able to walk again in the green woods and on the mountain-tops, I shall not feel I have lost time; I have learned some new secrets of their sweet keeping—for those who care to hear them."

Hetty's cousin, who lived on a farm about sixteen miles from town, sent daisies, picked in a field, all ivory and gold, with those stars that shine always near at hand, and put with them a photograph of her own fresh, girlish face, "both commonplace, Elsie, dear, but sent with much every-day remembrance and love for commonplace hours."

Two packages came from across the sea. One was from Miss McLeod, and contained pressed heather and blue-bells. Also one of those pretty wistful Scotch airs, that seem always to end with questioning—written out in gold and blue and crimson, so that the bars and musical notes looked not unlike an indistinct Scotch tartan or plaid. Miss McLeod had added delicate sprays of heather, so painted that they formed a framework for the music, and now and then drooped across the bars in a graceful way. This page was one of the daintiest of all, and Elsie declared that she had only to look at it to have the music singing itself in her brain, and to see—with "the mind's eye"—glimpses of loch and highland and moorland and brae.

There was one page Elsie did not often show. It was a passion flower, dark purple, with strange cross, and marks as of wounds and nail-prints. She had put it in one day when she had been suffering much, and the sight of it had helped her. That same day came the other package from the other side of the Atlantic, and had the Swiss stamps—*Helvetia*—on the outside, and was directed in Nellie Pendleton's handwriting. Elsie drew a long breath as she saw inside the clusters of the *edelweiss*—"noble whiteness"—that flower that grows so far away from human dwellings on the lonely mountain heights of the great Alps. What a picture she seemed to see of peak after peak rising up into the flushed and luminous skies, of wild storms of snows and ice and wind, of glaciers in their silent onward moving, of all the glory and mystery of that beautiful land! And these brave little flowers, so woolly and soft in their pure whiteness, growing and blooming in low clusters, seemed in all the remoteness and silence like little children, not afraid, but nestling close to the bosom of their grandmother Earth, for very love's sake.

The book was not only the occupation of the summer; some of the most interesting work was done in the short, gray winter days with the aid of a Botany, classifying the plants, and writing out their biographies, which sometimes proved far more satisfactory than those of many great people, and left no heart-burnings and stinging surprises behind.

Day by day during the spring months that followed Elsie seemed to grow a little stronger and freer from pain, and the hope that had seemed such an uncertain little glimmer at first became brighter.

"I have never given you my contribution," said the mother, one day, smiling at her daughter's face as she leaned over her book, humming a bright little song to herself as she fastened the refractory petals and smoothed them with deft touches. "It is a little poem I found in a newspaper corner the other day, and it reminded me of you. It is called the 'Message of the Flowers,' and it will be pretty to end your book with." The last verses were:

"The violet whispers—give,
Nor grudge, nor count the cost.
The woodbine: keep on blooming,
In spite of chills and frost.

"And so each gracious flower
Has each a separate word,
Which, read together, maketh up
The message of the Lord!'

ELLA F. MOSBY.

OUR BOOKCASE.

IT was large, substantial, old-fashioned; had neither antique carving, rich gilding, French molding, nor ornament of any kind. It had five broad shelves filled completely with books; was a well-spring of pleasure to the household, and appeared perfectly satisfied with itself and its mission.

It rested upon an escritoire equally old-fashioned, but which could boast of inlaid woods and brass handles, while within was a perfect labyrinth of pigeon-holes and little brass-knobbed drawers, very captivating to a child. Both stood in the sitting-room of my childhood's home.

In the light of more mature judgment, my recollections of the contents of that bookcase afford as much pleasure as the reality did when a child. It was a miscellaneous collection, but entertaining and pure. All were plainly bound —most of them in leather—seldom pictorial; yet the books I loved then—without knowing or caring who or what was the author—I love now, that added years have made these particulars known.

On the top shelf was a whole set of *The History of the Jews*—small volumes, bound in drab cloth—which I always intended to read, but never did. Next to them were new copies of *The United States Speaker*, the *Introduction*, and the *English Reader;* but I saw enough of them at school, so they were also left to their repose. There were plenty of other histories, also biographies and religious books, many of which I read; but it is only a few of my favorites in lighter literature that I set out to mention.

My earliest love was *Æsop's Fables*, read when the title had so little significance that I as often called it "Asop's Feebles." I never in those days read the "application" which followed each narrative, and was too young to comprehend it if I had; but in my eyes the *Fables* needed nothing, although my dear old grandmother did not think they could compare with *Gay's Fables*, which had been the delight of her youth.

It was not necessary to my appreciation of it to know that Æsop was a deformed slave and lived six hundred years before Christ; that he was born in Phyrygia, in the reign of Crœsus, the last King of Lydia, and wrote those wonderful fables to keep his mind from brooding over the hardships of his lot, and was put to death at Delphi when about forty years of age; all this was all unknown to me.

Rasselas, Prince of Abyssinia, was another great favorite. It is only within the last decade that I have known that it was written by Dr. Samuel Johnson, the lexicographer, who was born in the city of Litchfield, England, in 1709. He was very poor, and when about twenty-eight years of age went to London in order to better his fortunes if possible. He was accompanied by his friend, David Garrick, who afterward became a renowned actor. Samuel Johnson strove to earn his living by his pen, and did get employment from the editors of the *Gentleman's Magazine*, but his compensation was so small that he often went hungry, and had not a shilling to pay for a night's lodging But he persevered, and gradually won his way to literary distinction. While striving in London, his mother, to whom he was tenderly attached, died in Litchfield, and he went down to make arrangements for her funeral. He found there was no fund to defray the funeral expenses, nor could be any until he earned it by his pen. He immediately set to work upon the romance of *Rasselas*, and wrote it in one week, his mother's interment being delayed until it was finished and sold.

My admiration for *The Vicar of Wakefield* was so great that I knew it almost by rote, but do not think I knew that it was written by Oliver Goldsmith, who was born in County Longford, Ireland, in 1731. His father, the Rev. Charles Goldsmith, was the original of "The Vicar," in his son's book; "George" was the author himself, and all the characters were his own family and others of his acquaintances. Even the story of Moses and his experience in amateur horse-trading is a faithful transcript of one of his father's youthful exploits.

Mrs. Leicester's School was another beautiful book, being a history of ten young ladies related by themselves. I am quite sure the author's name was not given, and it is only within this year that I have read that it was written by Mary Lamb, sister of the English essayist, Charles Lamb.

Our copy was the first American edition, and was published in 1811 by Joseph Milligen, of George Town. What George Town this was I have no means of knowing, but suppose it was that of the District of Columbia, now spelled without the capital letter.

Before me lies a little book which was one of my childhood's treasures. Its title is *Juliana Oakley*, and was given me by a physician, a friend of my parents. He has been dead many years, but his little gift and the lessons it taught still lives. Many reminiscences of my childhood came into my mind as I turned its time-yellowed leaves. On the title-page is my name, in my own childish hand, the date showing that I was but six years of age. I have written the initial letter of my middle letter turned the wrong way, making it a figure in place of a letter, which I remember occasioned mirth to my brother and elder sister.

The book was written by Mrs. Sherwood, and she mentions that some time she would give its readers a sequel to it, which would continue the history of "Ermina"—one of the little girls mentioned in it. Whenever opportunity offered I endeavored to get that sequel, but without success, and had come to the conclusion that it had never been written, the author having changed her mind or perhaps died before she accomplished it. But a few years ago, in looking over the tattered and torn relics of a Sunday-school library, I found *Ermina, Sequel to Juliana Oakley*, and, substituting a new book for it, felt I had gained a prize. But the glamor of youthful romance had fled; to the eyes of middle age it possessed no interest; I was sorry I ever found it.

The last old book I shall mention at this time is *The Basket of Flowers*, translated from the French in 1832 by Dr. Bedell, Rector of St. Andrew's Church, Philadelphia.

Beautiful but sad, it was likely to make a lasting impression upon the child who read it; its teachings were sound, and no doubt in its day and generation did much good, both in this country and its native France.

MARY E. IRELAND.

HOUSEKEEPERS' DEPARTMENT.

THE HOME CLUB.

MEETING AT MRS. SMITH'S.

Mrs. Dodd.—I have no smoke-house and have always had trouble to get smoked tongues when I wanted them. I have a way of preparing fresh tongues which makes them very similar and quite as nice as those smoked in the usual way. I put the fresh tongue—or tongues, as the case may be—into a stone jar filled with a strong brine. I let them remain in this for three or four days, then take them out and boil them until they are fully two-thirds done. While the tongues are boiling the oven must be converted into a small smoke-house, by laying in it several sticks of wood and heating it so hot that they will char and smoke. As soon as the tongues are set in the oven it may be allowed to cool off some. After remaining in the oven half an hour while it is still hot enough to cook them some, and then until the oven is quite cold, the tongues will have acquired a nice smoked flavor. They may be served hot or cold. I often prepare half a dozen at once and hang them away. When I want to use them, I boil them just long enough to freshen them up—not more than ten or fifteen minutes. I have often kept tongues smoked in this way for several weeks.

Mrs. Wilson.—I shall certainly try your plan. I do not care to use fresh tongue, as none of my family are fond of it; but they all think smoked tongue a great treat.

Mrs. Willet.—Last fall I tried a new way of putting down meat. We found it very nice, so I will give the Club the benefit of it. It is not just in season now, but you can note it down for use when needed. At time of putting down meat, I save out such pieces as I wish to have a smoked flavor. Over a small bonfire made of ears of corn I turn a tight barrel of sufficient size to hold the meat selected, and let it remain until the inside is well smoked. The meat is then put in the barrel and a strong brine poured over it. The smoke from the corn imparts a very delicious flavor. Mutton hams cured in this way are delicious. After the meat has laid in the brine for a few weeks, suitable pieces may be taken out and dried.

Mrs. Dare.—I would like to ask how to cook spinach.

Mrs. Walton.—After it has been carefully looked over, let it lie in cold water for half an hour or longer. Drain it out and place in a bag made of mosquito-net, from which the dressing has been washed; drop into salted boiling water and boil for half an hour. Turn it out into a dish, drain well, cut any stems with a knife, add a spoonful of melted butter and a little pepper. I think it very nice served on toast. I toast small slices of dry bread very brown, dip the edges in boiling water, lay them on a platter, and place a spoonful of spinach on each slice.

Mrs. Greyson.—I think we should use as many greens as possible in the spring; they are about the earliest product of our gardens and make a much-relished change from our winter diet; they are so healthful that even those who do not like them should strive to acquire a taste for them.

Mrs. Turner.—I think there is such a variety in "greens" and in the ways of cooking them that all tastes can be suited with little trouble. I have a friend who once said she detested greens, and gave as a reason that she never liked anything cooked with bacon. I found that she did not know they could be cooked without fat meat with them. When she tasted them on my table, dressed only with butter and seasoning, she thought them very nice.

Mrs. Duncan.—I cannot get either of my children to touch greens. Their father is not very fond of them, and I guess they take after him. There are so many things they will not eat that it makes it difficult for me to regulate their diet properly.

Mrs. Corwin.—I make it a rule that what they are to eat is never discussed before my children. I never tell them to taste a dish and see if they like it. They are supposed to like everything and to eat whatever I think best for them. I do not mean that I allow them no choice. If they seem really not to like a thing, they are not urged to eat it, and I see that it does not appear again for some time; but there is no discussion about liking or not liking it. I think most of the likes and dislikes children have for certain kinds of food is the result of whims acquired by hearing older people talking.

Mrs. Colton.—I quite agree with you. It always provokes me when I hear a mother say to a child: "Taste it and see if you like it; perhaps you won't think it good." The chances are that the child will immediately conclude it is not good, and most likely the dish is one that would have been good for the child.

Mrs. Talman.—Will some member tell me how to protect my stoves through the summer?

Mrs. Stedman.—I wrap mine up in old carpet and set them away in an unused room.

Mrs. Wilson.—I have mine well rubbed over with boiled linseed oil. This keeps them from rusting, but it makes them a little difficult to black when it comes time to use them in the fall.

Mrs. Craven.—I have found the best plan is to give the stoves a coat of thin varnish. I have tried it for ten years, and it has proved perfectly satisfactory.

Mrs. Todd.—When I had some whitewashing done a few weeks ago, one wall was much stained with smoke from a defective chimney. The workman first coated over the stained part with gum-shellac, then, when the whitewash was put on, the stain did not strike through, as has been the case before.

Mrs. Grey.—I, too, learned something from

my whitewasher this spring. For the cellar walls he put a large quantity of copper, as in ordinary whitewash. He said he had used it on cellars for a long time, and that it effectually kept vermin away.

Mrs. Stanley.—I will add that if any one is troubled with cockroaches, they can kill them by placing hellebore around the infested places.

RECIPES.

How to Cook Potatoes.—It is well known that a good potato may be spoiled by bad cooking; and, by good management, a bad one may be rendered comparatively good. In fact, no vegetable depends more on the cooking than a potato. In the first place, if the skin is taken off them before boiling, it should not be peeled, but scraped, for the following reason: If peeled, it is reduced in size considerably, besides, the outside removed is the very best portion of the root. An iron saucepan is preferable to a tin one for cooking them, as it prevents their boiling so fast; but the best way is, first to wash them very clean, then to put them on the fire with just cold water enough to cover them; when it has begun to boil, throw in a handful of salt and add a pint of cold water, which checks their boiling and gives them time to be done through without allowing them to crack. As soon as done, rather under than over, which may be ascertained with a fork, pour the water off them and replace the pan on the fire for a short time, until the remaining moisture is evaporated. If not immediately wanted, do not place the lid upon them or the steam will be confined, but cover them with a cloth. New potatoes require great caution not to overboil them, or they will be tasteless and watery.

Mashed Potatoes.—After boiling as above, peel them into a bowl, mash them immediately with a wooden spoon, adding salt, a small quantity of hot milk, and a little bit of butter oiled. When served on the dish, it will be an improvement to brown their surface before the fire or in a gentle oven; or they may be put in a buttered tin or pudding-basin, set into the oven, and then turned out on to the dish.

Washing Blankets.—We append a few hints on the best way of washing blankets. In the first place, use tepid water with a little soda in it. The blankets first rubbed well over with soap, then put into the water and kneaded with the fists, as in kneading dough. If a little oxgall—a very little—be put in the first water, the impurities soon mingle with it. Scotch lasses jump on blankets when in the tub, and so tread out the dirt. The water must be changed often, or until it looks clean; but the blankets must be soaped each time, or put in a lather of soap and a little soda, prepared in a copper. The rinsing water must also be soapy, or the wool will dry harsh, and the blankets shrink. They must be wrung as dry as possible, and after hanging on the drying-line for an hour, be taken down and be pulled on all sides by two persons, to prevent them "felting." Blankets will "felt," or "mat," if the water they are washed in be very hot—tepid water only should be used—or if much water be left in them when hung up to dry.

USES TO WHICH PAPER MAY BE PUT.

PAPER, being nearly air-tight, will exclude cold, and should be used more than it now is; builders place paper between the boards and clapboards of a house, and we should do well to follow their example in smaller matters. Farmers have found that the extra warmth secured by tacking several thicknesses of newspapers around the inside of the hen-houses, etc., has saved extra food. A layer of paper under a carpet is preferable to straw, which is sometimes used, and if the paper made for this purpose cannot be obtained, several layers of newspapers will do nearly as well. Papers spread between bed coverings will take the place of extra blankets. A folded paper is an excellent lung protector; one over the chest and another around the shoulders, under the outside garment, would often save a cold and perhaps pneumonia. Dissolved in flour paste, newspapers make a useful filling for cracks in floors and elsewhere. Scraps of paper, wet and scattered over the floor, when sweeping, will save the dust in the room as well as brighten the carpet. Bits of paper, with soap-suds, are effectual in cleaning bottles, and are easily removed with the water. Greasy dishes and kettles if first rubbed with paper wash much easier; the paper absorbs the grease, and is all the better for kindling the fire. A grease spot can often be taken out of a carpet or garment by placing two or three layers of paper over it, then put a warm iron on the paper. The heat softens the grease and the paper absorbs it, and by changing paper and iron occasionally all the grease will disappear. Soft newspaper or tissue paper is preferable to cloth for cleaning lamp-chimneys, windows, mirrors, etc., as it leaves no lint; also for knives, spoons, and tinware after scouring; and a stove will not need blacking so often if now and then rubbed with paper. Scraps of writing paper or that used on one side only may be utilized in several ways. Bowls and glasses without covers may be used for jelly, by cutting a round of paper the size of the top, and press down evenly upon the jelly; cut another cover of softer paper large enough to paste down on the outside of the jar. Paper in bread and cake tins protects the loaf from burning and insures its safe removal from the tin. By this help a tin with holes in it may be used Laid over a loaf of cake in the oven, paper is also a protection, but unless it is warmed first the cake may settle. Cut in strips and curled with the scissors, writing paper makes a good filling for pillows for hammocks, or the large pillows sometimes used to show off the elaborate "shams." Postal cards and thin pasteboard can be cut in strips for lamplighters; newspapers for the same use are cut in strips and rolled.

Anna Barrows, *in Good Housekeeping.*

DEAR HOUSEKEEPERS:—I enter your sanctum half with fear at my own unworthiness, for I have great respect for those who are good housekeepers; and as my own experience increases, each height of excellence attained makes me feel how little I still know, and how much there is yet above me to be reached.

I wonder if other housekeepers have the same experience?

But one need not feel themselves deficient because they are not skilled in all the mysteries of soups, salads, and a fashionable menu.

The wife's great strength lies in being able to make good bread and biscuit—so good that the husband will invariably finish his meal with a few mouthfuls, affirming that the bread is even better than the cake; in being able to prepare vegetables and meats in an appetizing manner, and in making a variety of simple cakes and desserts; and above all, she should be very ingenious in preparing many tempting dishes from the same simple ingredients.

Then, besides all these which are so thoroughly practical, it is nice to know how to make little delicacies, which will bear the same relation to the other cooking as the bric-a-brac of the parlor to its furniture. For instance, one can make delicious candies, with but little trouble and expense, as follows:

Take the white of an egg, or less if one wishes, simply to experiment, and an equal amount of water; beat the egg and water a little, flavor with vanilla, and stir in as much confectioner's sugar (which is finer than pulverized sugar) as can be moistened with this wetting, so that the mixture can be handled easily with the fingers. Pulverized sugar will not answer for this purpose. Have English walnuts nicely cracked with the meats in halves. With a knife separate a portion of the sugar mixture, about the size of a gum drop, take it in the fingers, place half a walnut meat on each side, and shape the sugar a little about the edge. Lay them on a plate and they will dry in a few moments. Almonds and other nuts can be used in the same manner, also slices of figs.

To make chocolate creams, shave German sweet chocolate or Baker's chocolate, and set it in the oven to melt. Take a portion of the sugar mixture as before, shape it into a ball with the fingers, and roll it about in the warm chocolate, quickly, with a fork until it has received a coating of chocolate. Add a little water to the chocolate before heating, if only a thin coating is desired. Drop them on a buttered plate, and let them dry over night. They look a little mussy at first, but drying improves the appearance of them wonderfully. Grated cocoanut can be used to roll the sugar mixture in, making cocoanut creams.

These candies will be liked by the most fastidious. G.

YOUNG LADIES' DEPARTMENT.

LETTER TO A YOUNG INVALID.

FROM AN OLDER ONE.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIEND:—You would like, you think, a letter from one who loves and sympathizes with all who suffer, irrespective of the immediate cause of the suffering; and especially from one who has known the pains and deprivations, the weariness, discouragements, and loneliness of a horizontal life.

I have heard a little of you, but not very much. My mind, however, keeps reverting to the dear child whose head is fastened to her pillow, because of lack of strength in its proper lever; and I would like to know—oh! ever so much—about her.

I can fully appreciate your pleasure in receiving letters. I know how pleasant it is to have "white-winged messengers" of love and sympathy flutter into listlessly lying, or weary, pain-locked fingers. It may be like sunshine or bright flowers; like a little visit, or a trip outward for yourself; or it may be as though a hand warm and true had been reached through the silence and the darkness and taken yours, leading you gently but cheeringly onward. Such messengers are blessings indeed to one who has to take life—as one may say—in side-drifts.

Will you object if my message comes in the form of a shower of questions? You do not object to questions, do you, dear, if they are born, every interrogation point of them, in affectionate sympathy and sincere good-will? I hope you do not, for they are coming like the drops in the long threads of the rain.

Are you able to read any? If you can read I hope you choose real, good, hearty, healthy reading matter—something from which you may learn; something which may sometimes make you laugh, perhaps; which, at times, may start the tears; but always something that will make you purer, better, stronger (in mind or spirit), happier, or wiser. Cultivate as well as you can such faculties as you have, and learn all you can in spite of your disabilities. Thus, you will be using, not laying aside wrapped in a napkin, some of the gifts which God has given you.

Can you sew any on things useful, and on those pretty and ornamental? Do you, as you lie so quietly, think about and plan ways to please and to help others—ways to make home-life pleasant and happy and loving? Can the mother feel the tension of the care-lines in her heart loosened when she comes to you—I knew a mother once who said her one sure place of finding rest and comfort was in her sick daughter's room—and can your father come to your side with a smile, knowing that you will care for all the outside interests which interest him? Do the little sisters and brothers feel that in you they will always find one who is certain to

understand them, and to give them just what they need of comfort, sympathy, and interest? Do they find in your presence an influence that is considerate, loving, and unselfish; that will tend to lead them toward right feeling, right-doing, and all mutual kindliness?

Do you suffer much pain? Are there times when it seems as though life were nothing but intense, intolerable pain? Those are the times to close the lips closely and lift the heart toward the Father. From the very depth of your pain ask Him to help you bear it. Try to lay your hands in His and leave them there. You will find that it is not only possible to bear all things, if borne with Him, but that in the silent, brave, trusting endurance, a strength of spirit will be given you to rise through pain to peace.

You remember how the pianist uses the lower tones on the piano. Those deep, heavy notes, if not skillfully touched, would drown all the beautiful trills, arias, harmonies of the higher tones. But rightly used, they increase the beauty of the melody and give a depth, a richness, a grandeur to the music which the higher notes alone could never attain.

The bass notes are the fundamental tones upon which all harmonic progression is based. So let the deep pain voice be the foundation upon which the rest of life shall be built with deeper, truer harmony; try and keep the deep notes in accord, not discord. Remember, too, that the deep undertones—which may either enrich or destroy the harmony—are present in every individual existence in some form and in some degree.

Do you lie where you can look out upon the valleys beneath, and the hills above and about you? And are you watching the return of the birds and the opening of the buds as one watches for their beloved? I hope you enjoy every scene presented by the shifting sunlight and shadow; every song and leaf and blossom, as being each a gift of God, and each the expression of something He has to say.

My dear child, can you, who cannot raise your head from year's end to year's end, in the face of what life seems to be to others, still look bravely into the face of your own life, and try to see the very best of what it may be to you? There is pain and deprivation in a horizontal life, but there are, may be, compensations, too. They are of a high, pure, spiritual nature, which only those who can experience can comprehend; but to them they are like glimpses into the very heart of truth—into the very essence of the life eternal.

Try to have your room and yourself bright, neat, and cheerful. Do not look at "life's long sorrow;" the Father, who has promised to be with us "all the days," will give you strength to live each day when it comes. It is for us to strive to make each day such an one as He would wish us to live.

If you have only a very little strength, not enough to use in any but a passive way, still, sympathy and thought for others can be made the one effort of which the frail life is capable. To give even thus little is to follow Christ, who sought not to please Himself, and to be partakers of His "peace," which He gives unto those who enter into His life.

If you have beautiful, tender, and loving thoughts they will write themselves in your face and manner, so that even these may be helpful and encouraging to those who can and will read them. Keep such a warm fire upon the hearthstone of your heart that no one need turn away without feeling the glow of its warmth.

You may not—probably will not—in this way receive as much sympathy—pity—for yourself; but you will be fed from the divine source of all sympathy, and will be able to partake of the higher, purer, richer, and nobler joy of giving it. And so, though useless, you will be of use; though helpless, you will be helpful; and thus you will do your part in the world; for "to help is to do the work of the world."

Affectionately, AUNTIE.

THE ART OF TIDYING.

ONE of the few anecdotes intended to prove a warning to my heedless youth, which I can now remember, related to the homely subject of tidying up. It was to this effect, and was short and sour. Miss Smith had long been engaged to be married to Mr. Jones. That gentleman was invited to sleep a night at Mr. Smith's house, and coming down to breakfast he passed his intended wife's bed-room, from which she had gone down, leaving the door wide open. There he saw such a scene of confusion that he felt sure his home would not be a comfortable one under Miss Smith's management, and so he broke off the match.

"Mean man!" all you girls cry in chorus; and I am not the least commending Mr. Jones's behavior; I am merely telling you what effect on his conduct the sight of that untidy bed-room had.

My own view of untidiness is that it is an indication of a very inferior mind—a mind lacking in imagination, lacking in the sense of the appropriate, lacking in will-power.

For you will agree with me that as nature's greatest marvels of beautiful form and *finish* (as we term finely detailed loveliness) are lavished on the unseen parts of the centres of flowers, the lining of shells, and the tails of insects, so the exquisite handling and arrangement of the details of our own brief lives mark us as either soulless machines or finely organized intelligences. An inferior mind will live in the present only, being lacking in imagination. It sees that the arm-chair cannot be used to sit on because a skirt lies across it; the floor cannot conveniently be trodden on because a wrap would trip up the feet; the sunshade must be removed before the smaller chair can be taken from the wall; and the children may catch their heedless little heads against the corners of the open drawers. But the inferior mind does not think that it may require hastily both chairs and floor for their proper uses; it says: "Oh! no one will go in there; what does it matter how I leave the room?" and it is content to defer to the future the clearing up, which will surely

have to be done sooner or later, unless the key is turned forever in the lock.

By acting thus the untidy girl shows herself lacking in the sense of the appropriate. I strongly suspect she is the kind of girl I meet with a fur cape on her shoulders in July, and thin summer shoes on her feet in December. In common language, she never knows "what's what." She does not see that "everything in its place," as well as "a place for everything," is at all to be desired. She sees nothing inappropriate in the busy servant having to spend ten minutes in clearing odds and ends off her bed, and hanging up the scattered garments left on her chairs when settling her room in the evening, while she, the unemployed girl, literally "made work" for one who needed leisure. An untidy girl is certainly one who fails to show common consideration for and courtesy to others.

Then, lastly, she shows her inferior mind by being lacking in will-power; she quite meant to tidy up, only she changed her mind and ran down the street. She quite meant to hang her skirt up, only she forgot to make room for it in her wardrobe; she did intend to shut those drawers, which were tiresome enough to catch the lace in her evening dress and tear it, only the post came in and she thought she might as well read her letter first.

Now, if her will-power had been reasonably strong, she would not have let a new impulse have its gratification before her first resolutions were carried out.

Certainly tidying up is a profitable employment; but a more profitable use of time is to put everything at once where it has to remain, and this shows a capacity for organization and rule which could never be argued from the conduct of the girl who strews her path with objects out of place.

Let it be every woman's ambition to lead a perfectly beautiful life, and to do that she must try to cultivate a very beautiful mind; for surely we know that the outward is only the picture of the inward, and that a little drop of water can contain a miniature picture of the world; therefore, all great results can be accomplished in a very small space, and every little life, in any humble sphere, be so exquisitely lived that it would be a fit subject for a poet's verse, a painter's picture of home-life, or a heart-refreshing biography from the pen of a loving friend.

EVENINGS WITH THE POETS.

SEPARATED AND UNITED.

IN an ancient shaft of Falun
Year by year a body lay,
God preserved, as though a treasure
Kept unto the waking day.

Not the turmoil nor the passions
Of the busy world o'erhead,
Sounds of war, or peace-rejoicings,
Could disturb the placid dead.

Once a youthful miner, whistling,
Hewed the chamber now his tomb;
Crash! the rocky fragments tumbled,
Closed him in abysmal gloom.

Sixty years passed by ere miners,
Toiling, hundred fathoms deep,
Broke upon the shaft where rested
That poor miner in his sleep.

As the gold-grains lie untarnished
In the dingy soil and sand,
Till they gleam and flicker, stainless,
In the digger's sifting hand;

As the gem in virgin brilliance
Rests till ushered into day—
So, uninjured, uncorrupted,
Fresh and fair the body lay.

And the miners bore it upward,
Laid it in the yellow sun:
Up from out the neighboring houses
Fast the curious peasants run.

"Who is he?" with eyes they question;
"Who is he?" they ask aloud.
Hush! a wizened hag comes hobbling,
Panting, through the wondering crowd.

Oh! the cry—half joy, half sorrow—
As she flings her at his side!
"John! the sweetheart of my girlhood!
Here am I, am I, thy bride.

"Time on thee has left no traces,
Death from wear has shielded thee;
I am aged, worn, and wasted,
Oh! what life has done to me!"

Then, his smooth, unfurrowed forehead
Kissed that ancient, withered crone;
And the death which had divided
Now united them in one.

FORGIVENESS.

LET bygones be bygones.
If bygones were clouded
By aught that occasioned a pang of regret,
Oh! let them in darkest
Oblivion be shrouded:
'Tis wise and 'tis kind to forgive and forget.

Let bygones be bygones;
Your heart will be lighter
When kindness of yours with reception has met;
The flame of your love
Will be purer and brighter,
If, God-like, you strive to forgive and forget.

Chambers's Journal.

SLEEP, BABY, SLEEP!

THE stars are unveiling,
The round moon is sailing
High up in the blue of the sky;
The crickets are droning,
The sea-bar is moaning,
And the bats with a whirr go by.
Sleep, baby, sleep! Dream on, little dear!
Nothing can harm you while mamma is near.

A dozen sweet kisses,
The kindest of wishes,
Are lingering wistfully near;
A yearning unbroken,
A prayer unspoken—
There's much in the future to fear.
Sleep, baby, sleep! Dream on, little dear!
Nothing can harm you while mamma is near.

In Heaven there rest is,
And God knows what best is,
Then why should I worry or fear?
I'll give you, my treasure,
A love without measure,
And leave you with Him, little dear!
Sleep, baby, sleep! Dream on, little dear!
Nothing can harm you while mamma is near.

FRANK H. STAUFFER, *in Good Housekeeping.*

A WOMANS' WISH.

WOULD I were lying in a field of clover—
Of clover soft and cool and fresh and sweet,
With dusky clouds in deep skies hanging over,
And scented silence at my head and feet—
Just for one hour to slip the leash of worry
In eager haste from thought's impatient neck,
And watch its coursing in its heedless hurry,
Disdaining duty's call or wisdom's beck.

Ah! it were sweet, where clover clumps are meeting,
And daisies hiding, so to lie and rest;
No sound, except my own heart's sturdy beating,
Rocking itself to sleep within my breast—
Just to lie there, filled with the deeper breathing
That comes of listening to a wild bird's song,
Our souls require at times this full unsheathing;
All swords will rust if scabbard-kept too long.

And I am tired—so tired of rigid duty,
So tired of all my tired hands find to do;
I yearn, I faint for some of life's free beauty,
Its looser beads with no straight string run through.
Ah! laugh, if laugh you will, at my crude speech;
But women sometimes die of such a greed—
Die for the small joys held beyond their reach,
And the assurance they have all they need.

N. Y. World.

WHAT SHALL I DO?

"WHAT shall I do lest life in silence pass?"
And if it do,
And never prompt the way of noisy brass,
What need'st thou rue?

Remember aye the ocean deeps are mute;
The shallows roar;
Worth is the ocean—fame the bruit
Along the shore.

"What shall I do to be forever known?"
Thy duty ever.
"But this full many did who sleep unknown."
Never, no, never.

Think'st thou perchance that they remain unknown
Whom thou know'st not?
By higher trumps of Heaven their praise is blown,
Divine their lot.

"What shall I do to gain eternal life?"
Discharge aright
The simple dues with which each day is rife,
Yea, with thy might.

Ere perfect scheme of action thou devise
Will life be fled,
While he who ever acts as conscience cries
Shall live, though dead.

SCHILLER.

A KNOT OF BLUE.

(FOR THE BOYS OF YALE.)

SHE hath no gems of luster bright
To sparkle in her hair;
No need hath she of borrowed light
To make her beauty fair.
Upon her shining locks afloat
Are daisies wet with dew,
And peeping from her lissome throat
A little knot of blue.

A dainty knot of blue,
A ribbon blithe of hue—
It fills my dreams with sunny gleams,
That little knot of blue.

I met her down the shadowed lane
Beneath the apple-tree,
The balmy blossoms fell like rain
Upon my love and me;
And what I said or what I did
That morn I never knew,
But to my breast there came and hid
A little knot of blue.

A little knot of blue,
A love-knot strong and true—
'Twill hold my heart till life shall part,
That little knot of blue.

SAMUEL MINTURN PECK, *in the Century.*

BLACK HUSSAR MARCH.

CARL MILLÖCKER.




8aa.....
FINE.
TRIO.
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mf
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HOME DECORATION AND FANCY NEEDLEWORK.

ON THE DECORATION OF A BED-ROOM.

"WOMEN were designed, by their nature, elegance, and softness, to endear domestic life to man, to make virtue lovely to children, to spread around them order and grace, and to give to society its highest polish. No attainment can be above beings whose end and aim is to accomplish purposes at once so elegant and salutary; every means should be used to invigorate, by principle and culture, such native excellence and grace."

The vision that these words call up is one that never wearies or becomes commonplace. We may know hundreds of women to whom they may fitly be applied, hundreds who, by virtue of their "elegance and softness," make the hours spent in the home incomparably superior in their pleasures to any that are passed outside its happy precincts; but we can never think of them as commonplace—they are types of true womanhood.

A woman maintaining, by her example and her precepts, order in her queendom, and who, with thoughtful care, utilizes the talents given to her by adding touches of grace and beauty to the home-life, thus increasing her good influence over her husband and her children, is carrying out one of the highest missions ever intrusted to human creatures. The task of making our homes pretty is a pleasant one, and yet it is an imperative duty with many of us. We would not have an air of neglect circulate about our rooms, and decorators' bills make our purses terribly light, so we must just "turn to" and see how we can outwit the professionals by using our own brains and fingers.



AS THE BED SHOULD BE.

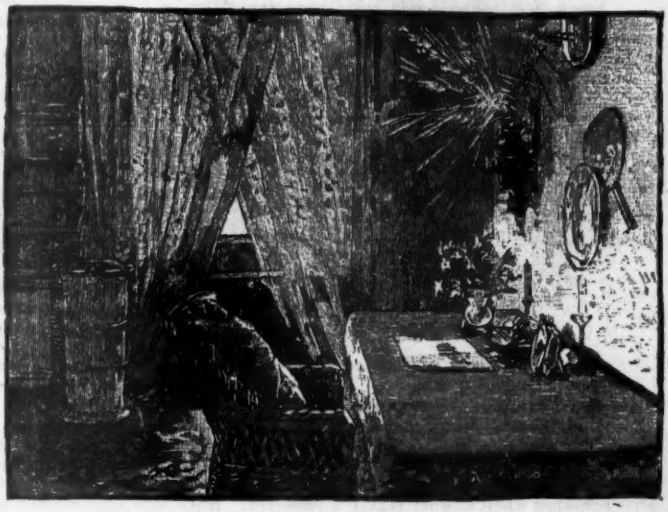
Originality compensates for a vast amount of trouble; there is an untold delight in looking round a room and knowing that the pleasant effect is due to one's own imagination and skill. We feel, then, in a superior sort of way, that upholsterers and decorators are a useful class of beings to assist those poor atoms of humanity to whom has been allotted but a meagre allowance of brains, and who, consequently, must depend upon others even for the furnishing and decoration of their houses; but for us they are but nonentities, and, when employed, are regarded merely as machines to carry out our tastes and ideas. Still, if the truth must be owned, there are some amateurs who feel a little *quaverish* now and then when choosing the tint of the woodwork, and we have even known them to spend the best part of an evening in turning over the pattern-book before they could decide on a paper for the walls. A word of advice came to them as a shower of rain on a parched-up field, and they welcomed it as eagerly. As to the choice of papers, we allow that there is a difficulty in selection. Our tendency is to choose the best, and, if the landlord has agreed to put one up at his own cost, his tendency is to choose the cheapest—in fact, he binds his tenant down to a fixed price, which puts most of the prettiest patterns at once out of the question.

But the best and handsomest wall-hangings are not always the most suitable. One that would serve well for a hall or dining-room will be quite out of place in a bed-room. Then the aspect of the room has to be considered; a sunny room will bear a cool-tinted paper, while one

facing north will need a hanging somewhat warm in tint. So, too, a room in a country house should be treated differently from a corresponding one in a town house. We cannot banish from our minds the fact that in town such things as smuts and dusts and fogs do congregate, and being unable to do away with them, we must make the best of our surroundings and choose our paper accordingly; but in the bright, fresh atmosphere of the open country, we feel no compunction in indulging our fancy for creamy ground tints powdered over with light tracery, wrought out in delicate shades of color. The ubiquitous dado has seen its day in certain apartments; in halls and dining-rooms it still holds its own, but fashion has decreed that in drawing-rooms and bed-rooms it is to be known no more for the present. We cannot regret its absence, at least, in small rooms, for it certainly possessed the property of apparently diminishing the size. In the same way, a dark paper makes a room look several inches smaller than it is in reality, while a light paper has the contrary effect.

White woodwork, with a highly polished surface, is gaining in public favor; so much is it admired, that it is not uncommon now to find it in the drawing rooms and in all the rooms in the upper stories of a house. As we intend this month to speak more particularly of the bedrooms, we will mention one or two novelties that have lately come under our notice. So much has been spoken and written concerning the exceeding sinfulness and foolishness of allowing "dust-traps" to figure in the rooms where we sleep, that it would be wasting our space to enlarge upon the subject here. One of the worst of these "traps," if neglected, is the head of the bedstead. It is necessary to mount on a pair of high steps to gain an adequate idea of the housemaid's understanding of the verb "to clean." If the tops of the half-testers and of the wardrobes are clean, we may congratulate ourselves on having secured a high principled domestic; the temptation is strong to overlook such out-of-the-way nooks as these. To obviate this trouble, some housekeepers banish the tops of bedsteads entirely, but not liking to dispense with curtains, they have recourse to a simple and ingenious plan. At the top of the two poles that hitherto supported the head-piece, a couple of rods or brackets are fixed, on which the curtain-rings run; these brackets are made to swing forward, so that during the day the curtains, which are short, may be arranged over the pillows. The poles are finished off with brass knobs.

The curtains are pretty when made of cream oatmeal cloth, ornamented with crewel work. The design may be a border of poppies, in which case this should descend to the front of the curtain and continue round the bottom. A powdering of small sprays of flowers on the same material may be preferred by some. When this style is adopted the quilt can be easily made to correspond The cloth is cut in squares, on each of which a spray of flowers is worked; the squares are afterward joined together with lace insertion, and a lace edging is added. The back of the bedstead is sometimes covered with soft silk, slightly padded, so that it can be caught down at intervals with rosettes of the same; to finish off the top a frill of the silk is left standing up. When Madras curtains and quilts are used, the strip that now takes the place of the obsolete toilet-cover is also of Madras muslin; this is invariably lined with color.

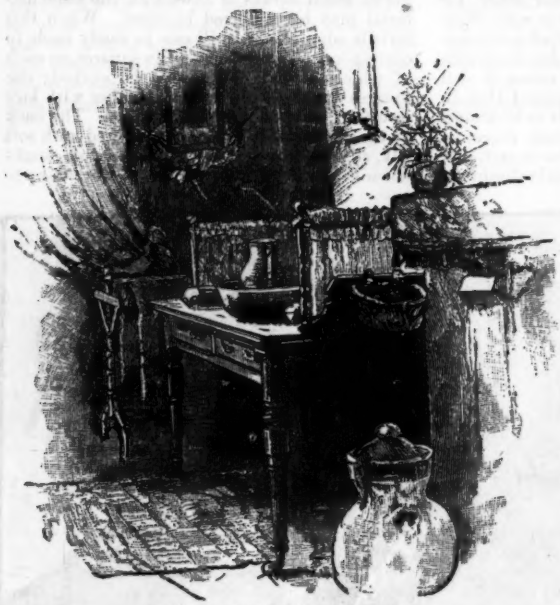


A CORNER FOR CORRESPONDENCE.

Those abominations known as splashers are to be seen no longer in well-furnished houses; it is a matter of marvel that they were ever tolerated for a moment. Four upright rods are fixed in the marble of the wash-stand, one at each corner; these support a rod, from which hangs a short lace or muslin curtain, headed with a frill. There is a new kind of lace for curtains that is much like the ordinary Nottingham lace, but the holes are not woven in the same manner; they are more ornamental, and seem to form part of the design, giving a handsome appearance and yet preserving the necessary clearness.

Bed-rooms are not, to our fancy, perfectly fur-

nished unless they contain some articles that in past times were deemed superfluous. An arm-chair or sofa must be found room for if possible without overcrowding. The small occasional table we have already noticed. It is undeniable that a good firm writing-table is a most pleasant feature in a bed-room; especially in a guest's room space should be found for one. While on a visit we do not always care to write our letters in the general sitting-room; if there be not a



HOW TO TREAT THE WASH-STAND.

library we are sometimes compelled to do so, for we cannot well take possession of our hostess's boudoir for the purpose. In that hour after breakfast when visitors betake themselves to their rooms, that the housewife may be free to go about her usual duties unencumbered with the presence of outsiders, many notes may comfortably be dispatched if a writing-table, with the needful implements, is at hand. The appointments should be scrupulously neat and clean. We would rather have no pretense of such a luxury if it is not serviceable.

It is not difficult to make the wicker chairs that are in such general use very pretty and effective pieces of furniture. By spending a little labor on them, we can rig them up so tastily that they will afford a charming bit of coloring to brighten up the corner by the hearth. We must get a cushion made to fit the seat, another for the back, and two pads for the arms. Suppose we choose a piece of Turkey red twill to cover the cushion with. Over this we shall place, cornerwise, a colored cotton handkerchief, bearing a bold pattern on it, and being edged with a narrow fringe. The back cushion will be covered in the same style, and the arm-pads of Turkey red twill will be gracefully draped with smaller handkerchiefs or strips of the large one, finished off with fringe. Round the thick supports the fringe may be twined; and, indeed, however fantastic the upholstering, it can scarcely be too much so to be successful. The wicker table should be trimmed after the same fashion. This work can, of course, be carried out more expensively, when plush will form the covering of the cushions, and silken squares of brilliant designs, or squares of rich Oriental embroidery, edged with a many-colored silk fringe, will be laid across, allowing only the corners of the plush to be visible. When silk materials are used the wicker-work should be ebonized. Such a chair, however, is only suitable for a handsomely furnished room; in one where the curtains and bed furniture are of cretonne, the Turkey red twill and cotton handkerchiefs will be more in accordance than the plush and silk. Charming sets of furniture are made now that answer well for young ladies' rooms. One we have seen that specially attracted us was painted entirely with an exquisitely delicate turquoise tint, the surface was polished, and the finish of the whole was all that could be desired. Placed in a room where the woodwork is white, the curtains and bed furniture of Madras muslin, we cannot well imagine a more charming interior.

CHEAP LIVING IN LONDON.

LODGING IN GARRETS AND DINING ON PENNY BUSTERS.—NEITHER SELF-RESPECT NOR MUCH LUCRE LOST.

BLOOMSBURY, LONDON, May 18th.—Somebody sends to a recent London paper the following directions how to be happy though poor. Permit me to add to this recipe for cheap and wholesome content some personal experiences which may be a revelation to those of our countrymen who travel in Europe with generous letters of credit as well as to those who have yet to learn that the poor man, if only of modest expectations, finds the world as much his oyster as he who opens it with a golden knife and looks only for pearls. Says the newspaper correspondent referred to:

"I live in a single garret-room. I have

adapted myself to existing circumstances, and have learned so much about good and economical living in this garret that when I go, as I hope to some day, to more convenient quarters, I shall remember the present experience as one of the best lessons of my life. I have learned that ten pence a day is sufficient to provide abundant nourishment for a strong and healthy man. I have learned that the rich suffer more in health by overheating their rooms than the poor suffer from cold. I have learned that one-half of the clothing, baggage, etc., of well-to-do people is superfluous, and adds nothing to their real happiness. Do I live in a lonely garret? I live rather in myself and in my work. My garret is clean and in order, the window is large enough to let in enough light and pure air, without dust or noise. Dressed warmly in flannels, I work in my room in perfect comfort with the thermometer at fifty degrees Fahrenheit, whereas I used to demand seventy degrees. I have been all winter free from colds and rheumatism. I have gained ten pounds in weight this winter. Count me among the poor if you will, but when you take the inventory of my effects do not leave out the items of a sound body and a contented spirit."

So much for the Englishman's evidence. Now for the American's. For reasons unnecessary to relate, my circumstances during the many years I have lived in Europe have been, and are, of the most fluctuating character. Sometimes I am rich enough to live at my ease in luxury, sometimes I am in such financial condition that Job's turkey would be a bloated aristocrat compared with me. I have an honest profession, but not a secure or lucrative one, and I live always as a gentleman must, with clean hands and a clean record, though I have been even hard driven for money to buy soap. Like the above writer, I have inhabited garrets—a great many of them. Like him, I inhabit one at this very writing, and with a thoroughly contented mind. My garret is not far from the great library of the British Museum, within whose hospitable walls much of my work is done. For my garret I pay half a crown, or seventy-five cents a week. It is in a perfectly respectable house and street, and but half a dozen doors from a house long inhabited by Thackeray. In the good old days noble lords and courtly ladies pranced and pirouetted in the rooms I pass on the way up-stairs to my garret, but now Post-office clerks, thriving green-grocers, briefless barristers, small actors, and needy writers are the "swellest" of the little swell neighborhood. Across one end of our quiet street runs a street of boarding houses, principally supported by our traveling and well-to-do, but not extravagant, country people, while across the other runs a plebeian thoroughfare where food and drink are much cheaper than even in cheap Tottenham Court Road, where huckster carts offer their not over-fresh merchandise almost at your own price. Vegetable and fish women squat all day before the curb-stone, and hot potato men stand by their fiery ovens from November until April.

My garret has a fireplace, but all last winter I used it only on Sundays. A scuttle of coals lasted me all day, for it takes little to heat a room ten by twelve in this soft climate, and I paid but six pence each scuttle. At other times I was too busy to think of the weather and my own sensations, or if not I went out for a brisk walk and came home more naturally warmed than those æsthetic Americans I know who, not satisfied with the driftwood fire perfumed with essence of fir balsam from a bottle, at which they toast their toes, insist besides upon raging heat from the furnace! The above writer found that ten pence, or twenty cents a day, provided abundant nourishment for a strong and healthy man. I can thoroughly corroborate his assertion. I know intimately here in London a charming woman, bright, cultivated, intellectual, and happy, who assures me she has lived many a day on less. She is obliged to be well dressed, having wealthy and distinguished relatives, and having, to some extent, still the freedom of the fashionable circles to which she belonged before her father, an army officer of high grade, died and her guardian squandered her money. This lady, too, lives in a garret, but with the privilege of receiving callers in the drawing-room the one afternoon a week for which her cards are engraved. She finds her own food here, there, elsewhere, wherever she can most advantageously, and she lives—I almost fear to tell it, lest I be not believed—she lives upon a strict allowance for food and rent of two pounds, or ten dollars, a month! As I say, she is healthy and happy, devoted to books, which are the cheapest of all luxuries in this London of countless free libraries, and earning what she can to buy her handsome clothes by the poorly paid labor of her pen.

All over London are vegetarian restaurants where one may eat and be filled for six pence. These restaurants are very popular with the literary people in the Bloomsbury district and the artists in the neighborhood of Clive Newcome's studio in Fitzroy Square. At noon the tables of my usual ones near Oxford Circus and in Rathbone Place are crowded with men and women whom he who runs may read to be laborers in the fields—and, alas! deserts—of art and literature. They consume their vegetable soup or stew, their *pièce de résistance* of lentils, beans, rice, hominy, or meal mushes, and their desserts of stewed fruits or sweetened grains with as epicurean an air as even Don Midas wears over his dinners at Bignon's or Café Riche. Nevertheless, alas! the sad conviction is gaining ground among the patrons of these vegetarian resorts that you may—and do—come out of them feeling that you have amply dined and well, but that by the time you have walked half a mile and settled to your work again, behold the awful vacuum abhorred of nature yawning again beneath your vest buttons! In the neighborhood of the British Museum, in quiet by-streets, are dozens of modest restaurants where a really good chop or steak, with bread and potatoes, may be had for eight pence. There are no cloths for the tables, no napkins; the tableware is coarse, and the plate is pure pewter; but the waiters are tidy, modest girls—often daughters or nieces of the proprietor or of his wife, the cook—and the portions are liberal.

Still other economical eating places are found all over London, where one may dine without loss of self-respect, and with little loss of lucre. A peaceful upper chamber on Tottenham Court Road is one of my favorite resorts. There no drink is sold or allowed to be drank stronger than tea and coffee. These are two pence a cup, and warranted not to destroy a man's nervous system, the coffee being worse than the tea, as is usual in tea-bibing England. Bread is furnished for a penny—two huge, workingmen's slices—and you may either order a steak, chop, or sausages, or bring them with you, and have them cooked in your sight over the clear bright fire. Whether they buy their meats on tick or, clubbing together, manage to obtain it cheaper, I can only imagine, but I know that all the saleswomen, dressmakers, artists, copyists, bookkeepers, students, and literary women, who largely form the clientele, almost invariably bring their own butcher's meat with them. Upon one or two occasions I have done the same, as do all the small shopmen who dine with me, but I have never found any advantage save upon the occasions when I take a slice of liver at two pence or a two-penny strip of tripe, to be browned with the more toothsome grills, but upon separate bars.

But the times have been, and may be again, when ways like these are sybaritic ways of living and quite beyond my means. Even then, I by no means despair, by no means even "pull a long mouth," but live up to Tapleyan principles, thankful that circumstances are as jolly as they are. For these times there is always the safe refuge of my garret, where never a dun molests me or creditor makes me afraid, and where I can dine warmly, if not luxuriously, for a pinch of salt and a penny! All winter long the baked potato man keeps up his cyclopean furnace, for the baked potato to the beggarly, and the Bohemian Londoner is what his *bouillon* is to the Gaul—his staff of life. Three rather small potatoes, two fairly large ones, or one mealy huge "buster" go one for a penny, and "wery fillin'" for the price they are, too! If the assertion is doubted, let the doubter ask a certain New York artist, whose pictures sells for their surface value in gold, and who skips across the Atlantic nowadays as airily as one may cross Brooklyn ferry. He knows the price and the filling capacity of this floury esculent as well as any man on earth, as well he may, having lived almost exclusively from a potato furnace during the whole winter that was the darkest hour just before his dawn. If one wearies of baked potatoes he need not even yet consider the Dantean legend written over the door of his garret, and leave hope behind as he enters there, for he has yet to fall back upon that staple of model lodging-house diet, pease pudding! A penny lump of pease pudding, to be found at any cook shop, outswells a penny "buster," and with immense odds to spare, and a man may live upon it and wax strong from the cradle to the grave.

Of course all this hedging and parrying with the inevitable necessities of existence makes no allowance for the social insticts of that gregarious creature called man. Yet even here his "sieges" may not make him an outcast from the brotherhood of man and the sisterhood of woman. If he does not owe his laundress and owns a decent dress suit (and a dress suit is scarcely less essential than soap in London) he may tea and dine, attend "five o'clocks," and receptions, as well as a richer man. Few ask if a single man's lodgings are on the drawing-room floor or under the leads, and I have never yet been so accursed of fate, so utterly desolate, as to be unable to pay my small subscription to some one of the innumerable reading-rooms, where I can meet a man if that man insists upon being met. This is not the life any human being would choose were the choice offered him, which it never is. But there are far less reputable and less comfortable ones, as all the world knows. I prefer to live without luxuries than to owe for them, to honestly face my poverty than to face a dun. Like him whom I quote above, you may count me a poor man if you will, but when you take the inventory of my effects do not leave out the items of a sound body and a contented spirit.

FASHION DEPARTMENT.

FASHION NOTES.

VERY pretty summer costumes are made of thin cashmere or veiling and fancy striped velvet. A skirt of the light woolen material is slightly draped in front and puffed out at the back over a plain underskirt of the velvet. A plain cuirass-bodice of this same velvet, peaked in front and behind and very high in the throat, fits close to the figure, and the sleeves are of the same fabric as the upper skirt. The same styles are adopted for wash dresses.

These new fabrics are mostly of two kinds. Some of the most novel materials introduced for the summer season are both open-work and striped. There are series of fine stripes over an open-work ground. The favorite colors are beige, admiral-blue, sigard-pink (a bright shrimp-pink), alezan (a pretty shade of brown), picholine (a dull shade of olive-green), and heliotrope; streaks of bright rose-color, brown, blue, and heliotrope are frequently combined over a beige ground. An open-work material of the same beige shade, without stripes, is often combined with the former in modern costumes.

Another style is a sort of veiling with narrow colored stripes over a beige ground in series of five or seven; each stripe is edged on both sides with a satin streak of some vivid tint. For those who prefer a quieter style, the stripes are light brown, with the satin streaks merely of a darker shade. The same is to be had in three

shades of blue, green, or heliotrope; self-colored tissues to match, of the shade of the ground of the striped material, are combined with it in the making up of summer costumes.

Open-work or lace woolen materials, of course, require a lining or underskirt of silk. The various kinds of thin, soft Indian silks, known by the names of foulard, surah, pongee, and so on, are those chiefly employed for this purpose.

The underskirt and the jacket or bodice are generally made of silk, while the upper skirt or draperies, the plastron or sleeves, are made of the open-work tissue. Sometimes the whole dress is made of the latter; in that case the bodice is lined throughout with silk, and the skirt is either laid on plain or draped over a silk skirt.

When fancy striped woolens are employed the silk lining is unnecessary; but the under silk skirt is still required, and the bodice is generally made with facings or a plastron of the same silk.

Among the latest models we see a costume of beige veiling, striped with two shades of brown and plain beige veiling. The striped skirt is made plain. The self-colored upper skirt is draped over it, the folds being gathered up over the left hip with a cluster of loops of brown faille ribbon. The bodice is of the self-colored material; it is close-fitting, with rounded-off points coming down a few inches below the waist. A treble facing of the striped fabric, arranged in three plaits, is laid on over the left side of the bodice, with the stripes across, and the bodice is finished round the neck with a standing-up collar formed of the same striped material. The sleeves are self-colored, with peaked striped facings.

For young ladies of slight figure the bodice finely plaited both back and front is very becoming. It is generally worn with a wide sash of faille or moiré ribbon loosely tied in long loops and ends either at the back or sides. The skirt may be either plaited or simply draped over an underskirt.

Many pretty styles of jacket are adopted by way of out-of-door mantles. One of the prettiest is the Georgette mantle, which is generally made of beige, alezan brown, admiral blue, or picholine-green cloth; it opens in an oval shape in front, with velvet revers of the same color, and fastens with three buttons only in the lower part to the waist; from the waist the basque is slanted off on each side, and forms three double plaits at the back; there is a square pocket with flaps and buttons on both sides of the basque. The sleeves are coat-shaped, but rather full at the shoulder, and finished with a deep peaked facing of velvet matching the revers; the opening of the bodice is filled up with a plastron of plaited surah or woolen muslin.

ECONOMICAL DRESSING.

THERE is perhaps no subject on which so much has been written as economical dressing. No girl who respects herself likes to look dowdy, fortunately for the rest of us who find pleasure in the pretty things of life. She may be mistaken in what she considers attractive; but we may be pretty sure that she tries to make herself as much so as possible. Oftenest, if her means are small, she fails because she thinks the chief thing to be considered is to be in the forefront of "the fashion," and she spends her money on cheap and inferior fabrics, and consequently generally manages to look shabby, if not tawdry. There is a maxim which is invariable in commercial matters, "A high rate of interest means bad security." The maxims which the woman of small means may lay to her heart as equally unfailing are, "A low price is not cheap," and "Cheapness to-day means spending to-morrow." There are, of course, limitations to this rule, and it must be taken with understanding. For ready money a wise purchaser may always obtain a great advantage over one who runs up bills. We have only to look at the prices which it suits the shopkeepers to charge at their "sales" to understand the enormous difference between the value of a thing and the price that is charged for it with the possibility of long credit or a bad debt. To buy in the cheapest market in this sense is the wisdom of the purchaser, and as a rule those shops which refuse to give credit may be relied on to sell the same goods at a cheaper rate than others which make their good customers pay for their bad; that is, charge a price for each article which shall secure them against the inevitable loss from the large number of people who pay not at all, or not for many years.

It is pretty well acknowledged that low-priced materials do not wear so well as those for which a fair amount is paid; but it is not in the power of every woman to give a high price, or rather to purchase materials which are necessarily expensive. It is, however, in the power of every women to spend what money she may have in purchasing a thing which is good and thorough of its kind, instead of buying a flimsy imitation of some rich material, and trying to make it look well by a great expenditure of trimming. It deceives no one. A so-called cheap material always looks it; if not at the moment, as soon as it is worn a few times the cotton in it shrinks, and makes it "cockle" in the damp, or the aniline dye in it fades out of all resemblance of what it was to begin with, or the surface wears off, and shows a shabby cotton ground peeping through. The woman of small means will do well to confine her purchases rigidly to some well-established shop, famed rather for the soundness of its goods than their apparent cheapness. These establishments value their good name too much to deal in inferior things or imitations. Their woolen materials are all wool, not cunning mixtures of cotton; their silk, if apparently high priced, is pure silk, not weighted, after the swindling practice of some in the trade, to appear good and heavy, while there is scarcely any silk in it.

The greatest mistake a woman with a small dress allowance can make is, as we have said, to be perpetually attempting to keep pace with what she imagines to be fashion. She looks in the illustrated journals or the fashion plates, and thinks she must try all the novelties which some writer—hard pressed to find something new to say—describes. If she would make a study of some best dressed women she would

find that they are never "in the fashion," as it is represented in young ladies' journals. They do not put on bustles because some one has said they were going to be worn in Paris, they do not "improve" their dresses to such an extent as to have a kind of platform erected on them at the back, they do not wear several birds in the front of their hats or bonnets, nor a tangled fringe which sticks out some four or five inches over their foreheads. Would any women of good standing in society have tolerated hats and bonnets trimmed with stuffed kittens and rats? It is generally difficult to say what they have on, so pleasant and restful is the general effect, but we may always be sure of one thing, it is nothing likely to attract attention—that is left for the *nouveau riche* and the dwellers in the outskirts of civilization. It is emphatically bad style, wherever it is seen, to draw attention by wearing something in advance of the fashion of the day, or which carries it to an excess. During the happily long-passed crinoline mania, there were women who could never get a hoop large enough, and when the reverse fashion came in they had their dresses made so tight and so tied in at the knees that they could not walk. But these exaggerations are always the mark of true vulgarity. No woman with any claim to good style adopts them, and, in a lesser degree, it is the same of all dress; that which is exaggerated is vulgar, for the true lady never tries to attract attention by these means, but avoids making herself remarkable in any way, and prides herself rather on the richness and excellence of her dress than on its novelty.

For economical dressing without dowdiness, the golden rule is to buy the best and soundest materials possible for one's means, to keep to such quiet colors as will enable you to wear your dresses long without getting tired of them or tiring your friends; to buy a mantle, for instance, which is too good to need changing at the end of the year, but which is handsome enough to wear two seasons, and to bear retrimming or altering the third.

Thanks to the impulse given to dressmaking, many ladies now make their own dresses, and make them well; but where this is not the case, it is cheaper in the long run to have a good material well made, even by an expensive dressmaker, than to have it spoiled in the cut and made by an inferior workwoman. Many ladies who are particular about their dress find it economical to have one good dress every year from a first-rate dressmaker. This lasts and makes up again in many new forms, and serves as a model for making others less expensively, either themselves or by a clever workwoman.

A clever-handed woman can generally make up or trim her own hats and bonnets, and if she carries out the same system here of only buying what is really good, and taking care of it, she will find at the end of the year what a really small item this is in her expenditure. Much depends on keeping up the supply of underclothing by constant small additions, rather than by allowing them to wear out all together, when a renewal of the whole stock will form a serious item.

Gloves, again, are things which there is no cheapness in buying at a low price. She may always calculate that two, or even three of them, will wear out before one pair bought at a good shop and at a fair price; and by this means they cost far more, and always spoil the whole dress. It should really be needless to reiterate this well-known rule of economy; but in these days, when tradesmen vie with each other in offering cheapness as an attraction, it would seem in danger of being forgotten.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE CENTURY DICTIONARY. For the past five years the *Century* Company has been engaged in preparing a dictionary of the English language, of which Professor William D. Whitney, of Yale College, is editor in-chief: the purpose being to make a more comprehensive work than has yet appeared in popular form, to include, in addition to a very full collection of individual words in all departments of the language, all technical phrases, not self-explaining, in law, the mechanical arts, the sciences, etc. Indeed, it is designed to make this dictionary so complete in its definitions of all branches of science and art, that even the specialist will need nothing further. The number of "new" words in many of these departments is said to be surprisingly great. The dictionary will have, also, a remarkably complete system of cross-references, and will embody in itself a dictionary of synonyms which will add greatly to its value.

A prominent feature of the new work will be its encyclopædic character. Its definitions will be fuller and more complete than is customary in works of this kind; it will go farther into the various uses and meanings of words, and in many cases will give full explanations and descriptions of matters historical, scientific, legal, mechanical, etc. Quite an army of persons has been at work for several years reading standard American and English books in search of quotations, of which an immense number will be used. American writers, such as Emerson, Lowell, Hawthorne, Irving, Whittier, Longfellow, Holmes, and our distinguished scientists, are receiving special attention.

The publishers are taking great pains with the illustrations, of which there will be about five thousand. They are employing the same class of artists and engravers that contribute to their magazines, and they mean to make the result something hitherto unknown in the world of dictionaries. Each picture as it is drawn, and again after it is engraved, is submitted to the specialist to whose department it belongs, that its scientific accuracy may be guaranteed. Of these specialists there are about thirty, working at their homes in New York, Baltimore, Washington, New Haven, Cambridge, and else-

where, each being individually responsible for all the definitions in his department, and all under the general supervision of Professor Whitney, who will himself have special charge of the definitions in the department of philology, in which he is famous, and of the spelling and pronunciation. It is understood that he will not adopt a phonetic method of spelling, though on theoretical grounds he is known to favor it. Professor Whitney is not only recognized as the most eminent American philologist, but the London *Saturday Review* has recently pronounced him the foremost English-speaking scholar in his department. In addition to the specialists, a force of about fifty assistants has been busy collating material and preparing copy for the printer, the final work on which is done with type-writing machines at the *Century* Company's office.

The inception of this scheme was a desire to improve and Americanize the "Imperial Dictionary" of Great Britain, brought out in this country by the *Century* Company five years ago. As the work of altering it advanced, it became apparent that a better plan was to begin *de novo*, and so the far greater work of making a new dictionary of the English language was begun. Two or three years must still elapse before it will appear, and in the meantime opportunity is offered by the publishers to those interested in helping on so useful a work to contribute material and suggestions to it. Much valuable matter has been received in this way from many scholars and practical men all over the world.

It is estimated that upwards of a quarter of a million of dollars will be spent upon the *Century* Dictionary before it is ready for publication. The work of type-setting and printing will be done by the De Vinne Press, in the new building into which they have recently removed.

CONSTANCE OF ACADIA. Boston: Roberts Brothers, publishers. A novel by an anonymous author, the first in a series of historical novels connected with the early history of New England, under the general title of the "Old Colony Series." 12mo, cloth. Price, $1 50.

HOURS WITH GERMAN CLASSICS. By Frederic Henry Hedge, D. D. Boston: Roberts Brothers, publishers. Dr. Hedge is one of the most eminent German scholars of the century, and one of the few living Americans who have met and conversed with Goethe. This book is the fruit of a lifelong study into the history of German literature. Crown 8vo, cloth. Price, $2.50.

A SHADOW OF DANTE: Being an Essay toward studying Himself, his World, and his Pilgrimage. By Maria Francesca Rossetti. Boston: Roberts Brothers, publishers. As a guide-book, a commentary, and an exposition of Dante's great poem, Miss Rossetti's work stands alone. The increasing interest in Dante has necessitated this new edition at a reduced price. With illustrations. 12mo, cloth. Price, $1.50.

EUGENIE GRANDET. Boston: Roberts Brothers, publishers. The fourth in Roberts Brothers' series of Balzac's novels, newly translated into English. 12mo, half bound. French style. Price, $1.50.

GLIMPSES OF THREE COASTS. By Helen Jackson. Boston: Roberts Brothers, publishers. These are "Bits of Travel" in California and Oregon, Scotland and England, and Norway, Denmark, and Germany, partly new and partly reprinted from the *Atlantic Monthly* and *The Century Magazine*. One volume, 12mo, cloth. Uniform with *Ramona* and *A Century of Dishonor*. Price, $1.50.

PRINCE OTTO. A Romance. By Robert Louis Stevenson, author of *Treasure Island, Travels with a Donkey, An Inland Voyage, Silverado Squatters*, etc. Boston: Roberts Brothers, publishers. Author's Library Edition. 16mo, cloth. Price, $1.00.

TALKS WITH MY BOYS. By William A. Mowry, A. M., Ph. D.; for twenty years Senior Principal of the English and Classical School, Providence, R. I., now Editor of *Education*. Boston: Roberts Brothers, publishers. "Not since reading *Tom Brown* have we seen so thoroughly sensible, healthful, and stimulating a book—though not a story-book—for youth as 'TALKS WITH MY BOYS.'"—*The University Chicago*. A new, revised edition. 16mo, cloth. Price, $1.00.

MADAME ROLAND. By Mathilde Blind, author of *The Life of George Eliot*. Boston: Roberts Brothers, publishers. The twelfth volume in the "Famous Women Series." 16mo, cloth. Price, $1.00.

LONDON OF TO-DAY. An illustrated handbook for the year 1886. By Charles Eyre Pasco. Boston: Roberts Brothers, publishers. 12mo, cloth. Price, $1.50.

NEXT DOOR. Clara Louise Burnham's new book is the brightest, sweetest, and most *naive* story of this sea on. It is the fourth successful novel by this writer, for whom the *Globe* claims "a prominent position among American novelists for her real power and unaffectedness." "NEXT DOOR" is a story of modern Boston, a love-story pure and simple, with two very attractive heroines and an unusual play of refined and demure wit. Boston: Roberts Brothers, publishers. Price, $1.50.

A DAUGHTER OF FIFE. A novel. By Amelia E. Barr, author of *Jan Vedder's Wife*. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co., publishers. 12mo. Price, $1.00.

Of Mrs. Barr's earlier novel, *Jan Vedder's Wife*, Mr. E. C. Stedman writes: "*Jan Vedder* is the freshest and most charming *genre* tale that I have read for a year or two, and its artistic qualities are those with which I am wholly in sympathy. The style at once charmed me—so pure, straightforward, and unaffected."

"There is some peculiar quality in Mrs. Barr's recent stories which eludes analysis; some quality which gives them an altogether peculiar charm, a hold upon our feelings no less than upon our imagination. After so many novels of realism and analysis, one reads such a romance as this with the zest with which one puts a cup of clear, cold water to his lips after a journey through a dry and dusty land."—*Christian Union*.

THE CAPTAIN OF THE JANIZARIES. By James M. Ludlow, New York: Dodd, Mead & Co., publishers. "The story is stirring, vivid, and impressive, less as a whole whose plot is ingenious than as a collection of episodes, each brilliantly written and so suggestive as to interest the reader apart from the mere story. The author has a rare command of language, and the book would be worth reading if only for the series of striking pictures it presents. It is a tale of 'local color,' and we have so few really picturesque writers that the book might be welcomed even without its contribution to historical information." 12mo, cloth. Price, $1.50.

THE RAMBLER.

THE troubled sea of labor agitation still seethes and whirls dashing up against the rocks of established laws and old prejudices, wasting itself in foam and scattered spray, yet steadily creeping up and on as the tide nears its full. "Live and let live" is more than ever becoming the watchword of the world; and could disturbing foreign influences be kept out of the question, it would not be long before the great natural laws of cause and effect would regulate matters on a basis agreeable to both sides of the situation. The worst, and really the only, dangerous element in this struggle, proceeds not from the native-born citizen or naturalized workman—who have everything, both in the present and future, at stake—but from a foreign element that, from its very dangerous tendency, has been driven from its native land and taken refuge in America, and which, having nothing to lose and everything to gain by anarchy and confusion, naturally takes the shortest and easiest road toward the accomplishment of its cut-throat projects. The question here presents itself as to what extent the Government should allow a festering sore to corrupt in its midst? There can be a slackness in this as culpable as its opposite extreme would be. Is it the act of a wise man to take into his house a famished wolf, warm and feed it into health and strength, and then let it loose among his family, with all its bloodthirsty, wolfish instincts strengthened by renewed vitality? Such a man would be termed insane, and with good reason; yet this is just what our Government is doing when it allows such miscreants as Herr Most and Julius Schwab to condemn themselves out of their own mouths in such words as these, used by the first-mentioned individual: "It is the beginning of the social revolution in America. The worker has become aggressive. The sufferers have determined to suffer no longer. The spiritual dynamite which I have sown for years in the breasts of the American workmen is bearing beautiful and bloody fruit. They have met the hordes of the oppressors; they have coped with them and disabled twenty-three. May the accursed dogs all die lingering deaths, full of pain and torment," and which is followed by these equally disgusting sentiments, from the lips of his colleague, Schwab: "The popular rebellion has begun. The capitalistic conspirators have cast aside their masks and now their bold, desperate game stands revealed. The death of the police—the effective work of the dynamite bomb—is by no means to be regretted. It may teach the employers of the police that no men can withstand an outraged people, and it may deter the mercenarily inclined from selling their souls and entering an employ so dangerous to their lives." Could anything more vulgar, commonplace, and yet dangerous, from its appeal to the worst passions of ignorant men, be conceived? Shall such wolves be allowed to raven in the sheep-fold? It is an easy way to treat a threatened evil to close the eyes and declare the thing itself has disappeared, or is not as hideous as represented, but is it the course of a wise government or individual? It is indeed a difficult and delicate problem to handle; for it is not to be desired that such very common clay should be fashioned into the image of a god by the fire of a factitious martyrdom. It is to be hoped that the State Attorney of Illinois will keep to the letter of his given promise, that he will push the prosecution of the men who instigated the riot and consequent outrages in Chicago, as far as the law allows. He thus speaks: "We intend, and determine, to push these rioters to the fullest extent of the law and for all there is in it." All of which sounds well, and is gratifying to all right-minded persons, whether capitalist or laborer; and it is to be hoped that nothing may prevent this resolve being carried out honestly and thoroughly and without the usual detentions and quibbles of the law's delay. In our last editorial upon this subject we prophesied that labor would join with capital in deprecating any such unlawful demonstrations, and the day was nearer at hand than even we had anticipated. It has come, however, and perhaps the anarchists will find that their efforts to produce mischief and chaos have only brought together antagonistic elements, uniting them in a mutual interest and toward a common end that otherwise might have taken a very long time to consolidate.

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While one cannot but rejoice at the prospect of increased time for the enjoyment of life among the masses, the facilities toward that end must be carefully considered. It seems almost a fact that the solution of the present labor troubles is to be found on the eight-hour basis; and if it can be consummated in a wise way, it will be productive of great good in every direction; but the reverse side will show forth darker than ever if true wisdom and philanthropy are not brought conscientiously and forcibly to bear upon the question. John Ruskin, that man of visions and sound common sense, shows out this necessity when he writes that "there are idle poor and idle rich; and there are busy poor and busy rich. Many a beggar is as lazy as if he had ten thousand a year, and many a man of large fortune is busier than his errand-boy, and

never would think of stopping in the street to play marbles." This points the situation, and the time has now come for "the idle rich" to employ their time to good advantage for the benefit, not altogether of "the idle poor," but for the great army of worthy labor. If the laborer wants more time to live aside from the drudgery of life, in Heaven's name, let him have it; but guard it about in such manner that it will not, like the apples of Sodom, be fair to look at, but, within, full of ashes and corruption. Cheap and innocent means of instruction and amusement should at once be provided; free libraries and reading-rooms should be started, our parks be made as cheaply accessible and attractive as possible, and our excursions by water and rail extended and increased. This is but the plain duty of capital to labor; but for an impartial judgment, both sides must be equally scanned and the patent injustice of the laborer's claim of ten hours' payment for eight hours' labor seems a rule that won't work both ways. It is a one sided affair that works good to the employee, but is, to take the most optimistic view of the situation, a doubtful advantage to the employer. Within a certain sum there is no taxation, and the great army of workmen who are classed among this denomination have no right to expect to enjoy life at the cost of others, who have with their own exertions raised themselves out of this rank, unless that cost is voluntarily assumed from a sentiment of humanity and the hand of brotherly feeling held out to the less fortunate of the world. Brains and money, in this day, are being scattered broadcast for this object, and in no age of the world do things seem tending to a better distribution of the means of living and of enjoying life; in no age has the science of living received so much study from the best and most acute minds of the world; but the watchman's cry is: "Beware that ye mar not this fair prospect by ill-considered demands and ignorant passions." There is a power even behind the capitalist—that of the humantarian—and in these ranks are to be found the molders of opinion, to which the capitalist, as well as laborer, must bow, and it is this force that will keep the counterpoise and adjust the balance.

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The liberty of the press would seem to be degenerating into the license of that powerful organ, and the unblushing curiosity of the average news gatherer is becoming decidedly obtrusive. No doubt it may be a proof of superior sagacity and penetration to unearth the most private and delicate concerns of the individual, but whether it is a proper respect of the rights of the individual, that great corner-stone of our institutions, is a question to which apparently there can be but one reply—a most emphatic negative. Public events that interest and touch the vital life of the people at large should be strong enough to bear the most rigid scrutiny, yea, court it, but personal and private matters, only touching the family interest of the person concerned, should not be ferreted out by some lynx-eyed reporter and paraded in the daily papers to fill space, and cater to a depraved public taste for gossip and scandal, with which the man or woman who attends, as they should do, to their own affairs should not have leisure to read, or, if so, would feel no inclination to meddle with. The late comments of the press on the approaching marriage of the head of the nation is a shining case in point, and no greater breach of good taste, propriety, and respect was ever exhibited by the American press. The newspaper element of America is a wonderfully powerful one, complex in the network of its relations one to another, and embracing in its ranks many of our brightest and most talented men. It therefore wields immense power, and it should take great heed that this power is used as an instrument from God's hand to help move the world toward higher and better things. It can do it or it can set the world back just as much in proportion. and by elevating the tone of the individual the whole mass will share in the upward movement, and this will never be done by catering to the small and petty tastes of the vulgar news-seeker in the matter of the personal concerns of strangers and people with whom he has no one thing in common.

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In this day of stirring events touching on the advancement of the art of living and the relation of man to man, many things are apt to be overlooked and forgotten. It is therefore the desire of the "Rambler" to call the attention of the reader to the most necessary and charming custom lately instituted in many of our States, and urge that every State in this great Union should join in the good work and institute an "Arbor Day," if they do not already hold such high festival. The immense importance to the climatic conditions and water facilities of our country by the presence of our forests is demonstrated clearly by the practical farmer and gardener, backed by the man of science, their absolute necessity being shown conclusively over and over again. It is a strange but true fact in human nature that that which is cheaply received is cheaply estimated, and mankind takes free gifts from the hand of nature as a matter of course, rarely thanking her, and not realizing the blessings they do enjoy, until through improvidence and waste the favors are withdrawn. and suffering comes a grim rejoinder of slighted benefits. Wholesale destruction of material has been going on for years in our lumber districts, no means in the meantime being taken to fill the vacancy thus caused, and before it is too late man should endeavor to make amends to nature, and by his own exertions help her in her efforts for his comfort and happiness. Let, therefore, every State have its "Arbor Day," and let the young trees be planted amid songs and rejoicing and innocent merry-making.

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There has been no time for many years, if ever, in which the cause of temperance seems so steadily to be gaining ground, not only in one section and among a certain set of people, but over all the world, and winding itself inextricably among every question of ethics and social life, with which at the present time the history of the world is teeming.

The dawn of a new day seems slowly but surely showing its golden light in the eastern heavens, and there bids fair, ere many days, that the atmosphere of the world will be of a clear and bracing newness in every attitude of man to himself and his fellow-man. If a man is but true to his own higher principles, he cannot fail to be true in all his relations of life.

That temperance has become inextricably interwoven with the present labor agitation is an acknowledged fact, and no stronger helper, with nobler words on his lips, has yet advocated the cause of temperance than Mr. Powderly, in his latest circular to the Knights of Labor. Among many other wise and earnest things of which he writes, the "Rambler" subjoins the following extract, which, if even moderately successful, will produce great and good effects:

"To our drinking members I extend the hand of kindness. I hate the uses to which rum has been put, but it is my duty to reach down and lift up the man who has fallen a victim to the use of liquor. If there is such a man within the sound of the Secretary's voice when this is read, I ask him to stand erect on the floor of his assembly, raise his hand to Heaven, and repeat with me these words: 'I am a Knight of Labor. I believe that every man should be free from the curse of slavery, whether the slavery appears in the shape of monopoly, usury, or intemperance. The finest link in the chain of oppression is the one I forge when I drown manhood and reason to drink. No man can rob me of the brain my God has given me unless I am a party to the theft. If I drink to drown grief I bring grief to my wife, child, and surrounding friends. I add not one iota to the sum of human happiness when I invite oblivion over the rim of a glass. If one moment's forgetfulness or inattention to duty while drunk brings defeat to the least of labor's plans, a lifetime of attention to duty alone can repair the loss. I promise never again to put myself in such a position.'

"If every member of the Knights of Labor would only pass a resolution to boycott strong drink, so far as he is concerned, for five years, and would pledge his word to study the labor question from its different standpoints, we would then have an invincible host arrayed on the side of justice."

The Roman Catholic Church also is taking a most salutary stand, and on the immense mass over which it holds Church discipline the effect is sure to be pronounced and beneficial. The Protestant pulpits also are awakening more and more to the importance of the emergency, and the question is becoming a prominent factor in the politics of the country.

Labor, Church, and State combined make a strong showing on the side of right, and each individual should put their shoulder to the wheel more persistently and strongly than ever, to aid in this best and most powerful movement for the true amelioration of mankind, for there is not the slightest doubt in the mind of every political economist, as well as sensible person, that the curse of rum is at the bottom of nearly all the "ills that flesh is heir to."

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

THE HOME MAGAZINE.

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FASHIONS FOR AUGUST, 1886:

Prepared expressly for ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE, by THE BUTTERICK PUBLISHING CO. [Limited].

FIGURE No. 1.—MISSES' COSTUME.

FIGURE No. 1.—This illustrates a Misses' costume. The pattern, which is No. 976 and costs 35 cents, is in 8 sizes for misses from 8 to 15 years of age.

This costume is very attractive in its simplicity. It is here shown made of figured nun's-vailing, with velvet for the collar, belt and trimming bands. The skirt has a cluster of three forward-turning tucks at each side of the front and a cluster of five backward-turning tucks at each side of the center of the back, the tucks being sewed to within a few inches of the lower edge. A broad band of velvet trims the bottom of the skirt, except across the tucks, the ends terminating under the nearest tucks.

The basque is close-fitting and has two backward-turning tucks at each side of the closing, which is made down the center of the front with buttons and buttonholes. Under-arm gores and shoulder seams adjust the basque, which is quite short and of even depth all round.



FIGURE No. 1.—MISSES' COSTUME.

A belt of velvet is worn and is closed in front with a fancy clasp. The collar is in the fashionable standing style. Bands of velvet trim the wrists of the coat-shaped sleeves, and a linen collar and linen cuffs are worn.

For cotton goods of all varieties the mode is especially suited, as the tucks can be ironed without difficulty and the construction is simple in every respect. Figured sateens and foulards are particularly effective made up in this way, with flatly applied laces or embroideries or rows of braid for the simple garniture. In many instances the space between the tucks in the front will be faced with contrasting goods, producing thereby the effect of a panel. All kinds of seasonable dress goods in figured, plain, striped, plaid and embroidered varieties will be made up into costumes of this style, with satisfactory results. A leather or ribbon belt may be worn, if desired.

The hat is a unique shape in fancy straw, and is stylishly trimmed as pictured with ribbon and wings.



969

MISSES' COSTUME.

No. 969.—This pattern is in 8 sizes for misses from 8 to 15 years of age. In the combination pictured for a miss of 12 years, it requires 3⅛ yards of nun's-vailing 40 inches wide, with 3¾ yards of Surah 20 inches wide, and ⅝ yard of Silesia 36 inches wide for vest lining. Price of pattern, 35 cents.



1000

CHILD'S COSTUME.

No. 1000.—This pattern is in 5 sizes for children from 2 to 6 years of age. For a child of 5 years, it needs 3⅛ yards of material 22 inches wide, or 1¾ yard 48 inches wide, each with ¾ yard of silk 20 inches wide for the vest and ⅛ yard of Silesia 36 inches wide for vest lining. Price of pattern, 25 cents.



976

MISSES' COSTUME.

No. 976.—This pretty pattern is in 8 sizes for misses from 8 to 15 years of age. For a miss of 12 years, it will require 7⅛ yards of material 22 inches wide, or 4½ yards 36 inches wide, or 3¾ yards 48 inches wide, each with ⅞ yard of contrasting goods 22 inches wide. Price, 35 cents.



981

Right Side-Front View.

LADIES' WALKING SKIRT.

No. 981.—These engravings illustrate a stylish walking-skirt made up in fancy dress goods of a Spring variety. The pattern is in 9 sizes for ladies from 20 to 36 inches, waist measure. To make the garment for a lady of medium size, will require 11¼ yards of material 22 inches wide, or 5⅞ yards of goods 48 inches wide. Price of pattern, 35 cents.



981

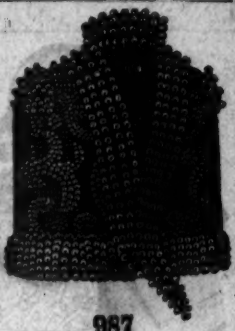
Left Side-Back View.



987
Front View.

LADIES' WRAP.

No. 987.—This jaunty wrap is here depicted in plain velvet and beaded grenadine, with *passementerie* and fringe for decorations. Any preferred combination of materials, however, may be selected, and the edges garnitured with laces or drop ornaments. When embroidered webbings or lace nets are chosen, linings of delicately-tinted Surahs or silks will be added. The pattern is in 10 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure. To make the wrap in the combination pictured for a lady of medium size, requires ⅞ yard of beaded grenadine and 1¼ yard of plain velvet, each 20 inches wide. Of one material, it needs 2 yards 22 inches wide. Price, 25 cents.



987
Back View.



980
Front View.



980
Back View.

GIRLS' SAILOR DRESS.

No. 980.—This pattern is in 8 sizes for girls from 5 to 12 years of age. For a girl of 8 years, the dress needs 4¾ yards of material 22 inches wide, or 2⅞ yards 36 inches wide. Price, 25 cents.



979
Front View.



979
Back View.

CHILD'S DRESS. (TO BE WORN WITH A *Guimpe.*)

No. 979.—This pattern is in 8 sizes for children from 2 to 9 years old. For a child of 5 years, it needs 2⅜ yards of material 22 inches wide. Price, 20 cents.



1004

LADIES' COSTUME.

No. 1004.—This pattern is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure. To make the costume for a lady of medium size, requires 9⅛ yards of silk 20 inches wide, 2¾ yards of lace net 27 inches wide, and 5½ yards of lace flouncing 40 inches wide for the draperies. Price, 40 cents.



FIGURE No. 2.—CHILD'S DRESS.

FIGURE No. 2.—This illustrates Child's dress No. 999. The pattern is in 6 sizes for children from 1 to 6 years of age, and costs 20 cents. To make the dress of one material for a child of 5 years, needs 2⅝ yards 22 inches wide, or 1¼ yard 36 inches wide.

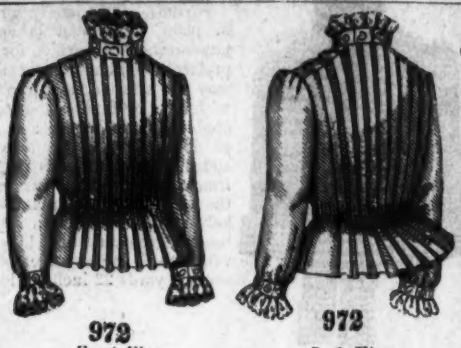


994
Front View.

994
Back View.

MISSES' BASQUE.

No. 994.—This pattern is in 8 sizes for misses from 8 to 15 years of age. For a miss of 12 years, it requires 2⅜ yards of plain material 22 inches wide, or 1¼ yard 48 inches wide, each with ¾ yard of striped fabric 22 inches wide for the collar, vest, belt-sections and cuff-facings. Price of pattern, 25 cents.



972
Front View.

972
Back View.

MISSES' *GUIMPE.*

No. 972.—This pattern is in 8 sizes for misses from 8 to 15 years of age. For a miss of 12 years, it needs 3⅛ yards of goods 22 inches wide, or 1¾ yard 36 inches wide, or 1⅝ yard 48 inches wide, each with 1 yard of insertion for the collar and wristbands. Price, 20 cts.



FIGURE No. 3.—CHILD'S LOW-NECKED DRESS.

FIGURE No. 3.—This illustrates Child's dress No. 986. The pattern is in 6 sizes for children from 1 to 6 years of age. For a child of 5 years, it will require 3⅝ yards of goods 22 inches wide, or 2⅛ yards 36 inches wide. Price, 20 cents.

☞ The Publishers of the HOME MAGAZINE will supply any of the foregoing Patterns post-paid, on receipt of price. ☜



GOOD MORNING, MY DARLING.